THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vol. 191, No. 40. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Fo… …in

APRIL 5, 1919

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

Harry Leon Wilson — Julian Street — Robert R. Updegraff — Will Levington Comfort
Peter Clark Macfarlane — Gerald Stanley Lee — Henry Watterson — Albert J. Beveridge

"THEM'S MY SENTIMENTS!"

Painted by James Leslie Wallace for Cream of Wheat Co.

Copyright 1913 by Cream of Wheat Co.

Westclox

GOOD looking clocks: and as good all through as they look outside.

Westclox construction is the real reason for Westclox success. A handsome case can't count minutes. Good timekeeping must be bred in the bone.

There's a simple reason why Westclox keep better time and last longer. Every wheel turns on needle-fine pivots of polished steel. This largely defeats friction. There's less wear and tear.

We thank this process for Big Ben's popularity. It's a Westclox patent, of course. But all Westclox users benefit from it. Every Westclox alarm is made in this same way.

Western Clock Co. - *makers of Westclox*

La Salle & Peru, Illinois, U. S. A.

CRISCO
For Frying-For Shortening
For Cake Making

A wholesome vegetable cooking fat for fastidious people

TO CALL Crisco "fat" is a misnomer—the word suggests so many things that Crisco *is not.* The limitations of the English language compel us to use it for the moment, however, so that women who are not already cooking with Crisco may know that it is intended for the same purposes as lard and butter.

Crisco is a pure, solidified, white cream of edible yegetable oils. It performs perfectly every ordinary cooking duty formerly entrusted to animal fats. Crisco, however, is more economical and more delicate than either lard or cooking butter and has none of their objectionable features.

Crisco is *not greasy*—here, perhaps, is the real secret of Crisco's lasting popularity with the millions of women who have used it for years.

Crisco is *tasteless.* It imposes no flavor of its own upon anything that is cooked with it. Users of Crisco get the full food flavors that Nature intended they should have. Yet here is a remarkable fact—add salt to Crisco, use it in cake, and you have the real butter taste at only half of butter cost.

Crisco is *odorless.* It cannot offend the most fastidious.

Crisco is *economical*—on account of its low cost, because so little is required, and because it keeps sweet indefinitely. Never a particle of Crisco has to be wasted.

We only urge you to try Crisco ONCE—you'll buy it ever after on your own accord.

Crisco comes in this air-tight sanitary package:

Get it at your grocer's. One pound or more, net weight.

A Book That Helps Housewives—Over a hundred recipes for economical and appetizing foods made without lard or butter are contained in Janet McKenzie Hill's book, "The Whys of Cooking." Through this work the editor of American Cookery and founder of the Boston Cooking School is of everyday assistance to every woman for she handles the many little problems of successful housekeeping and good cooking in a way any one can understand. Get this book. It is illustrated in color. Published to sell for 25 cents, we will send a copy for 10 cents in stamps. Address Department K-4, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PROCTER & GAMBLE STANDARD PRODUCTS

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D! 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1919, by the Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

F. S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
H. D. Walker, E. Dinsmore,
Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 191 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 5, 1919 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 40

RED FRIDAY

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

SINCE the killing of Plangonev and the world-resounding revelations of the trial of Charlotte Black I have known it for my duty and the one grave concern of my remaining life to set down step by step my peculiar knowledge of the career and movements of the dead man since his first secret coming to this country, now three years ago; and the details, as I knew them from the beginning, of the evolution of his great plot of debt.

I go back then into December, 1919—to that first evening that he came. A blue-fogged winter nightfall in the city—such as we have all too often on Manhattan Isle. First yellow lights, black moving blots of men and motors upon the streets, and in the air the hooting of the steamers from the two encircling rivers—huge hoarse sea beasts, it might seem, come prowling inland with the dark. I looked up sharply to find this unexpected figure in my room—slipped in between the lamplight and the end of day.

"You do not recognize me," he said; and the sound of hard uncouth northern consonants rolled and thickened in his speech. "You do not recall me."

"The light is very bad," I answered, and advanced to turn more on.

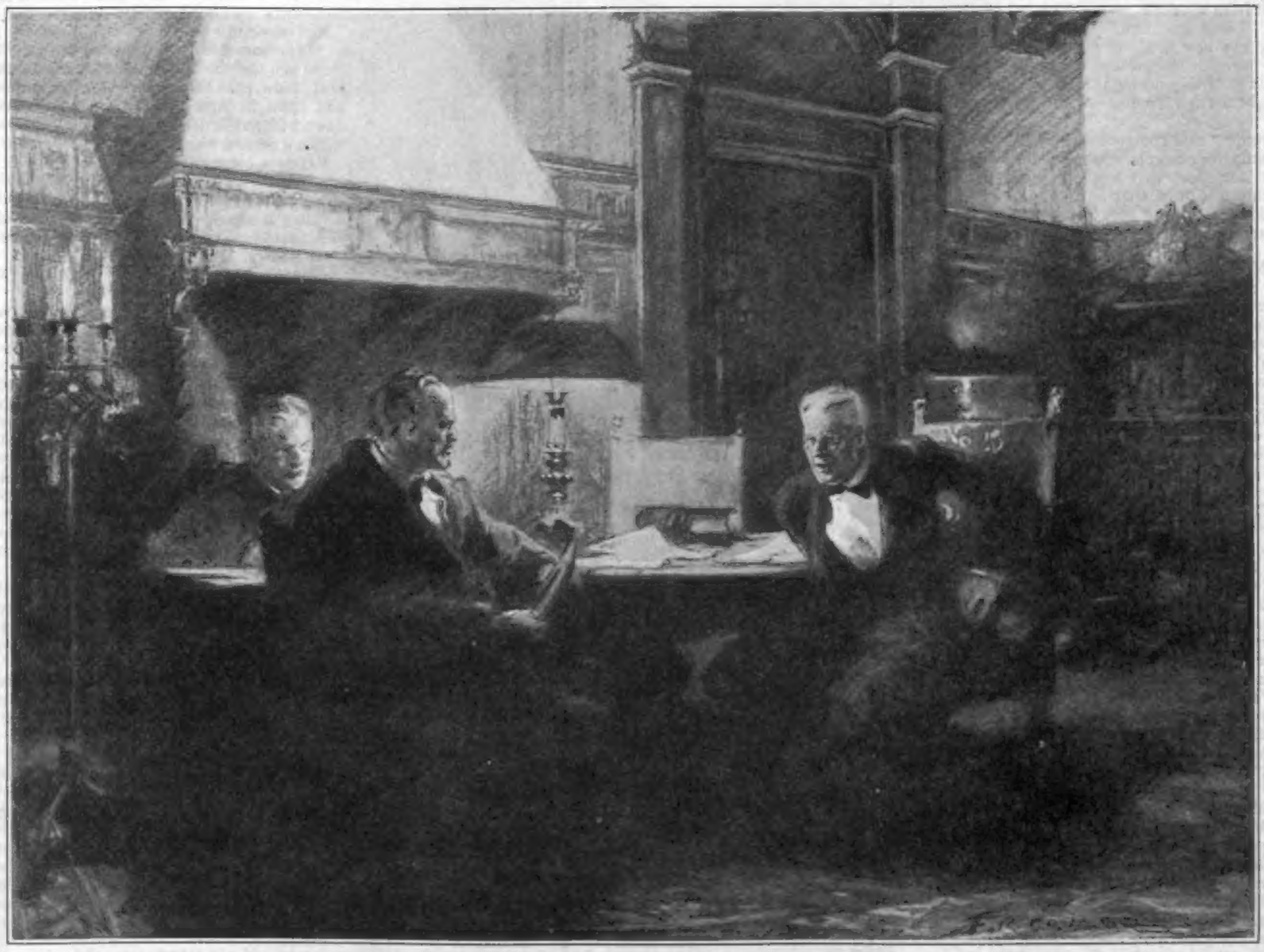
"No," he said, preventing me. "If you please—not."

And now again I made mental note of the harsh sibilants and dentals in his speech. I stopped then, waiting, while he stood—a short, square, long-coated figure, motionless and unknown.

"I am Plangonev," he said.

"Plangonev!" I returned, surprised beyond an adequate expression.

I, one of very few in this country at that time, was cognizant of this man and what he meant abroad—the brain of the proletariat, the one great secret mind, such as exists



"If We Let Go, in Ten Years There Won't be a Private Corporation Left Standing in This Country. Nor a Dollar for the Owner of a Stock"

behind all movements, within the social revolution of the east of Europe; wise with the wisdom of a catastrophic era, and as secret and pitiless in his movements as he was wise. I had met him once before—at the Stuttgart International Congress, in 1907—when the East had met the West in barter and exchange of their ideas upon the ways and means of social resurrection, and the great question of modern war. He was the supposed Doctrinaire of Russia at one pole, I the Christian Socialist of America at the other—but interesting without doubt to one another, by our very difference in type and situation.

"Plangonev!" I said again. "Here, in New York!"

"Why not?" he answered in that now so familiar phrase.

So then I sat him down, and drew the shades and turned on my light. It shone upon that great gray head—"that great brain," as someone has since described it, "too thinly clad"—and that white spot in the right eye, which was blinded in the Siberian quarry, as he sat there motionless, his heavy hands upon his knees.

"Why not?" he said. "It is but a step. Trotzky was just here."

"But why are you not," I cried, "in Russia—now?"

"Russia no more requires me now."

"No more requires you!" I echoed him.

"No—now the work is over."

"Over!" I said, misinterpreting him. "That wonderful experiment of the proletariat—over! Lost already!"

The room grew vibrant suddenly with his jarring scornful laugh.

"America! America!" he said. "Oh, you Americans! You take still what they feed you—the bourgeois, in their poisoned press. We lose—the proletariat in Russia—defeat upon defeat. And yet—our enemies never once advance. Like dogs upon a turning treadmill they trot and trot about the circumference of Russia. And never yet arrive inside. Strange—is it not?"

"I have often thought of that," I said.

"Think of it no more," he told me. "Russia is sure for us."

"But Europe!" I said. "Surely there is work to be done there!"

"Europe," he answered me, "is no less sure; as all know who see it from within."

"Sure," I said after him. "Do you pretend to say," I cried, my eye now kindling from the hope of it, "that secretly—beneath the surface, so to say—our socialistic leaven has gone on working till it has leavened the lump and brought the new freedom—the social millennium upon earth?"

"Far from it," said Plangonev briefly. "This is not socialism. Russia, for example, was not ten per cent socialist."

"What is it, then, that has happened?" I queried.

"Capitalism is dead, that is all—in Europe. There is no capitalism!"

"No capitalism!"

"No."

"Just what do you mean by that?" I inquired.

"How can there be capitalism," he returned, regarding me, "without capital? How shall their state repay the bourgeois what no longer is?" I did not answer him at once, seeing partly what he meant.

"The day has come," he exclaimed—"the day we have been so long awaiting!"

He referred of course to the day then so generally looked forward to by socialists throughout the world—the day when the capitalist system would break down of its own weight; and more especially to the extraordinary prophecies of the great socialist authorities of the end of capitalism by the European War—now so trite to every schoolboy. The voice of Marx, in 1872; the full warning of Frederick Engels, in 1892, to the capitalists of their approaching doom by war; the strangely lucid forecast of the German, Bebel, which we both had heard at the Stuttgart Congress, of the certain suicide of militarism and bourgeois society in a great final burst of war.

All this we recalled, naturally, he and I, he speaking most. And more and more as the Russian spoke, his blood rising to his lifelong hate, I caught the deep burning fire of the man in his scorching words and flashing glance.

"Gone," he cried, "absolutely! The capitalistic era. Dead by its own act—self-killed by this war of its own making—that it was forced to make by the terms of its own life. An involuntary bankrupt, driven straight to suicide.

"The damned bourgeois," he cried, and spat scorn from his mouth it almost seemed with those hated words; "they saw it coming, from their accounts, their ledgers, their banks—even before the war's end—all over Europe. Now you can hear them squealing day and night out of their holes—the rat holes of their filthy press. They see it now almost upon them, rolling in from the East—rolling in from Russia."

A happy hatred shone from him as he said it.

"Where would it break naturally—the capitalist system?" he asked. "Where it was weakest, certainly," he answered himself. "In Russia. In Russia first, and now in old Austria-Hungary—and Germany. Soon then in Italy and France; and then again in England—and then here! The defeated and the broken first—and then the rest!" he said; and passed on, elucidating.

I sat and studied him—his fire of hatred, his harsh and antagonistic voice, his striking head, his peasant hands, the pits of peasant smallpox in his face; and the long gray faded overcoat, thrown open now and hanging down—that dingy mantle of the proletariat, as one might call it, worn in every crowded city slum in Europe, and America, and the world. He seemed to me even then the personification of the new power in the world—the bitter voice of the proletariat come to judgment, cursing their old master.

"The broken and defeated first," he repeated. "Russia and Austria and Germany."

"Just how?" I asked. "What is the process of its coming—the kingdom of the workers?"

"Property," he said with bitter briefness. "They stole it from us, did they not, in the beginning of capitalism? Now we resume it back!"

He passed to more details, with bitter excoriation of the bourgeois and their political states—who made the war.

"It is most simple," he said. "Billions of capital destroyed, shot off into the air in war—for murdering us! By the government of the bourgeois. Who furnished it?"

"Who did? Where did it all come from?" I asked, repeating a question then often in my mind.

"Its owners, naturally; the ones who held it—the damned bourgeois. They stole it from us and gave it to their government, and took back their government's promises to pay for it—in their old conspiracy to force it once again out of the blood and sweat of the workers."

"Then what?" I asked.

"They shot it off—all there was—did they not? Till it was gone. They destroyed their capital—all. Then they stopped—collapsed. And then the workers took over the government. That is all."

In This Man in the Worker's Overcoat She Met With an Assurance That in No Way Yielded to Her Own

"And repudiated the bourgeois government's debt?"

"Why not?" asked Plangonev. "They stole the property first, these bourgeois, for themselves. They destroyed it through their state by war. Should we then pay them for their stolen goods, which they destroyed?"

"But there was violence, great unnecessary violence," I objected; "especially with you Bolsheviki in Russia! The world is full of the fear of it!"

For I myself and those with whom I was associated had set our faces sternly against violence in this war—in the United States.

"Why not?" asked Plangonev. "What right have thieves defending stolen goods? Violence—charged by them! I laugh. With five million workers killed in war, what are a few ten thousands of bourgeois?"

"I cannot agree with you," I said. "I see that differently. Human life must be sacred. Violence would not be countenanced here in the United States as in Russia."

"Violence," exclaimed Plangonev, "as in Russia! What more ridiculous than violence and revolution when the proletariat hold the power of social revolution in their hands, as in this country—a revolution of perfect peace and quiet!"

"What power," I asked, "do you allude to?"

"The debt-making power," said Plangonev. "The new confiscation for the people."

And from that he outlined to me for the first time his celebrated plot of debt.

"The debt-making power?" I said, for the idea was then new to me.

"Certainly," said Plangonev. "What else? The great new world power of the proletariat—which must be used by us now in France and England and the United States, the winners in this war. Especially here, where the most capital still remains unconsumed."

"The new power of the proletariat?" I interjected once again.

"Certainly," said Plangonev. "The power creating public debt—of destroying and confiscating private property by popular vote."

I gazed at him.

"The great, broad, safe highway," he exclaimed, "to socialism. The great, natural, popular method in all democracies—with manhood suffrage—in the last twenty years. And especially here.

"It is marvelous," he went on, "to see! Twenty years ago the public debt of all kinds almost nothing! Now, even before this war, every state and city and town in your political federation was loaded down with public debt to its limit. You know that."

"In a general way—yes," I said, recalling it.

"It is a commonplace of economics," exclaimed Plangonev. "The proletariat, especially in the great cities, taking over private property by taxation, and dividing it among themselves, in wages and salary and provision—you call it graft, do you not?—for their leaders. For public works."

"Unconsciously, of course," I said. "Without socialistic theories."

"Certainly—as all great social action is," said Plangonev; and he continued his discussion of the new people's power, which was so striking, so illuminating to me at that time.

"For twenty years your great bourgeois, your continental capitalists, have seen it coming, and cried out," he said. "They foresaw capitalism destroyed by it. Your late railroad plutocrat, E. H. Harriman, one of the clearest-minded of them all, gave that warning shortly before his death, you will remember."

I murmured, remembering it but indistinctly; marveling meanwhile at the detailed knowledge this foreigner had of our affairs. He shamed me, in point of fact. Student I knew he was; but not in such particularity.

"The power of the proletariat for making public debt," said Plangonev. "With trembling they—the capitalists—have been watching it grow for twenty years. And now with this war, and since, they are in despair!"

I sat now and heard with great surprise and almost awe the man elucidating to me my own country from the new standpoint of a careful European student.

"We expected much, but now again we are amazed ourselves, we students for the people in Europe, at the progress here—of your affairs. We are astounded by the capital-consuming ability of the United States in this war. In a year and a half of preparation, with three months of fighting for a fraction of your forces, your country has paid out, I read, more than France in her four years of war, with all her population involved. Your capacity for destroying capital by war was incredible."

"I have read so," I answered.

"It was promoted naturally, as we all know, by your form of government—always most admirably

(Continued on Page 57)

UNDER HIS TIN HAT

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

A WARNING trickled through from G-2 of the Army of Occupation that Bolsheviks were rumored to be at large in the American area and it was highly important that they should be rounded up, lest their stealthy propaganda poison the minds of the civil population and contaminate the troops. It would appear that the spread of the Russian brand of socialism throughout Europe is giving concern to those in high places.

The captain of Company — read it and grunted. Personally he had a notion that a Bolsheviat was an unwashed Slav in a jumper and a beard, full of vodka and half-baked theories as to the inalienable right of every citizen to the pursuit of idleness, and as such he considered that the species would be readily recognizable. Therefore he was about to pass the warning along to the top sergeant, and so to the other noncoms and down to the men, when he decided to tell them himself, instead.

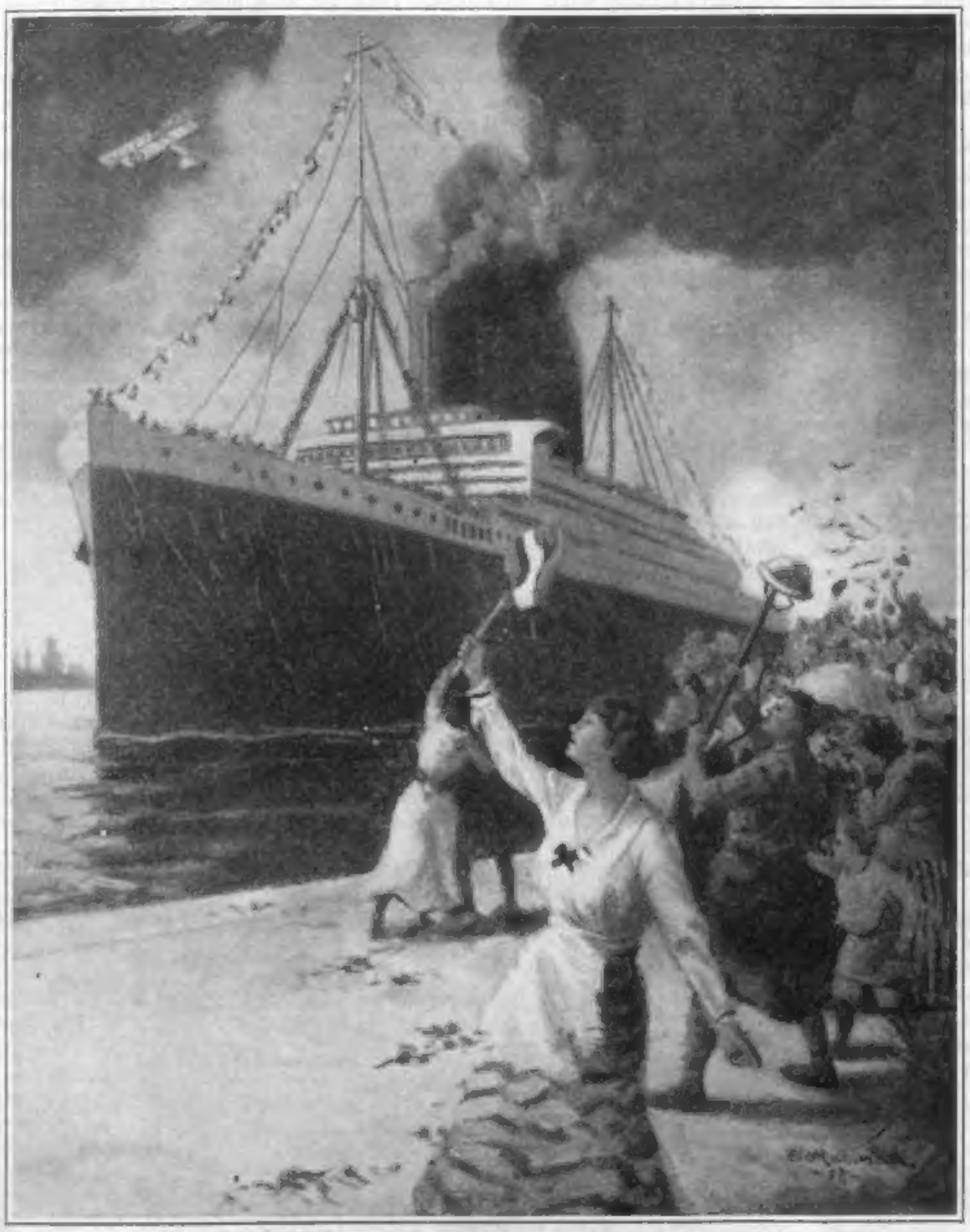
The company being formed up in the village street for assembly the captain stepped out in front and shouted: "There're a lot of Bolsheviki snooping round and we've got to catch 'em. I don't need to tell you men how dangerous they are—they're about the lowest and sorriest form of insect that can infest an army. They're worse than cooties. So if you ever meet with one or hear about one I want you to grab him right away and fetch him to me. That's all."

During the subsequent hours of drill and an afternoon devoted to the bewildering mass of petty paper work required of company commanders in this man's army he forgot all about the matter. Bright and early next morning, however, a perfectly good, full-grown private from Montana entered the orderly room and without bothering about the formality of approaching with a noncommissioned officer opened his fist under the captain's nose.

"Captain, sir," he blurted out, "I got one of 'em. Look!"

"Got one of what?"

"One of them Bolsheviks—caught him in my bed. I knowed he wasn't a cootie the minute I felt him bite, and I never seen a bug like him before."



The Main Concern of Our Overseas Forces Now is to Get Home. Nothing Else Matters in Comparison

It would be a silly exaggeration to represent this as the average soldier's idea of what a Bolshevik is, but the story gives a fair indication of the extent of the menace that Bolshevism holds for our overseas forces. It is practically nonexistent. The term conveys nothing to the doughboy. He knows nothing about this newest threat to order and civilization, and cares less. To him Bolshevism is a vague but hard name used to explain the chaos in Russia—something that cannot possibly touch the United States or alter the scheme of things on which he is basing his plans for the future. Bolshevism is for losers, not winners.

There's No Place Like Home

HIS main concern now is to get home. Nothing else matters in comparison; we have a quarter of a million homesick men in the Army of Occupation, and to these can be added every American soldier in France.

A crowd of doughboys were drinking beer in the café of a *wirtschaft* in a town twenty kilometers beyond the Rhine.

"You goin' to re-up, Jack?" shouted a veteran regular to a friend.

Sardonic howls gave answer, and Jack replied: "Hell, no! I got three and a butt, and then I'm through. I aim to raise chickens—that's what I aim to do." By three and a butt he meant that he had still three months and a week to serve.

It surprised me to discover that a lot of the regulars are anxious to get out of the army. With the exception of a comparatively small number of old-timers who know no other life and would be lost in civilian competition this was true everywhere I went. As for the National Army men and the Guard, they all want to get back to their old jobs. No more soldiering for them! To the last man they are through with the army—*fini!* They are sick to the soul of war, these combat divisions; and peacetime soldiering with its petty garrison duties and restrictions has no appeal for them. Homesickness may have something to do with the unanimity of this sentiment and doubtless a considerable number will act like a fire horse—once back in civil life they'll follow the band the first time they hear it, just as surely as a fire horse will tear out at the clang of the gong.

Yet I believe their feeling goes so deep that our men who have done the fighting would never volunteer for service except in case of war. They are not pacifists, but they are tired of khaki and the military system; they are fed up with hardships and misery and horrors.

"But at that," they declare, "I'd liefer be fightin' than have to go through this damned peace soldiering."

A two-fisted fighting man who has acquitted himself well in battles does not take kindly to the rule-of-thumb existence. He is apt to chafe over the importance attached to placing his feet at an angle of forty-five degrees when standing at attention, and when an inspector from corps headquarters reports that he found a K. P. careless about his finger nails he recalls the Argonne Woods and groans in bitterness of heart.

Their plans for the future are founded on their past. Those at home who expect radical changes in the soldiers' outlook on life are apt to be disappointed, for the majority are figuring on a return to their old jobs. That is one reason for their impatience to get home. They reason that if they remain over here much longer they must inevitably lose out.

"I can pick up nearly where I left off if they leave me go home now," is the general comment. "A year away from the job won't hurt me much. But longer than that—well, I'll either have to learn all over again or somebody who didn't come over will get the job I'd have had."

From their talk and their letters one gathers the impression that farming has grown popular. An amazingly large number want to go in for it. Perhaps the outdoor life they have led explains this tendency; whatever the explanation, there is a marked back-to-the-land movement among the troops.

And it is wholly distinct from the familiar dreams of the old-time soldier about chicken farming. Every hard-boiled regular aspired to raising chickens just as soon as he could get his discharge; he had it all figured out on paper to show enormous profits with a minimum of labor and invested capital, which is the sum of his ambitions. But he always signed up again, usually because he "got hungry"—which is his way of saying that he reënlisted after being out some time.

These new aspirations toward agriculture are quite different. They have a solid foundation. The men who voice them consider that the world shortage of food will make farming highly profitable for years to come, so they propose to take it up. Any reasonable land scheme the Government might introduce would find strong support from the members of the A. E. F.

Doughboys in Politics

ONE thing the American people can confidently rely on—the men who fought for them will not go back to sit round the corner grocery telling how they did it. They will not rest on their laurels for the remainder of their lives in the expectation that a grateful country will provide for them. The bogus heroes can do that—the real ones know better. They know what heroes usually receive after the flush of victory has worn off. Whatever their other illusions may be they entertain none on this score.

"A dead one gets a monument," said a doughboy with two wound chevrons; "but us other guys—well, either we get to be nuisances or if we're too stove up for work we can sell pencils on the corner."

Moreover, they are not the type to be content with public provision for their maintenance. Every time they pick up a home paper they read about some kind of scheme to furnish relief for discharged soldiers. These well-intentioned persons may spare themselves the pains; the soldiers are perfectly capable and eager to provide for themselves if there are jobs to be had. They don't want mealy-mouthed help and they don't want charity. All they need is the same sort of chance the United States offered before we went to war.

It is a safe prediction, however, that the overseas veterans will organize when they return home, and as an organization they will have to be reckoned with politically. The prospect contains some interesting possibilities. There are bound to be some beneficent upsets through the force they will bring to bear on political parties and our national life.

You can hear a lot of talk throughout the army about prohibition. The antis regard the recent votes in the states that went dry as so many stabs in the back.

"Wait till we get home," they assert, "and we'll change all that."

They are passionately sure that the army could overturn the verdicts rendered during its absence, but anyone making an impartial canvass of two or three divisions must come to the conclusion that the prohibitionists and the antis are not so unequally divided. The antis probably have a substantial majority, but it would not be nearly sufficient to change home decisions.

The boys are growing pessimistic about getting home. They sing songs nowadays voicing their incredulity of ever getting back. One of the most popular was composed by a Second Division man, and runs like this:

Darling, I am coming back,
Silver threads among the black;
Now that peace in Europe nears
I'll be home in seven years.

(Continued on Page 107)

AFTER FORTY

By Julian Street

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

WHEN Mrs. Davenport, superbly tailored and toqued, walked the crowded Avenue of an afternoon she wore the air of a lady alone in the desert; or, to be more accurate, of one playing before a large audience the rôle of a lady alone in the desert. It was her defense against staring eyes. For the height and carriage of Mrs. Davenport were nothing less than noble, and the degree of her modishness was sufficient to render her conspicuous even in the modish throng on the most modish street of the most modish city in the world.

Men, strangers to her, chancing to see her pass, became instantly aware of these qualities; yet their awareness, it seemed, was of the senses rather than the sight, for always their gaze sought her face and held there, seeming to ignore all else. Nor was it the mere technical perfection of her features that engrossed observers. A woman's face, admirably modeled but lacking expression, is like a room admirably designed and furnished, but lighted only by a stable lantern. Mrs. Davenport's face, however, sent forth an unusual radiance; not the radiance of youth, but of youth sustained; not of dawn, but of sparkling noon. She was a woman as nearly ageless as it is possible to be—which is another way of saying she was probably somewhat older than she looked.

Her vividness was that of great physical aliveness. Beyond this, however, a more subtle intimation addressed itself to observant and sophisticated persons—a hint not alone of present aliveness but, as the saying is, of having "lived." It was but the faintest suggestion, like that of a scent so evanescent as to make one wonder whether one has actually detected it or has been tricked by fancy. Yet its very faintness made it more intriguing. Wherefore, as a sensitive nose will take a second sniff to verify the first impression of a passing perfume, certain dapper old Fifth Avenue campaigners would manage, without removing their eyes from Mrs. Davenport's face as she went by, to seem to look at her twice—first with admiration; then searchingly, as though the initial glance had revealed something unexpected just below the surface, arousing sudden eager curiosity or even a faint, fantastic, wistful, visionary kind of hopefulness.

The eyes of men touched her always with benevolence, but the eyes of women were hard. Thus though saleswomen in fashionable shops intensely admired her, their gaze, following her, expressed the mingled awe and hatred one sees in the faces of old captive lions when they watch the trainer entering the cage. Nor did women ever look at her face only. The eyes of all of them ran over her from head to foot, coldly, swiftly, suspiciously, like the hard hands of a detective searching a doubtful character for concealed weapons.

And weapons were unquestionably there. But it should be said, in justice, that of Mrs. Davenport's weapons the most deadly were not of her own deliberate acquirement, nor even deliberately used by her, but had, so to speak, been slipped into her pockets by the hand of Nature. And Nature is never so prodigal as when the fancy strikes her to arm a female in the way that Mrs. Davenport was armed.

Thus of some of her weapons she herself was actually unaware. One of these was a faculty, quite without the bounds of her own volition, for setting folk a-dreaming. Not men alone, but also women. The very sight of her would do it.

For instance: Striding along the street, her chin up, her tantalizing blue eyes skimming the tops of passing hats, she would sweep by a nice ambling gentleman of ripe years and his amiable and usually placid wife. Whereupon, seeing her, the two would embark upon a pair of curiously interwoven dreams.

The husband, a devoted mate long since past the age of adventure, having received not so much as a glance from Mrs. Davenport, would nevertheless suddenly find himself wafted away with her to the deck of a phantom yacht, large and sumptuous, plying tropical waters at sunset—just the two of them alone on a far-off rosy sea, with music sounding faintly and fragrance floating to them from an island shore, and ——

And the wife, knowing herself secure in the attachment of her husband, confident of his "goodness," aware that the tall magnetic beauty had not seen him and would not want him if she had, not definitely conscious of the scandal taking place in his imagination, would nevertheless find herself plunged into a waking nightmare in which her husband was stolen from her by this woman, carried off bodily to heaven knew where or what—though, to be sure, she had a feeling of dim lights, Oriental draperies and Chinese punk in the surroundings to which her dream consigned him—while she was left to finish out her life, deserted and alone, in a flat consisting of seven rooms and three baths, in West Ninety-sixth Street.

These vivid episodes would be enacted independently in their minds as swiftly as life is said to pass in review through that of a man drowning. And if the husband should emerge from his iridescent intrigue in time to remark to his spouse "That was a stunning woman—that tall one that just passed," thus more or less confirming her terrible dream suspicions, he might be startled at the vehement indignation of his wife's reply, the savageness of her attack upon the fair unknown—a woman who, he felt, was of noble character for all that, being human, she might yield to the call of a great love. He would think privately that his wife had been unjust to the splendid creature, and would forthwith wander off into unuttered masculine thoughts upon the inherent unfairness of woman to woman, the inherent suspicion and dislike of wives for the more fascinating members of their own sex; and he would say to himself: "I had thought Mary was past that sort of nonsense!" And it would never occur to him to marvel, instead, at the acuteness of wifely instinct; at the miracle by which in a flash Mary had detected him in his liaison, detected him as surely as though she had followed the guilty pair in an aiprlane, hovered above the phantom yacht, and watched her husband with the hussy!

"I Know You'll be Happy to Hear That We are to Have the Pleasure of Driving Mrs. Davenport Home, Dear"

It must by no means be supposed that Mrs. Davenport was invariably alone, or that she invariably walked, or that she spent all her time upon Fifth Avenue. When she was accompanied, her companion was usually a male of the type possessing tan spats, a *boutonnière* and a Malacca cane. One never noticed more than that about him; to walk with Mrs. Davenport was to practice a form of self-concealment. Sometimes she drove in her very smartly turned out little town car. Also she led the social life one might have expected a woman possessing a car like hers to lead—lunching with people, playing bridge with people, having tea with people, dining with people, going to the theater and the opera with people, and faring forth with people to sup and dance, by way of finishing the day.

And nothing about her charmed men and annoyed women more than the way she sustained the life of the gay treadmill. She was as fresh and sparkling at two in the morning as at two in the afternoon. Nor, in the eyes of other women, was there any justice in it. She paid not the least attention to her diet; she would drink champagne, eat Welsh rabbit, finish with black coffee and cigarettes, and—as she herself said, and everything about her indicated—go home and sleep like a baby. Men were given to speaking in glowing terms of her constitution or her physique, but women were more direct. "She's as strong as a horse!" they would comment bitterly.

Being such a woman, and going, as they say, "everywhere," Mrs. Davenport was naturally known by sight to many persons unknown by sight to her. She was recognized by strangers somewhat as celebrated politicians or popular theatrical stars are recognized. But with this difference: that she was a familiar figure to quantities of persons who had no idea who she might be, and who knew her only by some such designation as "that wonderful creature" or "that stunning woman we saw the other night at the Ritz."

II

SHELLEY WICKETT was one of those who, having no clew to her identity, was yet accustomed to feel a slight agreeable shock whenever he caught sight of her.

"Ah! There she is again—bless her heart!" he would inwardly exclaim.

Passing her as he walked up the Avenue at twilight on the day following that on which he had reached the distressing and supposedly subdued age of forty years, he was pleased to discover that his keen appreciation of this unknown lady had not lessened. She still gave him that pleasant little start. That, though he had observed of late with a sort of sad complacency that he was becoming a better husband—that his susceptibility to feminine attraction and his enterprisingness in coöperating with it were dropping away from him like withered leaves from an autumnal tree.

Essentially he was glad of this; for he aspired to be worthy—or as nearly as possible worthy—of such a wife as Molly. Time only served to deepen his profound sense of the wonders of her. From the very depths of his being he adored her. She and she alone it was who occupied the sacred inner chamber of his heart. Unfortunately, though, his heart had been

one of those possessing innumerable anterooms—sentimental vestibules—and these from time to time had harbored temporary guests. They always entered pleasantly, these passing occupants, each new arrival paying, as it were, rent in advance, by giving him a thrill. And a thrill, he still to some extent believed, was coinage not to be despised. It is of that which follows the first payments in this coinage that the landlord of a heart grows weary as the years pass by. For it is always the same story: More rent falls due; the tenant of the sentimental vestibule can furnish no more thrills; wherefore it becomes the difficult and disagreeable task of the landlord to dispossess her—a miserable business, always.

It is because of these things that the proprietor of many a male heart, nearing middle life, retires from the business of accommodating transient guests and thereafter devotes himself exclusively to that of remodeling the somewhat battered structure into a fit abode for the one admirable, the one permanent, the one truly treasured tenant who has ever occupied it.

Yet even when this time arrives—or when the landlord of the heart believes it has arrived—he may gather a certain melancholy pleasure from the sight of a new and charming face at the door, reminding him of the old tempestuous days when business was brisk. For retrospection is the solace of retirement. And there is double satisfaction in a wistful glance over the shoulder at that redoubtable siren, The Past, when such a glance is immediately followed by the virtuous renunciatory thought: "But no! I am beyond that sort of thing. My life is now an open book. Not a book like something by George Moore or Schnitzler; not even like a work in the more feverish manner of Bennett or Wells, but one resembling a volume of austere essays from the chill pen of Matthew Arnold."

Why Was It That a Stranger, Seeing Them, Might Think They Knew Each Other a Great Deal Better Than They Actually Did?

Not many hours after he had seen her on Fifth Avenue it chanced that Wickett felt again, and even more acutely, the pleasant shock of visioning the splendid lady. And this time she was frankly to be looked at—was indeed there for the sole purpose of being looked at—for she appeared as Diana in the fashionable Tableau de Printemps given expensively, for charity, in the grand ballroom of an extravagant hotel.

When the curtains parted on Diana, goddesslike indeed, brave-posed in airy draperies with bow and arrow, Wickett seized eagerly upon the opera glasses hitherto vainly proffered by his wife, and gazed through them until, after a momentous minute, the curtains fell again. Then hastily returning the glasses to Molly's lap he took up his program, intending to identify Diana.

"Her name is Mrs. Davenport," elucidated his wife, on whom these manifestations were not lost.

"I've often seen her. Do you know who she is?"

"A friend of the Klingmans, I believe."

"M-m," he muttered vaguely. More than once he had spoken to his wife of a lack of discrimination shown by the Klingmans in selecting friends. Then he asked: "Is there a Mr. Davenport?"

"I've heard there is—a convenient Mr. Davenport who lives on the Riviera, writes checks, goes his way and lets her go hers."

"The more fool he," said Wickett.

"To have married a woman of that type, you mean?" Her lack of perception astonished him.

"Certainly not!" he replied. "I mean ever to let such a wonderful creature out of his sight."

During the dancing following the tableaux he shook hands genially with Charlie Klingman, who chanced to be crossing the floor with Mrs. Davenport—now in the somewhat more ample draperies of a modern pagan goddess. He was presented, and danced with her. For a woman so statuesque she was amazingly light of movement. He spoke frankly of her beauty—one may speak thus to a lady just out of a gold frame—and remarked that he had seen her on the avenue that afternoon, and other afternoons.

"I like those little hats you wear," he said. "Toques, don't you call them?"

"Yes, toques," she assented. Then with a bewitching little smile: "I'm glad you like them; for I've always liked your taste in scarfs."

A direct hit! For an instant he wondered whether by any chance Diana could have loosed at random the shaft that struck his scarfs. But no! That was impossible. She could never have guessed that scarfs were a hobby with him—that he possessed a collection of a hundred or two, with a special rack to hold them. No, beyond a doubt she had noticed him! Those tantalizing eyes of hers saw more than they seemed to on the Avenue.

"My scarfs," he returned, immensely stimulated, "would much like to turn and walk beside your toques. They've always wanted to."

"They must do it, then. You're fond of walking?"

"Very. I needn't ask about you."

"Yes, I like to walk. And it's lucky for me just now that I do."

"Lucky for the rest of us!" he put in fervently.

She thanked him with her eyes.

"No—lucky for me. My car is being overhauled."

"The dark-blue brougham with the red wheels?"

"The same. So you remember it too?"

"Naturally. And to-night you——"

"Yes, in a taxi—a rattly one."

"Not alone, surely?"

"Yes; for one reason or another my friends were——"

"And when you go——" he broke in eagerly.

"I expect to go as I came."

"Not if I can prevent it!" he declared. "My wife and I will consider it a privilege to be allowed to drive you home."

He escorted her across the hall and presented her to Molly, saying: "I know you'll be happy to hear that we are to have the pleasure of driving Mrs. Davenport home, dear."

Molly was gracious. He could always count on her for that. And she continued to be gracious as, later, they drove from the hotel to Mrs. Davenport's house. But then, as she herself reflected, it was very easy to appear gracious on that drive; she had only to put in an occasional word by way of seeming to take part in the conversation. That was convenient, for she did not feel like talking. Chiefly she listened; and listening she envied Mrs. Davenport the vitality that enabled her not only to be vivacious at this hour of the morning but to rouse vivacity in another. Shelley, who would normally have been tired by now, was all on the alert.

Conversation flew back and forth between the pair with all the flash and crackle of wireless between two eager operators.

When, having escorted Mrs. Davenport across the sidewalk and bowed his last good nights in the doorway, Shelley resumed his place in the limousine, he was bubbling with enthusiasm.

"What a charming woman!" he exclaimed.

"Of course; she hasn't any cares," said Molly.

"And what a figure!"

"Yes," she returned dryly; "one wasn't left in any doubt about that."

He protested: "Why, Molly! It was just like looking at a painting. The scenery, and the lights, and the gold frame, and the gauze over the front of it. And besides, it was for charity."

"Making a bow and arrow and half a yard of cheesecloth quite sufficient?"

"It wasn't cheesecloth!" he denied indignantly.

"How do you know?"

"She told me it was silk chiffon."

"Told you?"

"Yes. I asked her."

"You asked her?"

"Yes. I asked because it was such pretty stuff—so light and shimmery and lovely in its blend of colors. I should think anybody'd be interested to know what the material was."

"Anybody might be interested to know exactly how much of it there was," she replied with unwonted irony.

"Well, for my part," he insisted, "I think, as I said before, that there was plenty. You couldn't very well expect Diana to be bundled up like an Eskimo! There'd be no sense in having a tableau of Diana at all if it had to be like that.

"Mrs. Davenport was picked for the part by a committee of prominent artists."

"Did she tell you that too?"

"It said so on the program," he answered with cold dignity. "Be fair, Molly. Do you deny that she made a wonderful Diana?"

"Oh, no," she said. "Diana was a huntress."

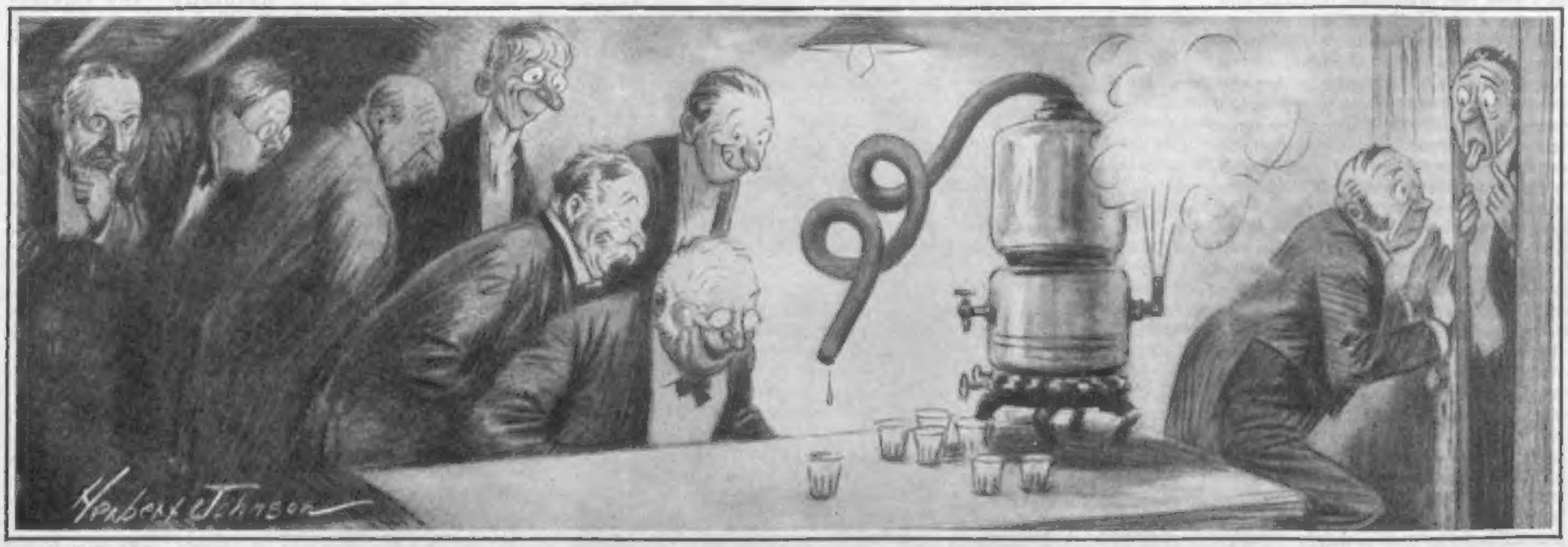
To that he did not reply. It was unlike Molly to say sarcastic things about another woman.

(Continued on Page 41)

HERE'S HOW!

By Harry Leon Wilson

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON



It Will Filter Water if You Insist Upon It, But Would Much Rather Produce an Article of Corn Whisky Suitable for All Social Gatherings

JUNE THIRTIETH, next, is going to be a sad but glorious day for our earnest young republic. Strong men by thousands are going to leave their offices and factories, their law courts, their barber shops, their consolidated trust companies, their shoe-shining parlors—to participate in rude but hearty ceremonies attending the obliteration of rum and its habit. By midnight the world's highest tide of inebriation will have been achieved; the peak load, so to say.

Celebrants will rise late the following morning, partake sparingly of a breakfast that will in most cases have absolutely no meaning, and reënter commercial life in a rich purple haze of uncertainty as to what precisely has happened. But by four o'clock in the afternoon of this fateful July first, when in the normal course of previous days they would have slipped out and bought themselves a mere trifle for which a great need had arisen, the haze will have lost its purple and they will know that something indeed has happened. Something, indeed!

For this gray new day will be the most momentous day in the earth's history—comparable to none other since one of our probably arboreal ancestors stood up from all fours and brightly began to suspect that his front feet were hands. The most enlightened nation on earth, as I have somewhere seen it referred to, will have made it illegal to manufacture or traffic in alcoholic liquors. And nothing like that has ever happened. Don't say "Russia." Russia was sobered by imperial edict, and see what Russia did. With vodka out of their diet the Russians promptly killed the maker of the edict, destroyed their government, and have since been rather messily occupied in repealing the personal constitutions of each other. This is not Russia, this land of the free if you can put it over. We are the imperial makers of our own edicts; our sobriety will be self-imposed; endured—in the main—proudly; and our profit, both spiritual and gross, will be so vast that not the most astute sociologist may now compute it. It is the prophecy of one who believes that he views this incredible cataclysm without prejudice.

How it Looks to a Neutral

AS I MAY now and again seem dogmatic in this discourse perhaps I should recite my credentials as an expert in the matter of drinking or not drinking. Very well! For years and years I have run easily with both the hare and the hounds. To coin a neat little phrase: I could take it or let it alone. At times I have liked to let it alone; at times I have—well, you know. I mean to say there were moments indubitably when I could be heard telling how fast I used to do a hundred yards, and what the boxing instructor said quite sincerely about the weight of my blow that day back in 1900 when I landed on him good. Things like that; while the other man would be driveling about his neuritis or the corking way his aunt out in Altoona could cook spaghetti.

So I have been a consistent neutral in this war to make us in at least one essential good Mohammedans. I have never dared go on the wagon, as the cognoscenti phrase it, lest I be lured to write a piece entitled approximately How I Came to Cut Out the Hard Stuff, in which I should expose my conviction that this would be a brighter and a better world if more people were like me. I avoided that because I knew I should sound like a reformed burglar who goes about beseeching one and all to abstain from house-breaking, little recking that so very few of us are potential burglars—just as even fewer of us are potential dipsomaniacs.

No; when I have caught in myself a dawning pity for the weakling who liked his cocktail before dinner, in that moment I have saved myself from the blight of self-righteousness. With a quick hooker of Scotch or whatever. Preferably Scotch. It is, to be sure, good and necessary for each of us to feel better than other people; but not too much better. And now I shall be able to not drink and to talk instructively about it as man to man. I shall have a valid excuse for such abstinence as I choose to undergo and none shall say I am merely showing off the muscles of my fine will. The great aridity will be upon us all. And I repeat that July first, next, will be the most shining and memorable day of our painful progress from the monad to man, such as he is.

Ensue sniffs of disbelief scornful to the utmost. "You can't enforce the law!" "People can make the stuff too easy!" "So-and-So has fifty cases of Scotch and eight barrels of rye in his cellar right now." "Why, even up in Portland, Maine, last summer ——" And so on. Dear hopeful hearts! I know those pretty rainbows of promise with which you line the darkling heavens. I hear a prized friend confiding that he had cached the makings of eighty-one thousand (81,000) cocktails. Incidentally I hope to be spared to a time when his hospitality merely to me shall have diminished his heart's treasure by several odd thousand—odd or even, it matters little.

And I have examined, by no means listlessly, one of those new patent water filters that doubtless will filter water if you insist upon it, but would much rather produce, attached to a free-burning kitchen range, an article of corn whisky suitable for most minor ailments and all social gatherings. I know about the home-brewed beer, alcoholic content six per cent, now earning a deserved reputation in the great hop-growing state of Washington. I know about dropping a few raisins into a bottle of beer's little crippled stepsister and letting Nature take her golden course. I know what the expressed juices of the common apple will merrily do in a cask if permitted. And I know about corrupting the innocence of one's grape juice with yeasty ferment from a pocket implement that looks like an entirely moral fountain pen, thus producing what the elect call a kick.

I know, in short, a dozen ways to molest and meddle with certain unproscribed articles of ordinary barter in a way to render them illicit and desirable, if one feels that way. As a thoughtful citizen I have felt it my duty to be informed of these devices. But the hoards of cached liquor will seep out with this generation. And those devices for home brewing and distilling will rust soon enough with neglect. Here and there an enthusiast will keep alive the homely old custom, but it is going to die swiftly for all but a few of us, and ultimately for that few. Because under such restraint as even a widely derided law can impose we shall not only quit drinking but we shall quit thinking of drink.

Really the vast languid majority of us care too little for drink to go to the trouble of making it. There are scared tipplers who think to whistle past the graveyard, but they can't whistle forever, and this particular graveyard is endless. I guess that within so few as ten years anyone suggesting our return to the open sale of alcoholic drink will merely be studied, amid suitable surroundings, by one or more alienists. Probably more. Lots of them will be intrigued by the case, as we novelists like to put it. It may seem hard, old scouts; unbelievable and outrageous; but in a way of speaking you are up against it. And personally I am delighted. As a student of human beings I like to observe them under novel stresses. We are in a way to have new light on the race.

Of course the millennium is not at hand. The increasing purpose said to run through the ages won't stop running because we quit dropping into Callahan's for one; or maybe a couple. No; the laugh following the great aridity isn't to be wholly on deprived tipplers. The country, cold sober, isn't going to be much like the perfect country the deprivers believe it will be. Consider the prime cause of it all—the man who would be all right if he would just let liquor alone. There may, now and then, have been such a man, for the scheme seems to be to make men of all kinds so as to find out which will keep; but this man has been much more rare than is widely supposed. The men who would really be all right if they would only let liquor alone are right enough to find that out, and to let it alone.

The Man Who Reformed

I RECALL a score such in my own close acquaintance. After earnest experiment they have learned to let liquor alone severely. They are all sorts, as I review them. Some tippled for the taste, some for the effect, some to be amiable. And all struggled with what we Freudians term the brannigan complex, which means that one drink led to another and they were good followers. But all, at certain danger signals, ratified their own constitutional amendments without bothering Congress.

The gamest fighter of the lot stopped exactly when he had to—about twenty-four hours this side of when a surviving relative would have begged that floral tributes be omitted. He is now a gleaming ornament of his profession, and he has no illusions about the man who would be all right if he would only let liquor alone. The president of his university lately invited him to the Pacific Coast to address undergraduates on the evils of intemperance. And he won't go. He could only say, "Don't stop till you have to. I didn't." You see, he was—to employ *le mot juste*—plastered rather continuously for twenty years, and on the whole liked it. If that president knows the reformed one's enlivening annals then he has doubtless also asked Mr. John D. Rockefeller to lecture to his undergraduates on the evils of acquiring great wealth. Of course that gentleman would be obliged in all honesty to deliver the same pithy lecture. I have never heard my friend or Mr. Rockefeller regret a moment of his interesting past.

Another shock for our too facile optimists. I told you the laugh would not be wholly on the budding inebriate. Take the workingman's beer. Of course we are going to take it—but consider him in relation to the brew, which has long been said by our best people to stupefy him. Does anyone suspect we are going to have less trouble with the workingman when he is no longer stupefied? If so, why? No answer. All right! Then look for an undreamed-of effectiveness in the organization of labor. If the poor workingman has been drinking as much too much beer as

was rumored and has yet done what he has done in the way of teaching capital to take a joke, think what he will do with a really clear head. Not Bolshevik stuff; he will be too wise then. But the good old-fashioned thing to be had by voting.

But let it not be thought that the battle for a sane and alert citizenry will be more than a third won on the first of next July. Of our three most popular narcotics only one will have been banished, and that not the most insidious. Two household poisons remain, of almost universally conceded respectability. What everyone does is for some curious reason thought wise and right. If there had not been a determined and bitter minority with whom alcohol disagreed we should still have it. And so it should now be the mission of our ablest evangels to undermine the reputation of the two narcotic poisons that still retard our progress I have tried, so as not to shock the sensitive, to lead up gently to this venomous proscription of your old friends, tobacco and coffee.

Laugh, But Look Out

AGAIN the raucous laughter of disdain. All right, laugh on! But these drugs were foredoomed the day proud rum was brought low. I can imagine a conscientious drinker just now writing this in pained sarcasm, but I hope no one in this vast and attentive audience will think me in the least flippant or frivolous when I assert that tobacco and coffee have in the aggregate wrought more havoc to the human system than ever did the ousted member of the great narcotic triune. Because of their wider use, it is true. They have not killed outright so many weaklings, but year by year, almost unobserved, they have lowered the efficiency of their thousands where drink has but slain its dozen.

We have in flawless working order a political machine of such cunning potency that no obstacle may withstand it—a machine that in five more years, if it chose, could make corned beef and cabbage illegal. And having done with alcohol what the wisest statesman, the canniest politician did not believe even faintly possible five years ago, does anyone believe this same superb machine can't—and won't—put beyond the legal reach of us the two narcotics that unquestionably do to us what the workingman's beer did to him? Not so! The campaign is on. And the machine will be stronger. For a lot of irritated voters don't care what happens now.

Of course you hear, as yet, but a shrewd little against that most cherished of domestic drugs, coffee. The first guns are trained upon tobacco. I say tobacco, though the announced target is the cigarette. In current mental appraisement, for reasons that elude me, the cigar is but moderately reprehensible, except when borne unlighted in a street car. The pipe has a homely virtue. And the chewer of tobacco is one of Nature's noblemen. Yet the cigarette has never been anything but vicious save in trust-paid encomiums.

And What About Dear Old Colonel Van Whoosh and His Cellar of Rare Vintages Laid Down in Sixty-Eight?

Have you ever known a bill to pass any state legislature or any committee of any state legislature, banning the succulent fine-cut? Humph! I should say not. But some of our states have already banned the cigarette. Not so many years ago I bought a book of unlawful cigarette papers in the grand old state of Missouri, being furtively tolled for that sinister purpose, by the bootlegger, into the clement dusk of an alley. Cigarettes were taboo, cigarette papers anathema. But I was unable to learn that the appropriation for brass cuspidors for the Missouri statehouse had been scaled down a single dollar that year. The honest lawmakers who banned the papered smoke would have thought it a jest in the poorest of taste had one besought them to make also illegal the intimate chewing and absorption of the same vegetable that one merely burns in a cigarette.

So there will be resistance. Even those sacrosanct who called rum never anything but a demon will fight for their pipes. One of these—my friend who quit the drink about one day before he would have quit anyway—complains bitterly now that these reformers don't know where to stop. He peevishly says they menace his cigars, and this he is bound to regard as a monstrous infringement of his personal liberty. True, he regards the anti-rum law as a high and worthy performance—he didn't want to drink any more, thought other people shouldn't, and was eager for a law to that good end. But he does want to smoke some more and so he resents any police nonsense about a vice that still masters him. And there you are. I mean to say, isn't human nature grand!

Me? I am not like that. I want a law passed as soon as may be, forbidding us to batter down our hearts with this narcotic ram. I know that generations to come will be better without our high percentage of tobacco hearts. I not only think other people should quit smoking but I have long wished to quit myself. And I shall quit, too, the very day I can no longer obtain any tobacco by purchase, beggary or theft.

A Tidy Little Scandal

COFFEE will fight even harder. Equally iniquitous with the other poisons, it yet has more addicts and so is thought more moral. There are still those—though of a low cranial index—who even consider it to have a food value. Here we shall need a long campaign of education; though, to be sure, with brains cleaned of alcohol and tobacco toxins, we shall educate quicker.

Even to-day there is a tidy little neighborhood scandal about this hitherto reputable drug. Word runs from house to house that it attacks the heart and nerve centers as do alcohol and nicotine. Already its slaves suspect its fell power. As formerly you might hear two gentlemen lean against the bar and debate which was the better for rheumatism, Scotch whisky or rye—so now you may hear a pair of perturbed coffee addicts wondering if it isn't the sugar or perhaps the cream that plays the devil with their nerves. They do not dispute quite so amiably as the other two, for your coffee toper is never of so genial a temper as your alcoholic. And moreover, argue though he will, each coffee slave knows that as soon as his tipple is drunk it goes straight to his heart with hammer and chisel, causing him to lose sleep, to have dizzy spells at his desk, to quarrel with his confreres, to wonder what this country is coming to anyway, and to rush to the blessed sanctuary of home, to wife and children, where he can start what he feels like starting with small risk of arrest.

Certainly I would have the anticoffee amendment to the document our forefathers proudly bequeathed us ratified to-morrow; or even to-day. For I have thrown off the shackles of that drug and I believe everyone else should. Even I have not wholly escaped the blight of self-righteousness. I suffer a genial glow of it each morning

Continued on Page 103

Joyous New Year's Eve on Broadway

THE ROOSEVELT PERIOD

By Albert J. Beveridge

DURING the Presidential campaign of 1900 Theodore Roosevelt and I spent a Sunday together in Kansas City. I had been elected to the Senate and he was candidate for Vice President. This was our first opportunity for extended conversation since the outbreak of the war with Spain. During the afternoon we took a long horseback ride into Kansas. Even then I was very much in favor of Colonel Roosevelt's nomination by the Republican Party to succeed President McKinley when his second term should expire, and told him so. I had no doubt that McKinley and Roosevelt would be elected. Colonel Roosevelt was very frank about it and talked of the probabilities with the utmost unreserve. Among other things he pointed out the economic and social problems that were sure to arise, and said that the proper solution of them meant that the ruling politicians of the nation, the older and more eminent men of the country and great financial interests would likely be against him. I thought so, too, but said that it would be the hard-muscled men of the country and the young fellows who would make him President.

"By George," said he, "that's so. That's just it. What you call these 'hard-muscled' men feel the situation even if they do not understand it, and the young people see what is coming and are already getting themselves into shape to meet it. Right here round us as we ride we see the reason for the new period which the nation is entering. Not so very long ago all this country was unoccupied. Land was practically free, but now nearly all of it is taken up. In a few years there won't be an acre left."

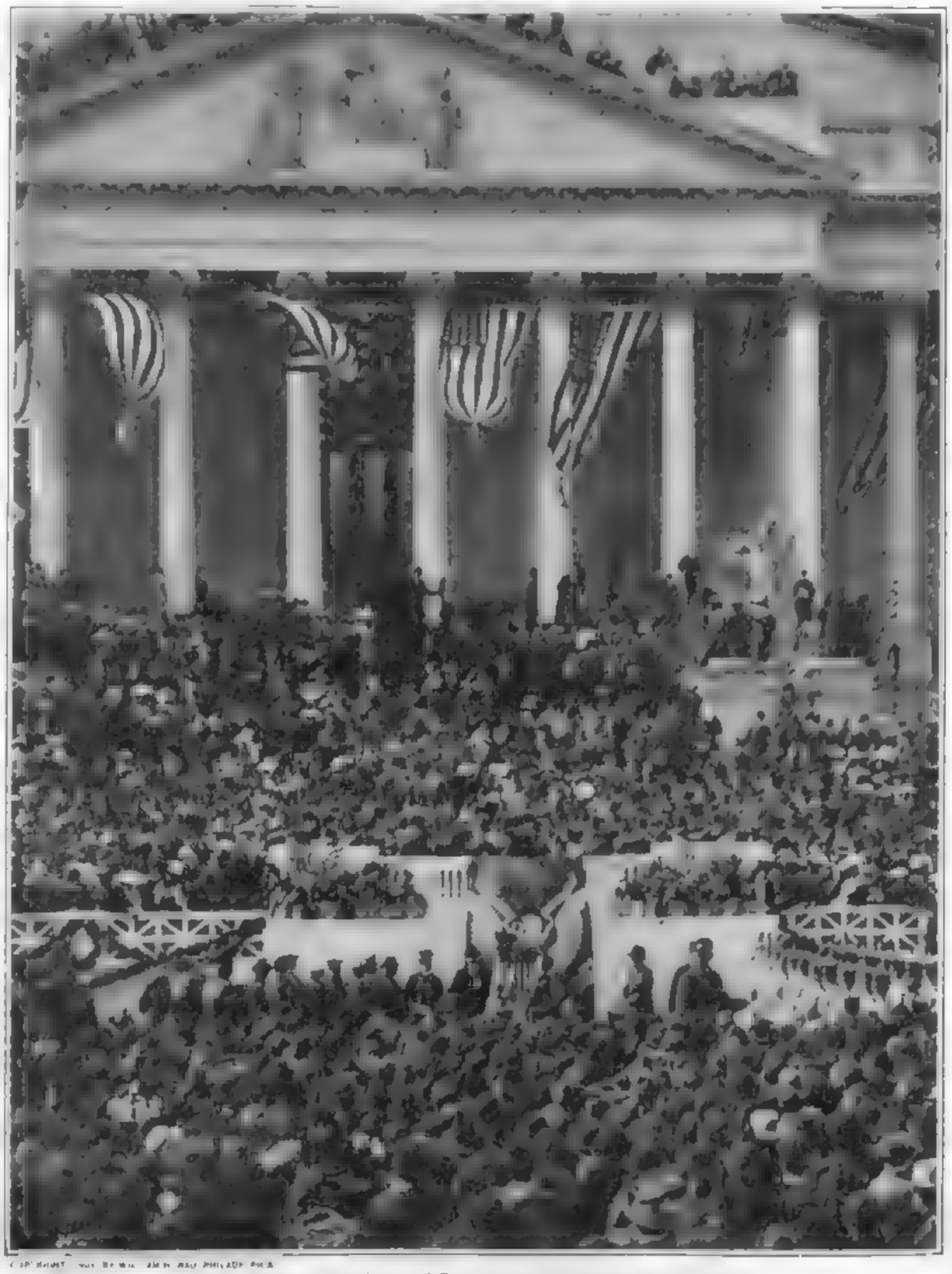
No More Free Land

AFTER the war Colonel Roosevelt chafed a good deal. "He is always in a state of mind," President McKinley remarked to me one day. Colonel Roosevelt was then governor of New York. The cause of his chafing was the economic conditions of the country, to which he was extremely sensitive. He believed that the nation was approaching an economic and social crisis. When, therefore, upon the assassination of President McKinley, he suddenly found himself in the Presidential chair he had a good idea of the new period upon which the country was entering, and in a general way of the laws and policies which that new period required. America had reached the point where a transition from an outworn to a modern economic and social order was indispensable. To effect this transition was the great work of Theodore Roosevelt's life, and it is the accomplishment of that fundamental change that makes his career epochal.

He became President of the United States just after one of the most serious developments in American history. This development was the disappearance of free land. Until that point of time which marks the beginning of what always will be called "The Roosevelt Period" anybody could get a farm and a home of his own by the simple process of taking up substantially free land and living upon it. This process indeed had been going on since before the Revolution. Those who were in debt or felt the pressure of taxes or who wanted to own the land they tilled simply moved out into the wilderness or settled upon the prairies. So it was that such a thing as industrial pressure, in the sense we now understand that term, did not exist.

Moreover, immediately after the Civil War there was a prodigious outburst of constructive energy. A great part of the continent still was to be occupied. Railroads were to be built; bridges to be constructed; cities erected. There was more than enough work for everybody in this country and for all of the immigrants from other lands. Indeed the necessity for labor was so great that manufacturing and other industries that suddenly took on immense proportions resorted to every expedient—some of them very bad—to bring cheap European labor to America.

For a long time, however, there was no labor congestion—first because there was so much work to be done, and secondly because free land constantly drew people away from industrial centers. Free land was an outlet for discontent.



The Inaugural Address of President Roosevelt, March 4, 1905

Finally this outlet was closed. Free land was all gone. The human tide had reached its last frontier, the Pacific Ocean, and was turned back upon itself. Such was the beginning of those economic and social conditions that had developed by the time Colonel Roosevelt had become President. These conditions were indicated by labor troubles growing out of industrial congestion and by a general unrest among the masses of the people. It became necessary for the nation to adjust itself to an entirely new situation which the disappearance of free land had brought about.

Not only had millions upon millions of unoccupied acres prevented those industrial blood clots which old and thickly settled countries always had experienced, and thus created an economic and social state of things peculiar to America and entirely abnormal; but this fact, continuing through more than a century, had also built up an individualism such as the world never had seen before.

Men thought and acted solely from the viewpoint of what they believed to be their personal advantage. The common talk was of rights rather than of duties, of individual rather than of collective effort. Social ideals were scarcely recognized and the community spirit was very frail. The first manifestation of the coöperative idea came in the form of great business organizations and the consolidation of railroad companies owning parts of the same lines into large corporations, controlling and operating long and unified systems. All this was natural and inevitable. Indeed the very necessities of the people themselves called for and created these great economic units. Without them it was impossible to supply promptly and adequately the needs of the people. For instance, the increase of what is called the laboring population—those employed in other industries than agriculture—required food supplies, the preparation and distribution of which could be accomplished only by immense organizations. Speaking by and large, the same was true of course of other forms of industry.

This economic evolution went forward, however, under the individualist principles which an entirely different state of things had created. In short, while natural forces had totally revolutionized industry the old ideals still prevailed, though they no longer applied to the existing facts of life. We had emerged into a new period, but we still clung to ancient formulas of thinking.

Labor Conditions

IT WAS in this wise that the heads of great business organizations insisted upon running them according to ancient individualist maxims. The courts of course continued to decide controversies arising from these new conditions by old rules which no longer fitted them.

No matter how great a business organization became, no matter how extensive its dealings with the people, no matter how dependent millions of human beings were upon these organizations, the managers of these mammoth concerns conducted them as though the concerns themselves were individuals. No moral legal duty to the public was admitted—a fact which, recent though it is, is hard now for us to realize.

A great packing plant, for example, did its business with the public on precisely the same economic principles as an individual butcher dealing with individual customers. Immense railroad systems did the transporting of the nation upon the same legal basis that an old-time wagoner or a stagecoach owner hauled small parcels of merchandise or carried a few passengers. The kind of service rendered, the rates fixed, the quality of food and the manner of its preparation and the prices charged for it were held to be none of the people's business, but solely the affair of the producing and transporting companies.

Thus American business became obsessed of a frenzy for gain. The spirit of greed ruled American industry. This showed itself in shocking form in many other ways than the illustrations already given. Hundreds of thousands—millions, in fact—of children were put to work in factories, mines and sweat shops at a period in their lives when such labor meant their physical and intellectual ruin.

Moreover, labor was regarded as a commodity. The economic theories of Adam Smith governed the treatment of workingmen by employers. Labor conditions therefore became worse as industrial congestion increased. The human element of the problem of labor received less and less consideration; indeed the "humanities" were not recognized by the ancient economic philosophy upon which modern industry still continued to be operated.

Thus is revealed the vast, complicated and delicate problem, national in its scope, which required solution when

(Continued on Page 49)

The Two-Inch Pipe Line to Europe

By GERALD STANLEY LEE

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THE curlew in the south of England knows the precise hour and day when the ice breaks up in the Arctic Sea two thousand miles away, and departs from the south every year on the dot.

The bird gets word somehow.

The female moth shut up in solitary confinement in a pasteboard box can by its scent call male moths to the outside of the box from a surprising distance; and yet the workmen in Henry Ford's factory — twenty-four thousand of them—cannot get word through to twenty million Bolshevist workmen in Russia, setting the world on fire with fool freedom, what freedom in America is, how it works out for labor as between employers and employees, and what workmen in America can get and what they are like.

If the Ford workmen could get word through to Russia, Bolshevism in Russia would collapse with a crash that would be heard round the world, the hand of the League of Nations would be freed. The lid of hell in forty nations would shut down in a week. We want to, but why do we not do it? Because of the incredible fact that the only provision that has been made as yet for getting ideas back and forth between two great continents trying to run the earth together is what might be called, for all practical purposes, a two-inch pipe to Europe.

On getting word through, curlews and moths have human beings beaten to a jelly.

Moths mock and wave their tentacles at nations. The very bugs make fun of our splendid helpless wireless telegraph and of our big fool airplanes with which we cannot get word to Russians and to Germans—or even to the English and the French. We keep on trying at it—jamming infinity through a two-inch pipe.

What is there that a great country like America, now engaged in making funny little feeble throbs of news at Europe through a two-inch pipe, and getting funny little feeble throbs back, can do to get as much through the two-inch pipe as possible?

Theodore N. Vail's engineers have managed to make a single wire, which used to take one message one way at a time, take, I believe, several messages at a time both ways. There are equally economical, highly concentrated ways of conveying ideas from one nation to another which I would like to propose to have America begin to use. The idea would be to use them at once with the two-inch pipe as long as we have to put up with it; then later, of course, we could use it to still better advantage through the new and bigger means of communication the League of Nations will no doubt arrange for when it begins its steady work.

If a hundred million people in America were to keep straining away for a hundred years trying to express to one poor single lonely Frenchman how one loganberry tastes they could not do it. The hundred million people would merely bore the Frenchman.

What the hundred million people would find they would finally have to do would be to manage somehow to organize and combine together to hoist one loganberry over to France, stick it in the ground, let its seeds burst in the warm sunshiny ground and come up. Then they could let the first Frenchman taste one. Then as rapidly as possible they could present to the forty million people of France one loganberry apiece. One loganberry apiece would be enough. The taste of forty trillion more loganberries would be known. All France would know what loganberries are like, and France would be full of Frenchmen who would know whether France wanted twenty trillion more or not.

It has seemed to me that America is going to be obliged to follow this principle in trying to express to nations ideas it has, which it finds difficult to express to other nations, and which we care more about—ideas which we need, and which they need most desperately now, to get expressed. If the people in America three hundred years ago had stood round a century or so wondering vaguely how they could express to people in Europe one of the first ideas America ever had—the idea of tobacco—and had finally sent over one pipeful, they would have done what we are going to do with liberty unless we wake up.

The short quick way for America to express to Europe the extremely real, personal, happy, relieved sensation any real man gets out of democracy, the sense of being a free, open man in a free, open-dealing country, is to send over pipefuls of liberty, and to let people breathe it and smoke it.

We must study out a new way of starting up liberty among people like any other habit, any other deep-grained catching habit nations get from one another. We should stop talking about our theories and mooning along in words about our ideas of liberty to people, and send over self-reproducing, contagious examples of the ideas, examples of how the ideas taste and how they feel when one is taking them in, when one has digested them, and how they work.

The only way for America to get anywhere in expressing its ideas to European peoples is to introduce its ideas into Europe as habits, as catching habits, as nice, useful, happy epidemics. We have got to introduce our idea of democracy—the flavor, the sensation of democracy, the sensation of being a free, believing, open-dealing person with other persons—to European nations in the same concrete way we have introduced American bathtubs, American telephones, American phonographs, and American moving pictures; by keeping still and sending over samples. Then we will say, quietly of course, without any flourishing or advertising and when we are asked: "Oh, yes, these are just a few of our little habits we have caught from one another in America — chewing-gum, dentists, rocking-chairs, cash registers, tobacco, prohibition, subways, flying machines—and perhaps you people would like to have some of these habits too!"

What America has to do next is to provide the conveniences and begin setting up the necessary international arrangements for making liberty catching in Europe, and self-reproducing when a little of it gets into people. We shall give up our eternal moralizing, preaching and Fourth-of-Julying about liberty, our tragical idea that we Americans can express a huge, intangible, immortal, infinite essence like liberty in words when we cannot even express—and know we cannot even express—all of us, in a hundred years, one loganberry. The way for us to do is to start up and send over samples as we did with the first telephone in London, and the first telegraph, the first steamboat.

We shall think how catching steamboats have been.

Why were steamboats catching?

Because people had habits of wanting to carry heavy things from one place to another. Robert Fulton's steamboat took hold of the sea all round Europe and became catching because European people found that the steamboat habit, heaped up on top of the habit of moving heavy things, helped along the habit of moving heavy things. It made possible moving a thousand times as many.

The way to get an idea through from one nation to another in the least possible space and time is to dramatize samples. People all seem to think at first that ideas are things to hear about. They seem to have a notion that ideas are intended for their ears. The moral seems to be, for those of us who are trying to put ideas through, to stop making a spread and spray of our ideas on people's ears. To get an idea over to them quickly get it out of their ears; get it into their habits; dramatize to them what they are trying to do; dramatize a single sample of it into what they are trying to do every day, where the single sample will go round ceaselessly nagging them day after day for another. Nations seem to be reached the quickest and surest not through what they think but through what they do. They will seek out and suck up everything that will help them do it. One-tenth of one per cent dramatizing will do as much as ninety per cent ordinary advertising between nations.

It might not come amiss—while we are considering in America how to get our ideas over to other nations—to consider what our experiences have been, especially of late and during the war, in getting our ideas over to one another.

Not long after the American part in the war was under way our Government had the idea—which it had not had at all when it began—that if America was going to do her part in defeating the Germans, or if we were to come anywhere near defeating the Germans, it would only be possible through an unexpected degree of self-sacrifice on the part of our people all day, every day until the war was over.

Our people did not believe this idea.

How could our Government get through to each man in America that winning the war depended on him? Get through to each woman and each child that something must be given up by each of us to defeat the Germans? The Government not only wanted to advertise to the people how desperately the country needed them—every man of them—but it wanted also to inspire the people and to let the people see their power themselves. They wanted to teach the nations nation-conscience, world-conscience, and prove to the people and to the world how reverently the men, women and children of America could be depended upon to respond to an appeal to defeat the Germans.

I fell asleep in Maine one night not long ago, and woke up in the Grand Central Station. I came out into that first gasolineless, dream-like Sunday we had during the war.

(Continued on Page 123)

A WIRE ENTANGLEMENT

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

SHE was walking down a narrow ledge of sidewalk that hung perilously over the muddy cobbles of a street in a base port in France. A long blue cloak of military cut was wrapped about a slender, graceful figure and an overseas cap of the same color was worn slightly to one side of a head that was poised rather jauntily. Out from under the sides of this cap some dark hair of a very delicate texture was threatening to escape, tantalizing loops that caused a young lieutenant to confess that he would like to touch his fingers to them very softly to see if they were as silky as they looked.

About the arm of the blue coat was a white brassard with a design in black stamped upon it, while across the front of the blue overseas cap two bronze signal flags were crossed. This design upon the brassard and the insignia upon the cap fixed the young lady's military status as a telephone girl in the service of the A. E. F., while her status as a self-reliant, adaptable and highly ornamental young woman was equally established by the easy way in which she dominated and adorned an environment which clearly enough was totally foreign to her. The glances of pride and affectionate admiration which doughboys and M. P.'s shot at her as she passed showed that the sight of her was to them like a sample package of home.

When the Marine M. P. under the clock which surmounted a post standing at the intersection of two streets clicked heels and saluted she returned the salute smartly and bestowed upon him a winsome smile that revealed beauty curves in piquant lips and brought a lightness to unafraid eyes that was like the bringing of a fresh sun into the heavens. The Marine watched her pass and his lips parted in a sigh.

Lieutenant Marsh, with mud upon his putties, stood a moment on the corner and gaped. Noting the M. P.'s success with a salute he tried one also. The lady returned it promptly, but with dignity and the tiniest of smiles. She saw the M. P. every day. She had never seen Lieutenant Marsh before. That was why the glance of her wise eyes lingered on him momentarily; for the man was one whose personality refused somehow to be suppressed by khaki and bars. His body seemed bursting out of his uniform; nor was it the smooth distention of fat, but rather the rotundity of arching chest and the bulge of knotty lumps of muscle, such as might appertain to the shoulders of Hercules, which produced this effect.

"If she had only given me that full-orbed smile," Lieutenant Marsh thought, and cast an envious glance at the M. P.

"Know that girl?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Gosh!" And Lieutenant Marsh gazed after her in silent adoration. "I wonder!" he murmured. "I wonder!" And then shamelessly he turned and followed; or at least it seemed that he had business down the Rue de Nantes, in the way that the lady was going. Eventually she turned off on a side street, and from the corner Lieutenant Marsh, pausing discreetly, saw her enter a building from the second story of which crossed signal flags were flung out.

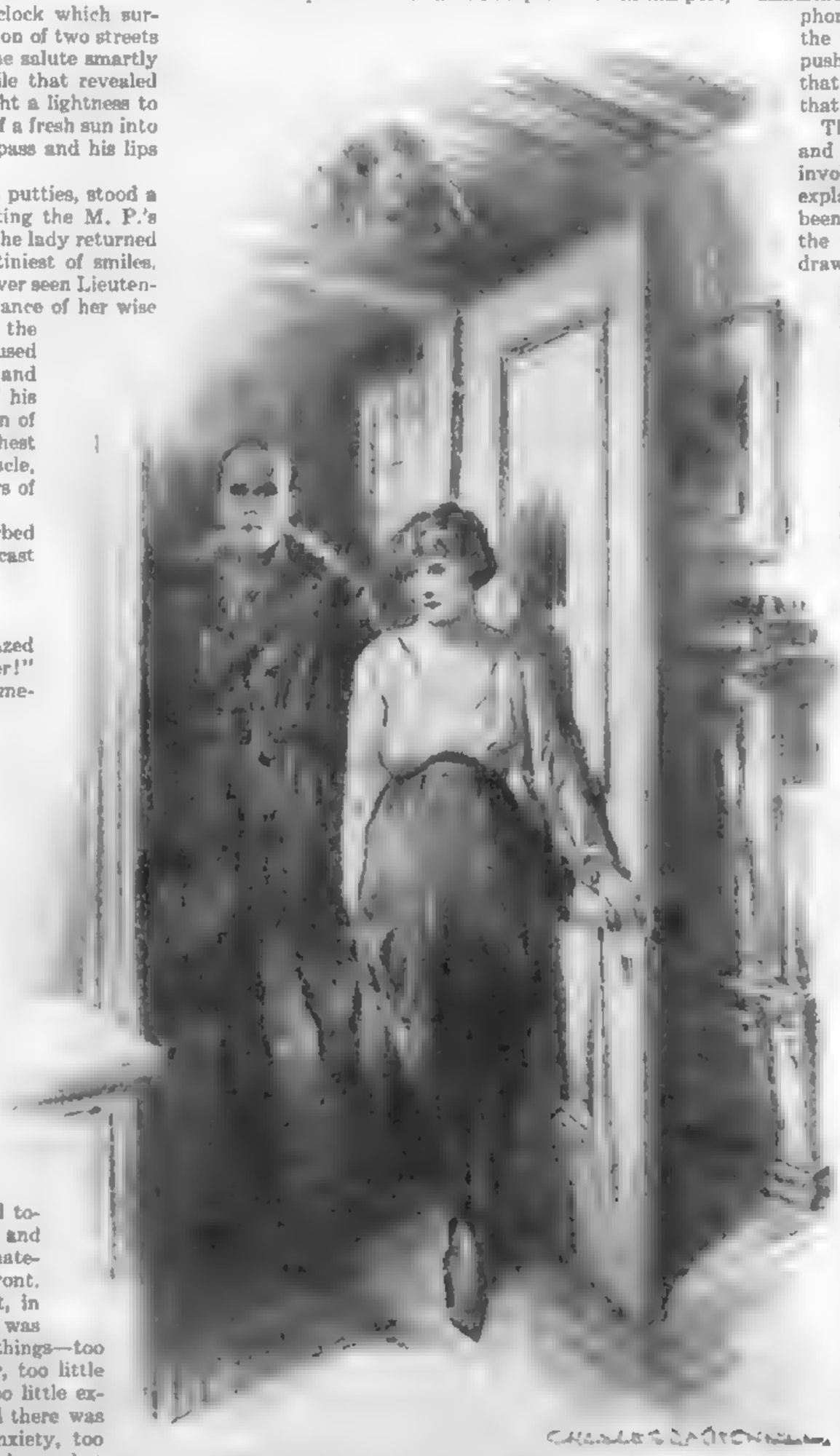
"I wonder if it could be the same," he mused, and marked again with wistful eye the place where that refreshing blue figure had last appeared; for with all his rugged physical strength Lieutenant Marsh was a young man of tender sensibilities, who found himself just now sorely and outrageously put upon.

Each day Fate buffeted him in this hurly-burly place where dozens of ships vomited hourly their bellyfuls upon the dock, and creaking cranes, straining stevedores and puffing engines all labored together to hurl the vast supplies of food and those sinister collections of the offensive materials of a fighting army faster toward the Front.

It was an important place, this port, in which a vast aggregation of man power was assembled. There was too little of many things—too little dock room, too little motive power, too little trackage, too little warehouse capacity, too little experience and too little forethought; and there was too much of other things—too much anxiety, too much conflict of authority, too much of the haste that makes waste, too many technicians and too few practical men; too many paper artists and too few who could sculpture achievements in the forms of living flesh.

Lieutenant Marsh was one of the sculptors, and a great press of the paper artists were always rushing him and demanding that he translate their theories into action. But there were limits even to the capabilities of the mighty and willing shoulders of Lieutenant Marsh; wherefore captains unfeelingly bullied him, majors browbeat him and colonels on occasion gazed at him sad-eyed and reproachful.

This very morning the lieutenant had come down from G-4 freshly convinced that republics are ungrateful and military machines have no heart. G-4 was the technical name for a first-class family row that took place every morning at ten-thirty in the office of the base commander. Thither came the superintendent of docks and the superintendent of dock workers, the colonel of the stevedores regiment, the superintendent of terminals and his yardmaster—a postgraduate of Chicago railroad yards; together with the officers in charge of all and sundry of the various enterprises of the A. E. F. represented in this port, to the total number of about a baker's dozen. And here they bucked and fumed and fretted and cracked the lash of military authority or even yowled and caterwauled at each other, according to the mood of the moment and the nature of the shortcomings each alleged against the other.



"I—I Thought You Would be Wanting Him," Stammered Miss Helen, "and I Telephoned an Order for Him to Come In"

Thither also came a cold statistician with a pencil and columns of figures, who knew to an inch and an ounce what had been done the day before and who had done it and who had failed to do it.

"Why didn't I get those twelve cars of sand that were promised me last Saturday?" had demanded the engineer in charge of dock-building operations, and there was a baleful gleam in the inquiring eye with which he transfixed the superintendent of transportation. The latter passed the inquiry, the glance and the buck to his yardmaster, who declared truculently that he pushed the empties in at the borrow pit on time but they had not been loaded out; whereupon the boss of the sand pits bristled and affirmed that no such empties had ever been supplied. To prove it he got his shovelmen on the telephone. The yardmaster also got his switching crew on the telephone. For a time there was barking and snapping back and forth across the table with G-4's habitual disharmonies rendered more disharmonious still by the wranglings over two sets of telephones. In the end, having regard to both witnesses, the evidence was clear that the empties had been pushed in and that they had not been pushed in; that they were seen standing on the sidetrack and that they had never stood on the sidetrack at all.

The cool colonel, whose title was Base Commander and who was the one man who never grew excited or involved in the rows of G-4, was first to divine the explanation and to conclude that the empties had been properly pushed in upon the loading track at the borrow pit, but thereafter surreptitiously withdrawn. From force of habit almost he shifted his glance to where it could bore into the embarrassed features of Lieutenant Marsh, who though not, strictly speaking, a member of G-4 had nevertheless been the goat of so many of its discussions and recriminations that he had fallen into the habit of reporting there as for some daily and inevitable castigation.

"And while we are on this trail," interrupted the superintendent of transportation acridly, "I want to know what in time became of four cars of cement. We had a priority order for six cars of cement for that bridge down at Saumur, and the cement was in the warehouse, but four cars of it mysteriously disappeared before they could be loaded."

The silence that followed this rasping inquiry, with all eyes staring at Lieutenant Marsh, was of the sort usually described as dramatic and expectant. For a moment it seemed as if Lieutenant Marsh would speak, protest, palliate or deny, but after an infinitesimal instant he decided dejectedly to hold his peace. What was the use? The cold statistician was running through the sheets before him with his pencil point like the nose of a hound in the bracken, and presently he would lift the pencil and aim its denunciatory point. But before that could come to pass Major Hawley, shrewd, florid, competent and oozing quiet satisfaction, rose and took the floor.

Major Hawley was in charge of water supply. He had been called up to make a whole new system for this sleepy old port, which had suddenly become one of the great transportation centers of the world; and he had to make it quickly and out of nothing at all. Now he confessed frankly to his colleagues that he had just passed through what had been to him a period of awful anxiety, for with the failure of the expected rainfall there had come to be but four days' water supply in the poor leaky old reservoirs. In his distress he had confided the predicament to Lieutenant Marsh and had enlisted that energetic and capable young man's sympathies with immediate results that were both astonishing and happy.

Perhaps the young lieutenant had thereupon stolen Major Cole's sand cars to load cement; if so, Major Hawley regretted the necessity. Perhaps thereafter he had also stolen the cement; if so, that necessity also Major Hawley regretted. He could not regret,

however, that cement had been delivered to a convenient siding with abundance of motor trucks to haul it ——

The master of motor-truck transportation suddenly stuttered and broke out with: "So that's where twelve of my trucks went last ——"

But Major Hawley talked him down, leaving the said master of motor-truck transportation to look other daggers at the young lieutenant, while the engineer told how the cement had been duly delivered at the scene of hydraulic operations, how it had been mixed into concrete, how the concrete had been poured, and was setting now into a beautiful dam in which water was already rising so that the usefulness of this great port was saved because its supply of *aqua pura* was now guaranteed.

The major's explanation, offered at this time to relieve Lieutenant Marsh from the taint of criminality, had at the moment the effect of doing so quite completely; yet it was strictly in accordance with human nature that when—the surcharged atmosphere healthfully cleared by all this explosive bickering—G-4 adjourned in bland good humor with itself there were many congratulations for Major Hawley, while all forgot, except the major, to congratulate Lieutenant Marsh on his own generous contribution to the saving of the situation. On the contrary, the engineer who did not get his much desired sand and the transportation man who anticipated bitter inquiries as to why four cars of cement did not arrive at a certain bridge site on time remembered to throw hard looks at the young man and to intimate that if he got in their way again they would most certainly find a way to plant a military heel upon his military neck, which was why Lieutenant Marsh had descended to the street in gloom.

"To hell with army men and army organization!" was what he had been muttering fervently beneath his breath when there passed this blue and charming presence which wooed him momentarily from his mood and left him recalling that the one bright particular spot in his day's work for months had been a certain fresh sunshiny voice which came to him over the telephone from the central office—a voice that in the mere answering of a call or the utterance of the few words necessary to the making of a connection could put a lightness into his heart, no matter how heavy its burdens.

After having followed the blue vision down the street he slowly retraced his steps far enough to beckon to the man with his side car, in which, to the accompaniment of spluttering valves and swaying bathtub bodies, he was borne to a camp five miles outside the city, a camp where long rows of barracks appeared to swim in the dreary pool of brackish water that surrounded them.

Extricating himself from the vehicle the young lieutenant stood for a moment viewing the noble tract of land on the other side of the road where a great enterprise halted, waiting for the nod of a man high up upon whose desk the plans were lying. Here was to be, perhaps, the greatest enterprise of its kind in the world, and the material to build it was coming out of the ships every day.

To build it! What a stunning lot of jobs in that giant piece of construction! The abounding energies of Lieutenant Marsh, man handler, leaped and thrilled in contemplation of such a prospect. And then, remembering, he turned disconsolately into one of the barracks, stripped off his putties and the coat of his best uniform and began to conceal his legs in hip boots preparatory to a little job of ditch digging that he was superintending between whiles.

Now it happened that, as he sat thus with one leg in a rubber boot and the other poised reflective on the edge of his locker, the mind of the young lady who had climbed the stairs to the telephone exchange was engaged with contemplation of a memory picture which presented a big strong face with dark earnest eyes full of the grace of good intent, and with something hungry in them; and she was likewise thinking of a voice that used to come in each day over the wire. Voices, to the telephone girl, had color. There were yellow strident voices; there were harsh red voices; there were thin blue piping voices; there were deep black voices; and there was one voice of rich, soft velvet brown that belonged to an instinctive gentleman with a nature at once strong and fine; and the eyes of the bastion-shouldered young lieutenant reminded her of that voice. They set her to wondering if they could be the eyes of Lieutenant Marsh of Bouvron 44. She was still wondering as she cut in at the small switchboard where it was her duty to handle both local and long-distance calls. Tours, the great S. O. S. headquarters, was on the wire now, talking to the base commander.

The girl listened in long enough to catch the tenor of the conversation, and catching it experienced a certain thrill of interest and enthusiasm, for it told her what everybody in the base port had been dying for days and weeks to know—it told her that the plan had been approved and the great provision depot was going in at Bouvron. But the

"Don't Do Anything Rash. Promise Me That. Don't Do Something Now That Will Get You Into Worse Trouble"

mighty commander of S. O. S. was passing on now to the discussion of a particular feature of the grand enterprise, and when he had rapidly outlined a plan for its execution he concluded with: "I want it done that way, colonel—done!" And the speaker, who was a general, and that kind of general who wears two stars upon his shoulder, banged a fist solidly upon the table. The table was away off in the intermediate section, but the colonel heard it bang from where he sat in the base port.

"I understand, general!" he gave obedient assurance, and hanging up the phone leaned back in his chair to make a thoughtful inventory of the personnel of his command, for executives had now to be chosen skillfully, with cunning almost, in order to secure the swift discharge of this great and important task.

A little later the base commander's voice was on the phone again. The B. C.'s voice was deep black but likable. Central answered cheerily, according to her custom, but with just a little leap in her throat, because it was Bouvron 44 that had been called, and curiously the girl listened in, though a bit disappointed when it was the major and not the lieutenant, for whom the colonel called. She heard the base commander sketch what seemed to her like a very large undertaking in connection with the new enterprise and then ask the major to recommend a man for the job. The answer of the major was one that made the telephone girl smile; but not the colonel.

"Lieutenant Marsh? Lieutenant Marsh!" he expostulated. "In the name of George Washington is there nobody else out there who can do anything?"

"Lieutenant Marsh is very competent," answered the major—mildly, as a major should always answer a colonel.

"Hum! Well, send this young paragon in and let me look him over."

Just as if he had not an opportunity of looking him over almost any morning at G-4! Yet that was what the base commander said—"look him over."

"Don't tell him to do anything, colonel, unless you want it done," warned the major dryly. "He's the darnedest fellow when you start him!"

"Just the man I want," snapped the colonel, though with a wry face at the memory of complications certain and sundry he had already known to be traced to this young man's way of looking at duty. "Send him in!"

The order to return to the office of the base commander caught the lieutenant with the second leg half into the second rubber boot. Both legs came out promptly and the young man went back to town, wondering.

The base commander was a big man, mentally and physically. He was also quiet. He neither gushed nor thundered. He had steel-gray eyes that he threw into a man like a bayonet. Lieutenant Marsh came and stood before him, unshaken by the bayonet glance, with his tunic fitting so tight that it bulged and wrinkled under the flexing of mighty muscles when he saluted. His head was large and squarely put on, with great strength indicated by the heavy jaw and the protuberant brow, while the mouth was clean and likable and the brown eyes held an expression of doglike devotion to duty that almost melted holes in the B. C.'s granite-hewn exterior. But despite the facts suggestive of strength of body and of will the bloom of a very vivid youth was spread over all the features, and it struck the colonel that he would best pry into this young person and get at what was inside and behind him.

"College man?" he inquired tersely.

Lieutenant Marsh mentioned modestly the name of a very prominent university.

"Um! What did you go in for?"

"Football!" glowed the lieutenant, trapped into showing all his teeth in a reminiscent grin.

"Um! Make a success of it?"

"I was captain of the team. We beat —— the only time in ——"

Some pages of football history suddenly fell open before the mind of the colonel.

"Gad!" exclaimed the base commander, his eye lighting. "Are you that Marsh?"

There was that in the colonel's tone which made the lieutenant blush.

"And what have you been doing since?"

"I broke a fisherman's strike in Alaska."

"You look as though you could break anything with those shoulders."

Lieutenant Marsh smiled appreciatively. "And then I enlisted."

"Enlisted? You could have had a commission."

"They offered me one," confessed the lieutenant, "but I always did prefer a scratch start."

This evoked the colonel's first real smile as he looked the young man over afresh, fondly this time rather than critically.

"When did you enlist?"

"Eight months ago. I was up in Alaska and couldn't get down sooner. I've been private, corporal and sergeant; and now I'm one of a million second lieutenants."

The colonel smiled again as he recognized the light of burning ambition which glows in the eye of a second lieutenant as in no other eye in all the world.

"Your rise has been very rapid—so far."

"But I enlisted to fight. They have stuck me here in the S. O. S."

"The jobs in the S. O. S. are as big and as important as any on the fighting line," bristled the colonel. "Some of them are bigger, and they have to be done first. Look here!" The B. C. rose and led the way to a blue print on the wall. "The orders have come to go ahead with the new depot at Bouvron. There will be one hundred and fifty warehouses—get that?—the equivalent of one warehouse ninety miles long. It will take two hundred and seventy miles of track to serve them—a track as long as from here to Paris; and that track"—the colonel was talking quickly now—"that track has got to go down faster than track ever went down before. That's why I'm going to give you the job of laying it."

Lieutenant Marsh felt a huge round lump of exultation form in his throat and set out to strangle him.

"The warehouses must follow the track," the colonel went on. "The erectors have got to keep up with it, and I depend upon you to set the pace."

Never yet had any man, from his prep days forward, looked into Richard Marsh's eyes and said "I depend

upon you," and thereafter found that he had leaned upon a quaking reed. The young man's heart leaped. He saw great opportunity there for him, a second lieutenant. If he did the job—and he would do the job—it was easy to foresee that he would not be a second lieutenant when it was finished; nor would he be the kicking post for every disgruntled captain and major in this section of the S. O. S. either. Gratitude kindled in his dark eyes, and yet he hesitated.

"There's just one thing I want to ask, colonel," he stammered.

The base commander looked surprised. He was not accustomed to have men to whom he assigned important duties pause and propose conditions before accepting commissions, especially second lieutenants. And yet his response was kindly, for the colonel felt consciously drawn to this young man.

"What is it, Marsh?"

"I'd like to be allowed to finish the job if I start." There were nearly tears in the brown eyes. "I'm a finisher, colonel," he argued, "and they're using me just for a starter out there—a kind of a pusher engine to help things over the first hump. I've been on every job at Bouvron, it seems to me—sewers, water pipe, barracks construction, ground storage—everything; and I no more than get one piece of work up and jumping when they switch me off to something else. I'd like to have just one thing round there, colonel, that I could look at and say I did, from the first shovelful of dirt to the last keyhole."

"Gad!" said the colonel in a surprised, admiring sort of way. "Yes, I'll say you can finish it."

Lieutenant Marsh walked out as if on air, feeling immensely complimented, immensely satisfied with the prospects for the war; yet before he had got to Bouvron the crafty colonel was plotting to make the lieutenant's way a difficult one by closeting himself with quite a different sort of man. This was Captain Allenby, a construction engineer from somewhere round Seattle, with a vast capacity for waving his hands and having things spring up like magic. He had first attracted the colonel's attention when he built a barracks out of packing boxes, no lumber being available, and he capped this by constructing a fairly respectable bridge out of the cratings from knocked-down locomotives.

"Allenby," said the colonel, pointing to the blue print, "there's the layout. The minute a mile of track goes down, in go cars with concrete for your foundations, steel for your frames and corrugated iron for your sides and roofs. I've got a young bull moose putting down the rails and I want you to throw up warehouses so fast the track layers can't get out of your way. Get me?"

"From the jump-off," said Allenby, who was a wise old dog of forty-two with a beak that curved downward and a chin that bulged upward round a mouth that was seldom opened except to let out a stinging volley of language calculated to spur some gang of builders to mightier efforts than they had put forth before. "All right, I'll keep bouncing on the young fellow's heels every minute. It's Marsh, I suppose?"

"Yes," admitted the colonel.

"Major Adams seems to think he's the original hurry-up boy," commented Allenby.

"I'm rather impressed that way myself," declared the colonel.

"We'll see," growled Allenby, and the race between a flock of warehouses and a field full of railroad tracks had begun.

"I'd like to get her on the wire and tell her about it," Lieutenant Marsh was reflecting as he arrived at Bouvron. "Believe I will. And I can't help wondering if and hoping that she's the same girl." The office of operations at Bouvron was empty at the moment and the circumstances therefore auspicious, so with a swift glance round he reached for the telephone.

"Number?" answered a voice that was crystal clear and bell-like in its tones.

"Are you—are you tall?" inquired the lieutenant in one mad plunge. There was an instant of silence, as if someone at the other end were slightly disconcerted, and then the voice said again: "Number-r-r?" And it was just as clear and bell-like and generally inspiring as before, and not a bit impatient.

"And is your smile heavenly, and are your eyes large and kind of blue gray; and is your hair soft and brown and silky, and sort of inclined to stray off the reservation?"

The lieutenant blurted all of this out rather breathlessly, as if fearful that the voice would go away. But it did not. It suppressed something like a ripple of convulsing laughter and answered coolly:

"No such number in our exchange. Please consult the directory again." Whereat the supervisor, walking up and down in the little office and able to hear what the girls said to subscribers without hearing what the subscribers said to them, noted that the girl from a Chicago switchboard was at once charmingly courteous and properly businesslike in her answers.

But though Lieutenant Marsh heard, of course, exactly the same words as the supervisor they conveyed to him an entirely different meaning; for to him they spoke in the subtle language of human hearts, assuring him that the personal description fitted exactly.

"And did you pass up the street about two hours ago, and did the Marine under the clock salute you?" persisted the inquirer.

"That number does not answer," said the voice, suppressing another chuckle.

"And did a handsome young lieutenant salute you too?"

"Yes, yes," said the voice quickly. "You have the right number; but they are busy now. Will you call later?" Would he call later?

"At the first opportunity!" declared Lieutenant Marsh emphatically, and hung up the receiver in an ecstasy of pure joy. "Boy, oh boy, what a queen!" he breathed almost prayerfully.

Thereafter the railroad builder seemed to forget nearly everything else and devoted a large part of the remaining afternoon to locating Lieutenant Austin and inducing that socially circulative young man to take a friend to the weekly dance of the telephone girls and nurses which would be held that night in the Y. M. C. A. home for chaperonless young women on duty with the A. E. F. in France, and presided over by a gracious young woman whose letters from home were postmarked Denver and whose name was Miss Williams.

That night Miss Williams gave Lieutenant Marsh one swift assaying glance and followed it up with a cordial welcome and an introduction to all her charges. Among them was the girl with the sunshine voice.

"Good-by!" Said a Voice With a Choke in It, and the Telephone Was Hung Up Abruptly

"Miss Crosby, let me present Lieutenant Marsh—Miss Helen Crosby."

The lieutenant was embarrassingly dumb, in part because the closer the inspection the better Miss Crosby looked. He met her with feelings of great joy and sensations of considerable heat in the round of his cheeks, the tips of his ears and other places where the warmth of a blush may penetrate; but his tongue at first refused to operate as if his devouring eyes had swallowed up all other functions in themselves. Miss Crosby on the other hand, was charmingly unaffected. She met the lieutenant frankly and cordially with a hearty smile of recognition.

"It seems as if we have known each other some time," she remarked by way of keeping the ice from forming.

"You—you are so like your voice," the hero of football history managed to stammer, still gazing in unfeigned adoration.

"Do you think so?" laughed Miss Helen.

"You—you can't imagine what a comfort your voice has been to me, Miss Crosby," he went on, getting a little better grasp on himself.

"Well, now isn't that perfectly lovely," agreed Miss Helen.

"Are you—are you as nice to everyone over the phone as you have always been to me?" he ventured to try next.

"Why, certainly," assured Miss Crosby, a slight but altogether charming pucker of the white brow combining itself with one of the very sunniest of her smiles.

But the lieutenant found this assurance disappointing. "At any rate," he insisted, "it couldn't possibly have meant so much to anyone else as it meant to me."

But if the young man fancied that he could hold Miss Crosby thus *in situ* while he poured rather damp and sticky compliments into her ear he was quite mistaken. Miss Helen, it appeared, was popular, very popular. She came near to being the belle of the occasion. Someone came now to claim her for the next dance, and others claimed her for other dances. Along toward the end of the program the lieutenant himself got a dance with her; but all the evening while he fox-trotted or one-stepped with other American young women of types that varied from the petite beauty from the Bronx exchange to the stately head nurse at Base Hospital Number One-ninety-one, his eyes and his mind engaged themselves as much as possible with Miss Helen of Chicago.

As far as the lieutenant was able to observe she dealt out her favors impartially. She had the faculty of looking at the runtiest lieutenant or the fattest, baldest old major as though at the moment he was the one man in the world to her.

"But she doesn't care for any of them particularly," he decided. "I've got an even break. Now watch me go out and get the finest decoration God ever gave a man."

It might be inferred from this declaration that Lieutenant Marsh was determined to prove as ruthless in the business of love as in the business of war, and it was possibly his intention to corner Miss Helen that very night and make protestation of his love; but France was accustomed to go early to bed in wartime. So was the A. E. F., and the Y. M. C. A. foster mothers were an example to all the rest. The enlisted-man orchestra, which consisted of a violin, a harmonica and a ukulele, ceased its wailings at precisely nine-thirty, and five minutes later the hall was full of Sam Brownes and the sound of good-bys, mingled with projects for future meetings in those limited times and upon those particular occasions specified by the inexorable rules made and provided for the safeguarding of these young women abroad.

Out of all of these Lieutenant Marsh succeeded in extracting what he hopefully persuaded himself was the least impartial of Miss Helen's smiles, and along with it came a pressing invitation, not to call, but to attend the next dance. With this the young man was quite willing to content himself, hugging tight the ecstasy of his hope and planning a very large number of telephone calls for to-morrow.

But when he essayed the first of these next morning no vibrant timbre of Miss Helen's cheery tones struck through him like a chord of heaven's divinest music.

He tried the phone repeatedly during the forenoon, but was each time douched with disappointment. Betweenwhiles he busied himself with the organizing of four gangs of rail layers and made heavy drafts on the unskilled-labor supply for sand shoveling, crosstie carrying, and so forth. Yet his thoughts wandered.

"Think of that girl in a telephone exchange! Why, she would glow like a sapphire in the dark in one of these fine old French châteaux, and as for queening it in a cottage out in Camden ——"

"Ting-a-ling-ling!" observed the telephone.

"Lieutenant Marsh!"

The person addressed spoke up eagerly.

"Yes, Miss Crosby. I've been dying ——"

The interrupting voice was crisp and businesslike, and it snipped the gurgle and coo out of the lieutenant's tones with the keen precision of a surgeon's shears.

"Colonel Kemper directs me to say that he is much disappointed to have a complaint from Captain Allenby that you are not yet putting down track in the A Sector."

"But—but ——"

(Continued on Page 69)

THE BLOOMING ANGEL

XII

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THE lapse of fifteen years is bound to be dramatic. It can make a rich man out of a poor man, a beggar out of a chief; it can kill you dead, dead, dead and leave an absent-minded few to ask "What has become of Jones?" It can turn your life into a sour little tragedy or a sweet big romance. Or it can leave you at a standstill—which is not really a standstill because, as Buffalo Willie expressed it: "Feet in the mud and you've got to back up."

Fifteen years after the adventure with the pink elephant found Colonel and Mrs. Chester A. Framm—you notice the "Colonel," don't you?—occupying an expensive suite at the Hotel Merlinbilt, New York. "Col. and Mrs. Chester A. Framm, valet and maid, San Francisco, Cal."—thus it appeared on the register. He could write it now without a quiver of the pen—that military title which, like his chronic hay fever, had grown upon him with the years. But Floss did not create hay fever—as she oft reminded him during sneezy spells; whereas she never denied that she brought Colonel into his life.

She had bestowed the title with one sweep of her helpless little hand. Had she chosen to make him an earl it would have been the same. But she had decided that Goober looked military, that a thingumbob would add dignity to his middle-aging personality. Therefore she had linked her own persuasive genius to The Spiggoty's, and between them Colonel had become a fact. A celebrated series of street-car advertisements, circulated through as many states as the flag has stars, had begun its appeal with "Colonel Framm says." Soon afterward a horde of small-town newspapers broke out into boiler-plate witticisms, supposedly repeated from the lips of Col. Chester A. Framm. No eagles were ever won with less trouble for the winner.

So when the curtain again rose, after the above-mentioned interval of time, the Framms had been a fortnight in New York, and, like your true San Franciscan, Chester was pining to go home. A busy two weeks it had been, for the Company Ink had now dignified its name to Framm's Institute—just what it instituted was never made clear; and Flossie's perpetual energy had caused a chain of parrot-colored beauty shops to wind its perfumed way literally from California to Maine. Buffalo Willie had invented an original needle spray, standardized hydropaths had been provided with each shop. Thus it had been easy to account for every minute of Chester's time during these fifteen years of material success; easy to account for his nestling into the cushion of luxury with never a thought for Carlotta Beam and the ideals he had traded for mere tinsel.

Never a thought, did I say?

It was a late September morning and the Framms were taking late coffee in the breakfast room of their suite. Had you studied them there, as did the waiter who brought in a second helping of fresh butter, you would have said that they were father and daughter instead of man and wife. Chester had a limited imagination—Floss discovered that before she married him—but he had a capacity for hard work and was born with a powerful sense of responsibility which had acted constantly as a check and a balance to his wife's amazing artistic flights.

The effort had aged him. There lay a nude strip along his skull between the bump of veneration and the mound of philoprogenitiveness. He was rather gray above the ears. His heavy noble face was deep-lined and he wore eyeglasses that trailed a mournful ribbon. Yet who would say that he was not a proud and happy man? Hay fever is the lightest of heavenly curses, and no husband has ever died of a wife who is always amusing even when she annoys. Every inch a colonel he looked that September morning.

But what had happened to Flossie Framm in the long wait between acts? Nothing, apparently. A microscope might have revealed crow's-feet at the corners of her wonderful eyes; possibly she had in some moment of confidence with herself plucked a half dozen silver threads from out the honey gold of her hair. But Flossie at thirty-seven was still a young girl, whereas Chester at forty-one was—ahem—middle-aged. There, I've said it!

"You Won't Ever Get Over Wanting to be Cicero, Will You?"

Strange contrast, say you? Not in the least, say I. Floss had made her fortune by jumping chasms and not worrying about it; Chester had stood on the marge and held the rope for her. And in such a combination it is usually the rope holder who suffers from nervous strain.

"Floss," began the colonel, mangling the cube sugar in the bottom of his cup, "don't you think we can start back to the Coast?"

"Old Patch!" she trilled, dropping her paper. Floss read the papers less for the news than for weird and strange advertisements smuggled in remote corners. "I believe you're smoking too many cigars. No wonder you have the sneezes. If you'd only stick to cigarettes the way I do ——"

"We're through with business here," he growled, "and we ought to get back."

"What would we be doing back?" she asked.

"Isn't that like you? I thought you were crazy about that new twenty-two-room house and the bungalow at San Rafael. And there are the children to consider."

"I think I'll sell 'em," replied Floss thoughtfully; then becoming aware of her husband's horrified look: "Not the children, of course, the messy old sweethearts! But your mother's looking after Eva and Buffalo Willie never lets Nat get out of his sight. Since I named the children for those two vain old things you may be sure nothing's going to happen to them. Besides, they're very easy to manage."

"Yes indeed," replied Chester A. Framm. "They're like their mother."

"Are you going to leave me or something, Chester?" she asked with one of her heart-melting looks.

"I've got over that stage," he grinned wickedly. "But what's the idea about selling our Pacific Coast property?"

"Oh, we wouldn't sell our Institute shops. Oh, no! Or our offices. Never, never, never! And we might rent the Presidio house to somebody who wants to start a hotel or keep boarders."

"Florabel!" He only called her that upon occasions. "Where are you going to stop?"

"I wasn't aware," she informed him, "that I was going to stop anywhere."

"You never had an idea that didn't run up into the thousands."

"Easy come, easy go," she reminded him lightly, reaching down for the little pink slipper she had just kicked off.

"That house cost well over a hundred thousand dollars. It was supposed to establish us for life ——"

"I hope nothing will ever do that."

"Do you intend that we spend the rest of our time in hotels?"

"Nope. We'll have a home, all right. But this time it'll be on Fifth Avenue."

"With what idea in view?"

"Ain't none, foolish. Only it's our move, that's all. You remember how I said, right after we were married, that we'd make squillions and squillions of dollars and I'd have your name a mile high on all the billboards? Well, didn't I keep my promise?"

Chester knew too well that she had. Had he cared to glance out of the window he would have seen a tall billboard blazing with "Colonel Framm says" and an impressionistic portrait of himself beside a giant's bottle of Angel Bloom.

"Yeppy, I kept my promise," she congratulated herself. "But we've worn out the Coast. We're considered very rich out there, but the best families always associate us with hair oil and cocoa-butter massage. Here it's different. We're merchant princes from afar, that's all. Framm's Institute sounds lovely and dignified and grand. Therefore we can just let out a mirthful whoop and take a high dive into the middle of Society. Cheer up, sexton, we'll be a long time dead!"

"Then you'll be wanting water-front property at Bar Harbor and rolling stock to match."

"Everything!" she cried enthusiastically. "Won't it be great, Goob? I've picked out two or three houses on the Avenue; I don't know whether we'll take the Florentine-morgue effect or the little white dungeon with the marble fruit cake over the door."

"Whichever you choose, you'll want to move out as soon as you get in. Look at the money we put into that San Francisco house. Look at that sunken garden! Think of what we paid that landscape architect! And those servants' quarters—great Scott! They're a hundred times more luxurious than the flat we started housekeeping in. And the banquet hall alone stood me nearly ——"

"Goober," she interrupted in her best little-girl voice, "what was your idea about that banquet hall?"

"Mine?" He tried to look stern, but only succeeded in looking guilty.

"You just would have one forty feet long with room for a hundred places. Old sly pie! Without a small angel to watch over your pillow you'd ——"

"What are you driving at?" He tried to restrain a hanging tendency on the part of his lower jaw.

"Goober, you just perfectly and awfully well know that you had that room built specially so that you would get a chance to make big grand after-dinner speeches."

"Nothing of the sort!"

"You fun-ny little hero!" She came over and choked him with one of her caresses. "You won't ever get over wanting to be Cicero, will you?"

"And you'll never get over hating the very idea of my exercising my natural talent."

This was nothing new with the Framms. Chester had been breaking out like this on an average of twice a year.

"Is its poor little life all blighted and curled up because it wedded a piece of fluff?" she sympathized, and ran her fingers over the place where once she had rumpled his abundant hair.

"It's a little late for me to start in with a public career," he went on doggedly. "But at least I could learn to make a few graceful speeches—take up the thread of my life where it was when ——"

"—— when I came and busted it," she agreed.

"You never will take me seriously."

"Oh, awfully! I nearly cried the time you tried to address that street meeting in Cincinnati."

"Yes. And you ran a pin into my leg before I got started—and pretended it was a mistake."

"It was. A mistake to let you get started."

"Now that we're talking candidly," he growled, "I might as well tell you that I haven't been obtuse to the way you've tripped me, spiked me, put a spoke in the wheel every time I've tried to open my mouth in public. Good Lord, Floss, I'm neither tongue-tied nor an idiot. Milton speaks of that one talent which it is death to hide ——"

"And your one talent is finance, Goober, you're the most reliable business man I ever saw. If you hadn't had a perfect genius for bookeeping and stock reports and market conditions I'd have blown up the firm on an average of twice a week for the last fifteen years. How many times would that make, Goob?"

"One thousand five hundred and sixty," he replied without the slightest hesitation.

"There! If I tried to add two and two I'd make it come out six," she complained.

"Yes," he admitted; "and you'd get away with it too."

"You're so unreasonable about me. What makes you think your angel is standing in the way of your great big mighty oratorical gifts?"

"Well," said he, "I started in by being a very promising speaker "

"Go on." She had resumed her chair and her cigarette.

"I began life by winning the William H. Barbour prize for oratory. I may have been a mere boy, but I made a decided impression on ——"

"Weren't you fun-ny!" she rippled. "Standing there bellowing about William the Fruitman with old Doctor Pindar sitting behind the water pitcher looking like a sacred frog!"

"There you go again!"

"Goober, most sweetest, who ever told you you could make a speech?" It was an echo of the very jibe she had thrown at him that far-away night of triumph when he had sought her behind the palms in a boyish hope that she, too, would be impressed. The echo brought clarity to his mind. Undoubtedly Floss remembered Carlotta Beam, just as he remembered her. In that taunt the expression of a lifelong jealousy was sounded. Could it be possible that this strange, capable, frivolous little genius had shaped him into what he was in order to show Carlotta?

The tragic name was already on his lips, but he stayed it to grumble: "The greatest gift in the world, if it is purposely discouraged, starved and stunted, begins at last to atrophy and ——"

"—— mummify," she prompted; a way she had when he started a long sentence.

"—— mummify. Before we were married you cried and made me promise never to make a speech without your consent. When I ordered a set of The Thousand Greatest Orations you changed the order so that when the books came they were The Thousand Greatest Recipes ——"

"They were won-derful too!" she interrupted. "I stole a formula for hair wash that we're still using in the Institute."

"Then when we'd begun to make money and the drug convention in Los Angeles asked me for a fifteen-minute address ——"

"You didn't play fair. You sneaked away without my consent."

"That helped, didn't it? They'd just called my name at the speakers' table and I was getting on my feet when a boy came in with a telegram!"

"'Remember your promise ——' that was how I wrote the telegram," Floss reminisced.

"Yes," growled the Colonel, "and as a man of honor, of course, I had to sit down and put my ambition in my pocket."

"You were always an honest Injun," Floss admitted with a fond, proud glance.

"It's been that way from start to finish. If I tried to study law at night the books got lost or you started a phonograph in the next room. When we were struggling along there was some excuse—you could always say that my higher ambition cut into my working time. But these latter years there's no excuse. I've given up hoping to be a great public figure. But speech making is a graceful accomplishment for a man of means. Not only that, but I've got time to look round—there are public offices and diplomatic posts open to rich men with the talent to fill them. Are you doing anything to help? What did you play on me on my last birthday dinner?"

"I always did hate toasts," she objected. "And did you ever see a bromide that didn't love 'em? And you looked so fun-ny when you got up to respond—just the way you did that night you won the big tin medal. I knew you'd thank me for interrupting ——"

"With that awful story about how Aunt Het hugged the Chinaman when the Hyde Street car ran away downhill?"

"Well," she sighed, "people listened to it, didn't they?"

"Life's been just one interruption after another. Last September when the International Cosmetic Convention met in Pittsburgh I had a big chance. They offered to make me the orator of the evening. You pretended to give your consent. I spent two hard weeks working up that speech."

"It wasn't my fault that our machine got lost in the horrid old state of Pennsylvania and that we didn't get into Pittsburgh till eleven o'clock and all the Cosmetics were going home."

"No. It was merely an act of fate. It was also purely accidental that you slipped the chauffeur fifty dollars."

This was rather a heavy bit of sarcasm, but it bore the stamp of truth.

"Poor old Goober," she commiserated. "Who ever told you you could make a public speech?"

This was one jibe too many.

"Carlotta Beam told me," he blurted out. "Told me a thousand times. And she was right. She had faith in me."

"Faith's a won-derful thing," she said, but it was not her voice that seemed to speak. For an alchemic moment her face had aged until it looked centuries old. "We built our fortune on faith, you know, old Goober."

He made no response, but sat fascinated by the strange wise scrutiny she was giving him.

"Faith can move mountains," she said, "but it often stubs its toe on molehills. Goober, I know how you feel sometimes. It's the way I used to want more hats and pretty clothes during those years we were living over the store—on faith. You didn't notice that, did you? How you must long sometimes to find Carlotta and sit on a cloud and make big grand beautiful thoughts! Why don't you, Goober?"

"Don't I what?"

"Hunt up Carlotta."

Even in the thrall of this unique moment he hesitated before he confessed.

"I tried to once. That was about four years ago, when I was first traveling over the Coast for the Institute shops."

"Oh. And you found her?"

Florabel's smooth cheeks had deepened to peonies. Her eyes narrowed as she smiled. Again the little pink slipper had fallen off.

"No." Chester realized nervously that he must now finish what he had so ill begun. "It was an idle notion. But I wanted to ask—to ask if there was still a chance for me to develop along the old lines."

"You perfectly natural Goob!" said Floss, quite restored and even interested.

"I wasn't breaking any contract with you," he explained doggedly. "I didn't want to make a speech—but I did want to know about myself. I found Dyak pretty much run down. Old Pindar was dead and a fellow named Mitchell had the chair of English Literature. Mitchell said that the Beams had been transferred to some small Eastern college several years ago and that he was under the impression that Carlotta had married a professional man—lawyer, politician—he wasn't sure which."

"Whatever he is," murmured Floss, "she must have made him very famous by now. Strange I haven't seen her picture in the papers next to the Swedish Ambassador or the Secretary of State or the Grand High Moocow of the Elks or ——"

Her reflection broke off dramatically. It was evident that she was coming down with an idea.

"Goob!" she fairly shrieked. "I've got it! Got it by two hind legs and a tail!"

"Yes?"

"You really truly want to make an appearance with miles of speakers' table all round you, thousands of faces wide open over their demitasses, champagne and limelights going off rapidly—and you standing there with the loveliest pearl-white corded-silk vest and diamond studs ——"

"Crazy again!" was all he said. But the years had taught him not to let it go at that.

"Yeppy. Testimonial banquet to Col. Chester A. Framm, of California, held in the Merlinbilt Gallery at eight-fifteen sharp on the evening of October eighteenth. Patrons of Honor: Hon. William H. Barbour, the Portuguese minister, Doctor Sergius van der Meer—and o-oh, Goober!"

Her eyes widened and she sat transfixed.

"Do you know who's stopping now at this very hotel?"

Chester couldn't guess, so Flossie was prompt to supply the information.

"Michael Henry Haroran! You know—that mouse-eyed old judge who tried the pink elephant for us?"

"He's Supreme Court Justice Haroran now," said Chester, repeating what everybody knew.

"I don't care if he's king of Europe," she declared; "I'll get him to head the list of patrons of honor."

"I'll bet you can't," he challenged.

"I'll bet I can," she took him up.

"Now let's hurry! You ring up The Spiggoty and tell him to come right over. And I'll get dressed and see the management about hiring their banquet hall and ——"

"Floss!" Chester would never learn. "You can't do anything like that. In the first place I don't know that I want to throw away several thousand dollars."

"Foolish, it won't cost us a cent. There are about ninety million people round New York who do nothing but wait for banquets with big names attached to them. Five dollars a plate and ——"

They Found The Spiggoty Waiting Patiently, as the Framm Press Agent Should

"Ladies and Gentlemen of the Golden Poppy Society," He Began, "It is With Mingled Pain ——"

"In the second place we're perfectly unknown here."

"That's the very thing we aren't going to be on the morning of October eighteenth. How does that listen to my sweetheart? Lifelong ambition all in a gob—presidents and senators and millionaires sitting round drinking your words and California champagne at Paris prices. What's the matter, Old Nuisance? Would um prefer some nice Bolsheviki meeting out on Union Square? Whatever you say, old dear."

This was astonishing. Apparently Floss had reversed herself in a manner hitherto unknown to that dextrously reversing character. Not only was she permitting his public appearance—she was even forcing it on him. There must be a joker somewhere.

"Well, you might go ahead and see how you get along," he permitted.

"If I go ahead it'll get along," she assured him with her supreme conceit. "Now come on. We'll array ourselves in the rich embroideries befitting our station and tackle old Supreme Roar"—her version, apparently, of Supreme Court Justice Haroran.

When they were dressed for the adventure Chester was already committed to her program. He felt like a boy again.

"Lucky," said he, "that the change of climate has cleared up my ——" He never mentioned the disagreeable malady.

"Your hay fever," she supplied. "It's the first time in ten years you haven't sneezed all the way from Halloween to Christmas."

"Getting away from those flowers always helps," he assured her.

The very thought of California's drying herbage gave him a gentle tickling at the base of his nose.

XIII

THE Florabel Framm Technic or Quick Roads to Fame might with advantage be introduced as a textbook in our leading commercial schools; and Chester's experiences of that late September morning should be written into an important chapter.

When she had got him into his braided morning coat and herself into one of the most exquisite creations from the workshop of Fluère she took a look in the mirror and said "Messy thing!" once or twice. The messy thing proved to be an eighty-dollar hat with a flowing white ostrich feather.

"I look like one of those Knights of Pythias," she commented.

Wherefore she tore off the white feather, tucked into its place a yard of cloudy blue velvet and was immediately cheered. Boucé might have imitated the effect. As a matter of fact one milliner did, so I am told.

"Come on, Mister Slow," she commanded; and her smooth-coated spouse followed into the first phase of the adventure.

The Supreme Roar occupied a suite on the fourth landing. When at last they were admitted to his big reception room they found him deep in conference with many dignified gentlemen of about his own age. Time as well as fortune had wrought dramatic changes in Michael Henry Haroran since the days of the pink elephant. The two hairy rodents, which still scampered across his forehead, had turned to white mice and his once auburn hair had now become a beautiful bank of snow. You would have recognized him on or off the stage as the Supreme Court Justice. His large heavy voice had increased in volume and he was, upon the entrance of the audacious Framms, lecturing upon the maritime laws of 1852.

"The clipper ship Ben Harrow had now lost her status as a merchantman, and by the very nature of her cargo had reverted to—had reverted to ——"

Flossie Framm, never moving from her place on the carpet, had undoubtedly hypnotized him. The Supreme Roar shut off the floodgates of the law and looked across the room. The white mice which had been playing tag across his forehead scampered up and hid under the snow bank. Then they ran down and rested still as death above the bright judicial eyes.

"Well, upon my word!" bellowed the great man, abandoning his audience and springing forward. "If this isn't Mrs. Framm!"

"Thank you, judge!" cried Flossie, accepting both his hands. "We nearly drowned listening to the clipper ship Ben Harrow, and neither of us can swim a stroke. What's a clipper ship, Judge Haroran?"

"Something, my dear, which was never designed for the comfort of tenderly reared young ladies. And what have we on our pretty mind to-day? Another pink elephant?"

Supreme Court Justice Haroran opened his large mouth and bellowed forth a salute to his own joke. Chester found himself tittering appreciatively, as one does when a great man jests. "Had I followed my star," he was thinking, "I too might be holding levees every morning and showering ponderous compliments upon the wives of obscure millionaires."

"It's a white elephant this time," Floss was saying.

"White?" The two mice of the same color stood up and performed an acrobatic feat.

"Yeppy. My husband."

"Ah, your husband!"

Judge Haroran remembered Chester long enough to shake him warmly by the hand.

"You hadn't much to say, as I remember it, during the celebrated case. But you were indeed fortunate in your choice of counsel, Mr. Framm."

"Colonel Framm," corrected Flossie.

"Colonel Framm," conceded Mr. Justice Haroran. "Suppose we go in here and sit down long enough for the clipper Ben Harrow to round Cape Horn."

He led them into a small green-and-gold anteroom and as soon as his guests were seated caused a spindling gilt chair to creak under his weight, for Judge Haroran was growing stout. He beamed amiably upon Chester, but the look he held for Flossie was sentimental in the extreme. Sentiment mingled with the impatient curiosity of a busy man.

"When I found that your name was on the register," Floss went directly at her subject, "I cried—didn't I, Chester? That won-derful loan you made, and the wonderful way you did it!"

"Pshaw!" snorted the eminent one. "You paid it back in ninety days—fifteen minutes' margin. You're prompt as well as beautiful, my dear."

Chester jumped. Promptness was a virtue which he had never associated with his bride.

"Of course you thought I was crazy, judge. But you don't know what that money meant to us." There were tears in her bright eyes, and Chester was not scornful, for he knew that her whimsical words held but the plain truth. "Did you ever see a fly with just one leg stuck in the fly paper struggling and struggling to get loose, holding up its little paws to the other flies to come down and lend a hand? Nothing doing. Well, that was us—only different. Because we knew that if we ever got foot-free we could just walk over hills and mountains of precious stones. You pulled us out of the goo, judge. And here we are. Chester's one of the best-known public men in the state of

(Continued on Page 115)

SKAG

By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

HIS name was Sanford Hantee; but you will not hear that again, for the boys of the back streets called him Skag, which got him somewhere at once. That was back in Chicago. He was eleven years old when he wandered, quite alone, to Lincoln Park Zoo; and the madness took him.

A silent madness, it flooded over him like a river. If anyone had noticed, it would have appeared that Skag's eyes changed. Always he quite contained himself, but his lips stirred to speech even less after that. He didn't pretend to go to school the next day; in fact, the spell wasn't broken until nearly a week afterward, when the keeper of the Monkey House pointed Skag out to a policeman, saying the boy had been on the grounds the full seven open hours for four straight days that he knew of.

Skag wasn't a liar. He had never skipped school before; but the Zoo had him utterly. He was powerless against himself. Some bigger force, represented by a truant officer, was necessary to keep him away from those cages. His father got down to business and gave him a beating—much against that good man's heart.

Skag's father was a Northern European who kept a fruit store down on Waspen Street—a mild-flavored man and rotund. His mother was a Mediterranean woman, who loved and clung.

But Skag went back to the Zoo. For three days more he went; remained from opening to closing time. He seemed to fall into deep absorptions—before tigers and monkeys especially. He didn't hear what went on round him. He did not appear to miss his lunch. You had to touch his shoulder to get his attention. The truant officer did this. It all led dismally to the reform school, from which Skag ran away.

He was gone three weeks, and wouldn't have come back then only that his heart hurt about his mother. He felt the truth—that she was slowly dying without him. After that for a while he kept away from the animals, because his mother loved and clung and cried when he grew silently cold with revolt against a life not at all for him, or hot with hatred against the reform school. Those were ragged months in which a less rubbery spirit might have been maimed; but the mother died before that actually happened. Skag was free—free the same night.

The father's real relation to him had ended with the beating. It was too bad, for there might have been a decent memory to build on. The fruit dealer, however, had been badly frightened by the truant officer—in the uniform of a patrolman—and he was civilized enough to be a little ashamed that his boy could so far forget the world, and all refined and mild-flavored things, as to stare through bars at animals for seven hours a day.

In the process of that beating, hell had opened for Skag. It was associated with the raw smell of blood and a thin red steam, a little hotter than blood heat. It always came when he remembered his father. But his mother meant lilacs. The top drawer of her dresser had been faintly magic of her. The smell came when he remembered her. It was like the first rains in the Lake Country.

But that was all put back. Skag was out in the world now, making it exactly to suit himself. He was in charge of himself in many ways. A glass of water and a sandwich would do for a long time if necessary. The West pulled him. A while in the mountains he lived with a prospector; there was a period in the desert, when he came to know lizards; then there were the years of the circus, when he was out with the Cloud Brothers, animal men of the commercial type—three queer, hard years for the boy, as hard almost as for the animals.

Back in Chicago the caged creatures had been kept better—as well as beasts belonging to the outdoors could be when imprisoned; but the Cloud Brothers didn't have fine senses like their charges. They tried to make wild animals live in a place ventilated for men. There was a bad death percentage and none of the big cats were in show form until the Clouds began to take Skag's word for the main thing wrong. It wasn't the hard life, or the coops, but the steady day-in-and-day-out lack of fresh air.

Skag Drew a Match and They Saw the Great Cowering Creature Not More Than Seven Feet From Them

Skag knew what the animals suffered, because it all but murdered him on hot nights. Of course there are tainted-flesh things, like hyenas, that live best on foul air and foul everything; but *white* animals of jungle and forest are high and cleanly beasts. When well and in their prime, even their coats are incapable of most kinds of dirt, because of a natural oily gloss.

At sixteen Skag was in charge of the packing, moving and feeding of all the big cats, including pumas, panthers and leopards. He was in and out of the cages, possibly more than was necessary. He learned that there are two ways to manage a wild animal—the roughneck way, with a club, and the fancy way, with your own equilibrium. All of which comes in more to the point later.

He was interested at the time but not really acquainted with the camels and elephants. He often chatted with Prussak, the Arab, who loathed camels to the shallow depths of his soul, but got as much out of them as most men could. Skag dreamed of a better way still, even with camels. Often on train trips, at first, he talked with old Alec Binz, whose characteristic task was to chain and unchain the hind leg of the old gun-metal elephant, Phedra, who bossed her sire and the little Cloud herd as much with the flap of an ear as anything else.

No; Old Alec must not be forgotten, or his sandalwood chest with its little rose jar in the corner, making everything smell so strangely sweet that it hurt. A girl in India had given Alec that jar twenty years before. The spirit of a real rose jar never dies; and something of the girl's spirit was round it, too, as Alec talked softly.

All this was unreservedly good to Skag—as thrilling as the top drawer that had been his mother's. But something way back of that, utterly his own deep heart business, was connected with the rose jar. It was breathless, like opening a telegram—its first scent after days or weeks. If you find any meaning to this thought of Skag's you are welcome:

"It makes you think of things you don't know," was the way he expressed it.

"But you will," said Alec quickly.

The more you knew, the more you favored that old man of the circus company—a little gold ring in his ear, and such tales of India!

It was Alec who led Skag into the fancy way of dealing with animals; but, of course, the boy was peculiar, inasmuch as he believed it all at once. Skag never ceased to think of it until it was his; he actually put it into practice. Alec might have told a dozen American trainers and have gotten no more than a yawp for his pains. This is one of the things Alec said:

"If you can get on top of the menagerie in your own insides, Skag-ee—the tigers and apes, the serpents and monkeys in your own insides—you'll never get in bad with the Cloud Brothers' wild-animal show."

There wasn't a day or night for years that Skag didn't think of that saying. It was his secret theme. So far as he could see, it worked out. Of course he found out many things for himself, one of which was that there is a smell about a man who is afraid; and the animals get it and become afraid too. Alec agreed to this, but added that there is a smell about most men when they are not afraid.

For hours they talked together about India—tiger hunts and the big Grass Jungle stretch in the Bundelkhand, until Skag couldn't wait any longer. He had to go to India. He told Alec, who wanted to go along but couldn't leave old Phedra.

"I've been with her long. She's delicate, Skag-ee. I'm young, but she couldn't stand it for me to go. Times are hard for her on the road and the whole herd needs her as she needs me."

Skag understood that; in fact, he loved it well. It belonged to his world to be straight with the animals. Gradually the memory of Old Alec began to smell as sweet as the sandalwood chest in his nostrils—the chest and the rose jar that never could die and the old friend became one identity.

India didn't excite Skag. In some respects it was more natural to him than his own country. People did a lot of walking and they lived while they walked, instead of pushing forward in a tension to get somewhere. Skag approved emphatically of the Now. The present moving point was the best he had at any given time. He thought a man should forget himself in the Now—like the animals.

Besides, they didn't overdress in India; in fact, they dressed in so many different ways that a man could wear what he pleased without being stared at. Skag hated to be stared at, above all things. You are beginning to get a picture of him now—unobtrusive, silent, strong in understanding, swift, actually in pain as the point of many eyes, altogether interested in his own unheard-of things.

Alec told him how to reach the Jungle of all jungles, ever old, ever new, ever innocent on the outside, ever deadly within—the Grass Jungle country between Hatta and Bigawar in the Bundelkhand, names like jeweled castanets.

The Cloud Brothers had paid him well for his years and there was still scrip in his clothes for travel; but Skag had a queer relation to money, only using it when the law required. Not a tightwad—far from that, though he preferred to work for a meal than to pay for it; much preferred to walk or ride than to purchase other people's energy, having much of his own.

He came at last to a village called Butthighur, near Makrai, north of the Mahader Hills, in the Central Provinces. On the first day, on the main road near the rest-house, there passed him on the street a slim, slightly stooped and spectacled young white man. The face under the huge cork helmet Skag looked at twice, not altogether knowing why; then he followed leisurely to a bungalow, walked up the path to the steps, and knocked. The stranger himself answered before the servant could come. He looked Skag over through spectacles that made his eyes appear insane at times, and sometimes merely absurd. Finally he questioned, with soft cheer:

"And what sort of a highbinder are you?"

Skag answered that he was an American, aged eighteen, acquainted with wild animals in captivity; that he had come to this place to know wild animals in the open.

"But why to me?" the white man asked.

"It seemed well. I have looked into many faces without asking anyone. There is no chance of working for the native people here. They are too many and too poor ——"

"You do not talk like an American."

"I do not like to talk."

"An American asking for work would say that he was twenty-one instead of eighteen, and that he knew about everything."

"I do not often ask for work. I can do without it. I like it here near the forests "

"You mean the jungles "

"I thought jungles were wet."

"In the wet season."

"Thank you!"

The slim one suddenly laughed aloud, though not off key:

"But I haven't any wild animals in captivity for you."

Skag did not mind the mirth. He appreciated the smell of the house. It was like a hot earthen teapot that had been well used.

"I may come again?" he asked tentatively.

"Just do that—or to-night in the billiard room at the resthouse. I drop in there after dinner—about nine."

That afternoon Skag went into the edge of the jungle. It was a breath of the Promised Land to him. He was almost frightened with the joy of it—the deep leaf-etched shadows; the separate, almost reverent bird notes; all spaciousness and age and dignity, dry paths, leaves strange, scents new to his nostrils, but having to do with joys and fears and restlessness his brain didn't know.

Skag was deeply glad. He took off his boots and then strode in deeper and deeper, past the maze of paths. He stayed there until the yellow light was out of the sky. At the clearing again, he laughed—looked down at the turf and laughed. He had come out to the paths again at the exact point of his entry. This was his first deep breath of the jungle—something his soul had been waiting for.

At dinner in the village Skag inquired about the white man. The native was serving him a curry with drifts of white rice on plantain leaves. After that there was a sweet of cream and wild honey. In good time the native replied that the white man's name was Cadman—that he was an American traveler and writer and camera man, said to be almost illustrious; that he had been out recently with a party of English sportsmen, but found tiger hunting dull after many wars and adventures

Also, it was said that Cadman Sahib had the coldest-blooded courage a man ever took into the jungle, according to the English—almost like a *bhakti yogin* who had altogether conquered fear. Skag bowed in satisfaction. Had he not looked twice at the face under the helmet—and followed?

"How far do they go into the jungle for tigers?" he asked.

"An hour's journey or a day—as it happens. Tigers are everywhere in season."

"Within an hour's walk?" Skag asked quietly.

The other repeated his words in a voice that made Skag think of a gray old man instead of the fat brown one before him.

"Within an hour's walk? Ha, Ji; and they come to the edge of the village and slay the goats and the sound cattle and the children!"

Skag laughed, thinking how good it had been in the deep places. However, it was now plain that these native folk were afraid of tigers—afraid as of a sickness. He walked out into the street. Though dark, it was still hot, and the breeze brought the dry green of the jungle to him; and life was altogether quite right.

That night he met Cadman Sahib. They talked until dawn. Skag was helpless before the other, who made him tell all he knew and much that had been nicely forgotten. Sometimes, in the midst of one story, the great traveler would snap over a question about one Skag had already told. Then, before he was answered fully, he would say briefly:

"That's all right. Go on!"

"Behold a phenomenon!" he said at last. "Here is one not a liar, and smells have meanings for him; and he has come, beyond peradventure, to travel with me to the Monkey Forest and the Coldwater Ruins!"

It had been an altogether wonderful night for Skag. Talking made him very tired, as if part of him had gone forth; as if, having spoken, he would be called upon to make good in deeds. But he had not done all the talking, and Cadman Sahib was no less before his eyes in the morning light—which is much to say for any man.

Since they do not reach the Monkey Forest or the Coldwater Ruins in this narrative, the meaning of the journey is of little concern. It is expedient to relate, however, that these two white men set out alone facing one of the most dangerous of all known jungles, and that the few natives who understood bade them good-by for this earth. Also, they talked little, having had their first fine night of talk. They were content together.

They had traveled through the long second day and now smelled the night-cooking fires, from a village perhaps. A moment later they passed tiger tracks and the prints of native feet.

The twilight was thick between them when Cadman Sahib stepped back quickly, raising his hand. But just then Skag was flicked out of sight, taken into the folds of Mother Earth and covered, the bleat of a kid identifying the whole mystery.

Skag fell about twelve feet into the black earth coolness. He was unhurt, and knew roughly what had happened before he landed. His rush of thoughts—shame for his own carelessness, gladness that Cadman Sahib was safe above, the meaning of mutton and the tracks they had seen—this rush was broken by another deluge of earth that all but drowned the laugh of Cadman Sahib.

Skag had jerked back against the wall of earth to avoid being struck by the body of his companion, who coughed and laughed again faintly, for his wind was very low.

"You couldn't ask more of a friend than that, son. I couldn't get you up to me, so I came down to you."

Of course it was an accident. Cadman presently explained that he had set down his dunnage and crept close on his knees to look into the pit when the dry earth caved. Doubtless it was intended to do so, since this was a native tiger trap, baited with a live kid. But he had not considered fully in time. Dust of the dry brown earth settled upon them now; the gray twilight darkened swiftly.

The chamber was about nine by fifteen feet, hollowed wider at the bottom than at the top, and covered with a thin frame of bamboo poles, upon which was spread a layer of leaves and sod. The kid had been tethered to escape the stroke if possible.

"It's all night for us," Cadman remarked. "They won't look at the traps until morning. My packs are above—rifle and blanket."

"I have the camera," Skag chuckled.

Cadman's thin hand came out gropingly.

"The cigarettes are in the teapot!" he said in a voice dulled with pain.

"I have the pistol," Skag added dreamily. Something of the situation had touched him with joy.

"Doubtless you have our bathing suits," Cadman suggested.

"And my cigarette case has"—Skag felt in the dark—"has one—two—three ——"

"Go on!" the other said tensely.

"Three," said Skag.

"Let's smoke 'em now. They're riding me already."

Skag passed him the case, saying:

"I'm not ready. I do not care for them just now "

The other puffed dismally. "I don't always quite get you, son," he said. "But it's all right when I do."

(Concluded on Page 99)

"They Come to the Edge of the Village and Slay the Goats and the Sound Cattle!"

A WOMAN'S WOMAN

XLI

By Nalbro Bartley

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

DURING the night of Sally's return Densie and she talked, not as mother and daughter, but as two grief-stricken women. It was then Sally told the long repressed truth, the reason for listlessness and hysteria and oldness of face. For three years Rex Humberstone had found a quicker way of making a fortune than playing stocks or gambling with some one else's money. He was in the employ of the German Government. He had been organizing, investigating, spying, reporting—preparatory to America's entrance into the war. Was it any wonder she was old of heart and bitter of speech?

She had schooled herself to remain silent until America's entrance into the strife; then she had protested, only to be silenced in a well-defined, threatening manner. She had understood the reason for the sudden marriage, Rex's romantic wish to have her for his wife, his affected tenderness. A German spy is safer with an American wife, and a thousand times safer when his mother-in-law is of national importance and her name is on everyone's lips as being loyal and eager for America to win. Nothing could have suited him more! Densie, the shabby drudge, the slug, had become his shield and his salvation. So he had promptly married Sally, and disillusioned her as to his motive without delay. He had counted, and rightly, on her infatuation for him to keep his secret.

So she kept silence. As Sally came to this part of the story she put her head down on her mother's lap as she used to when she was a little girl.

"Tell me everything." Densie's hand stroked the red-gold curls.

"I begged him to stop; it seemed I should go out in the street and cry out the news that my husband was in the pay of the German Government—that he was helping them with plans to burn munition factories and schoolhouses and public buildings, wreck food plants, destroy farm implements, breed cattle epidemics, poison horse feed—oh, I cannot enumerate all they planned. And in case of America's entrance into this war the women over here would rise up and do the bidding of the Hun. And Rex was one of them, working without a breath of suspicion.

"Oh, he gave so liberally to the Red Cross, and pretended to be horrified at tales of Belgium and France—and these easy-going, good-natured people of ours believed no ill of him; nor do they of countless others within their gates. Mummy, the Americans do not realize that all about them are spies, spies, spies! Beware of every gentleman who has made and is making his money without admitting how he does so. The shame of it—the horror—the—the living death of it!"

"Yes, Sally—yes."

"When Kenneth came to say he had enlisted I thought I should go mad unless I could tell the truth. I hardly dared look at him lest I scream out the thing that has crucified me since the day I married. Those presents Rex gave him, bought with German money; these clothes I have on, the food I eat, the roof that shelters me! I feel like a leper crying out 'Unclean, unclean!' And he married me only to hide behind our skirts—our loyal American selves, who would never be questioned. Did the senator never suspect?"

"No, Sally; for he would have acted if he had."

"No one suspects yet—no one suspects half enough in this country. But I shall tell them all I know. Do you wonder I screamed at Kenneth and begged him to go away—don't you understand? I saw him drowning in mid-ocean, his transport in ruins about him and his regiment, my husband having known of the event, perhaps, in advance! Do you understand now? And when you made your patriotic speeches they only shielded a knave. For he gloried in them—oh, it's such a tangle, such a terrible tangle! And Ken is dead; but he is really dead, and living deaths are worse. Mummy, I want to see the senator and tell him the truth. It is not too late to stop the worst of what Rex could do. Then let me come home to you and be a little girl—after—after Ken comes home."

That undertaker's chapel, the formal unfeeling appointments, the atmosphere of hurried death after hurried death of those who had no home—only enough money to escape the potter's field. Could she bear it?

"Yes, Sally, you shall come home," she knew she said.

They Came Up the Walk Slowly, the Old-ish Woman, So Thin and Unsteady, and the Tired-Faced Man

"I want to keep on talking, telling it over and over, of how he threatened me and laughed at me and said you were the best bodyguard in the world. He had thousands of dollars—and plans of bridges and water fronts—— Mummy, don't let me go mad before I have a chance to tell!"

In the morning John came to his wife and told her their boy was back. Densie had been right in her surmise. Kenneth had been sent to the guardhouse for over Sunday. Geraldine Poole had arrived Sunday morning and demanded to see him. She sent in a note begging him to "come outside just for a few moments!" In a mad, infatuated second the boy tried to make an escape—for just a few moments—and the guard had shot at him, not intending to hit. But the bullet pierced his back and he died ten minutes later.

Geraldine, running true to form, collapsed. John had paid no further attention to her or to what she would do. By collapsing the Pooles had at least provided an escape from being present at the funeral!

Densie listened with a quiet sadness that alarmed him. She was noticing how old he looked in the morning light and how many lines had grown across his forehead and about his eyes. A new light of understanding had come to Densie. Had her son perished heroically in battle she could have borne it with a less keen anguish and a lesser degree of understanding. But this accidental, almost ignominious death, unnecessary, comically tragic, drove home the great lesson. Together with Sally's confession, Densie was made to see her duty. The glory of the war was not for her, but rather the common lot. Her campaigns and speeches seemed too highly keyed and emotional beside the realities of life. Figuratively, her family turned to Densie—small and yet efficient woman of the old school, driven by modern ridicule and hastiness of censure into foreign channels—and said, "Mother, what shall we do?"

The unemployed husband, Sally, the nerve-racked feminist, the unburied boy who mutely pleaded to lie in his own home! And there was no home. Densie realized that once more she must provide a home, that a home is the veritable joy of creation. No matter what else may change or be counted out the home must be kept if wars are to be won. Without homes there can be no sustained achievement or ultimate progress. Densie had been tempted by the modern enemy of women—the home-destroying spirit—and she had yielded. She should have withstood the enemy, weathered the difficulties, the stings of ridicule, the pricks of neglect—but kept the home. It was a sacred duty in which she had temporarily failed.

She understood now why her husband had ceased to be the buoyant handsome man and become discontented, sullen, morose: She had trespassed on his territory, driven him from it—into nowhere. That man and woman can never be equal in their abilities and duties—only love acts as the great leveler, causing them to merge into one viewpoint, a partnership of the man's and the woman's qualifications and activities. Such a wonderful thing is true marriage. That to the man is given the power of intellect and the talent of logic, and to the woman is awarded the emotional power and the duty of spiritual influence over her home and all therein. Together these grow into ideals, ideals which can best be cherished and preserved in the home. That one must be careful in this new era that destruction is not misnamed progression. To take from the old what is good, and profit by the new—but to keep the home intact through all the ages, since nothing in the divine plan has been more essential or beautiful or holy.

She also thought there should be a book written about the wives and mothers—and sometimes maiden sisters and aunts—of all successful persons; it should be on vellum and hand illuminated, as enduring as the statue's deathless bronze. That the only art which has been denied the laurel wreath is the art of the home maker. Was it for the home maker that this verse was written: "They also serve who only stand and wait"?

That many is the denied or strangled talent quietly renounced in order that the home maker's family may live according to the best in themselves. What multitudes of women whose lives have been spent in being "just mother" have longed to express in shining glorious fashion the talent latent within themselves—and yet a good dinner and a basket of mended clothes have been their only rightful medium! Poet, painter, statesman, actor, artist—lie dormant in the hearts of these same prosaic and often underestimated home makers. Yet it must be so. Civilization is not preserved by scholars' archives or senators' laws or crimson wars or even religious revivals—but by the home! In the home the scholar, statesman, soldier, ecclesiastic—learn from some woman's lips the golden rules of the world and the principles of life eternal. Except as the world can rely on the home to rejoice over their achievements, set in action their theories, celebrate their victories and weep over their sorrows there would be no scholars or statesmen or warriors or priests. As the financial magnate of a metropolis sits alone, often unknown by name to the multitude, in some dim sound-proof office of his own, while on the street men rush in mad frenzy to win or retrieve a fortune, people mob a small broker's office to demand the truth or cry or laugh as the case may warrant—so does this heart of finance, this unostentatious man, stay apart yet in direct and vital contact with the

hum and happenings of commerce. Such is the relationship of the home to the activities of the world. It is far more than an emotional, sentimental place where one's weaknesses are condoned and one's virtues magnified—it is the soul of civilization. And few men have the ability to be home makers.

As Densie talked to her husband about necessary detail she felt as if she were a stranger, intruding almost, at a time of grave personal sorrow. He answered her gently, making no moan or complaint, and tried to plan ahead so she need not be disturbed

She knew that she told him about Sally and his face distorted into an expression of hate which she had never seen before, but all he said was: "We will be glad to have our girl again, won't we, Densie?"

And then people kept trying to crowd in on her, and reporters would not be satisfied until they had peered at her, and endless sickishly scented flowers kept coming by mistake to the hotel—where they did not allow funerals.

Finally John took her to see her boy. He was ready—hateful word! She walked like an old, old woman, clinging to John's steady arm. John was of use again for a little moment; it lent him a dignity.

She knew the undertakers murmured the proper thing and that they cleared the chapel of the curious, that she might be alone.

If it had been her own home she would have been alone for hours with her boy. Not all her success or cleverness or all her patriotic rallying for her country spared her the loss of her only son.

She looked down at his white handsome face, so very white and handsome—at the hands forever folded and the flag thrust through the unwilling fingers. But she did not cry. In the agony of the moment she began to plan again, plan as Kenneth would have helped her plan.

"'Out of the wreck rise I,'" Densie whispered inaudibly. She must re-create a home. It was the younger generation who clamored for the market place, and those of the past era for a home.

She realized that this anæsthesia of bland optimism must cease in America; the attitude that things are all all right was stopping one's ears against groans or closing one's eyes to avoid sights of helpless abuse. Some things were and always have been all wrong, and others have had the record of all right down the ages, and it has seemed to the wisest of men as if the old battle between right and wrong must ever be waged. That the generation from which Densie came took the humbler attitude of Thomas à Kempis, when he said "All our knowledge is with a little darkness," and lived accordingly, whereas the present-day generation asserted "I am the master of my fate," and proceeded to destroy, deny or defy as seemed most expedient for their aims. Who shall say which is right and which is wrong?

That the older era learned to save, to work, to endure and to pray, and the time had come when they must teach the younger generation these virtues as their share in winning the war of wars; while the younger era had learned to invent, achieve, combat, analyze—and they must share with the older generation the virtue and the glory of these things. That this war of wars called for the best of the old and the new, and the rejection of all else.

The time had come when to deny the power and menace of evil and glibly assert "All's right with the world" was as thin and unreal as to assert there was but one dimension. That there was and is a real power of evil inasmuch as there is a power of good—else the Deity would never have permitted this war of wars. The world must align itself on the side of good, or God, or whatever name pleases, pledging to aid the Deity instead of uttering beggars' prayers for personal blessings and indulgences. The orthodox have too long treated their prayers as a series of letters to Santa Claus, overflowing with petty demands and appeals. In practical and in spiritual ways must those who are for the cause of right sacrifice for their Creator. America's spoils in the war must be finer spoils than colonies or trade rights or indemnities; she must win the attributes for all time of justice and idealism—justice as the highest fulfillment of love, since only love can be just, and idealism, a demonstration of mysticism.

Then normal grief came to soften the agony of self-reproach. She clung to John as she might have done during their first married years had one of their children been taken. She seemed oblivious of all else—Sally was like a ghost slipping about.

Densie returned from the chapel and went to her room. She took the picture of Kenneth from the wall and sat dry eyed staring at it until John came and gently took it away.

The next day was the funeral, a private funeral by Densie's request, but the curious lined the way to the chapel and many cars followed without invitation to the cemetery. Densie could not remember the service; she knew someone sang and someone said the usual things, and that the casket was closed and she was told by John to stay close beside him and he would help her walk steadily. She did not even think of the senator. As she passed out she wondered for the first time if he had been there.

Returning from the burying ground Densie leaned heavily against her husband. He thought she had fainted and beckoned to Sally to come to his assistance. But she only laid her head on his shoulder to say "You've been very brave, John."

Somehow all her thought was for John.

XLII

THAT same night John left to bring Harriet from New York. Densie had said he ought to rest—she or Sally would try to go.

But he insisted: "I'll go. I want to, Densie. It's my right, you know."

They were sitting in Densie's room trying not to give way to grief. Sally was beside her mother, her hands clasped tensely in her lap. Densie's black dress made her seem even more slender, and her eyes were so clear and bright that they gave warning there was to be a let-up of the tension. John paced up and down listening to Densie's instructions.

"If you find Harriet too ill to travel do not leave her alone," she was saying; "stay with her at the hospital. I shall have moved from here—somewhere—I can't say now, of course. Sally and I will go together. And we must see about Rex," she added almost in an undertone. "Besides, there are other things to see to."

She meant the resignation from clubs and organizations.

"Even if she has to stay weeks in the hospital it is not right she should be without her own people." Densie rose and went to her desk to write a check. "Take this, John. It is the very least I can do for her."

Densie's secretary was moving noisily about outside. Telegrams and letters of sympathy and endless callers were still arriving in confusion. The secretary tapped at the door. John answered it.

"It is Senator Gleason," she said timidly, wondering if she had made an error in calling Densie

John turned interrogatively to his wife.

"We will see him," she said in answer

The senator was disappointed when John led Densie into the room.

"I am more shocked and grieved than I can express," he began simply. "The injustice, the horror of it—my poor friends!"

He, too, included John without being cognizant of the fact.

Densie sat facing him. She did not speak. John answered for her.

"Is there nothing I can do nothing?" he urged, his gentle face lined with anxiety.

"Sally must tell you her story," Densie forced herself to say. "We must go on living, even if we long to tarry with our dead. Sally has something to ask of you."

She glanced at John and he went to call her.

The senator leaned forward eagerly. "Densie, dearest, poor little mother! How very hard for you—how cruelly unfair!" Densie raised her hand in protest.

"I want to tell you good-by," she said mechanically. "I cannot keep our friendship—oh, I am quite myself—it is something else, something very different, that has made me change. I have let my home vanish. Do you realize my boy lay in a public chapel; my girl comes back to a hotel; Harriet is in another hotel in New York? What am I to do with these helpless ones of my own flesh and blood? I must make a home for them—just be Densie Plummer until the end of the chapter."

He started to speak, but she stopped him.

"I cannot share your dreams of sunset or Indian summer or boy and girl playing; that is not for me. I have my children and my dead boy as a reminder of my duty. And my boy loved his father. No, I shall not listen any more. Find some lonely woman who has no one of her own to claim the first rights."

Tears came to her relief. It was good to cry, to have John and Sally coming slowly down the hall. She did not want the senator to soothe her tears, to prattle of romance; she could not have borne it. Let Sally tell him about Rex, let the statesman and patriot of him, the stronger, better side, rise to deal out justice and punishment. Densie wanted to be alone with her husband so they could mourn together over their youngest born.

After John left on the night train for New York a note came to each of the bereaved women. Densie's was from the senator. It said with characteristic sentiment:

My Dearest: You have chosen bravely, nobly. I shall never intrude again. Count me as your greatest friend; think of me if you will.

My mind is still in a daze with all Sally has told me, with the

(Continued on Page 80)

"He Married Me Only to Hide Behind Our Shirts—Our Loyal American Selves, Who Would Never be Questioned"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $2.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers
To Canada—By Subscription $3.50 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Requests for changes of address must reach us at least two weeks before they can become effective. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $4.50. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 5, 1919

An International City

THE League of Nations will have a permanent organization and permanent headquarters for its secretaries and the periodical meetings of its congresses. Objections arise to the placing of this international headquarters under the local jurisdiction of any particular nation. The idea is to internationalize it, and from that naturally arises the idea of taking a precedent from the famous deal between Hamilton and Jefferson by which a district on the banks of the Potomac was removed from the jurisdiction of any state and made Federal territory—the seat of our Federal Government.

Naturally England would not surrender London to international jurisdiction; nor France, Paris; nor Belgium, Brussels. It has been suggested that the seat of international government should be fixed in the Azores Islands, or some like spot, by which no nation sets any great store, just as Washington was located in unoccupied territory.

We foresee what that sort of fiat city would become—a community whose main interest consisted in the play and intrigue of professional league politics, detached from the great vital currents of the world's business; a Mecca for job seekers and lobbyists of all sorts; and perhaps, if the location were attractive, for a colony of idle rich whose social favors would be an object of competition and heartburnings on the part of the official population; a city with a stuffy atmosphere, heavily poisoned with personal gossip, mostly untrue; a city of endless dreary receptions and functions, where the exchange of visiting cards was one of the leading activities; a city forever in the attitude of salaaming to its more important officials, personages upon whose favors it largely depended.

Let us not have any such set-apart, fiat, exclusively political city. Let us put the international capital plumb in the middle of the stream, where the four winds by which the world sails will keep the cobwebs blown out of it.

The Jews in Russia

SOME witnesses have lately testified that a good many Jews were active in Bolshevism in Russia. It is well known that the old Russian Government accused its Jewish subjects of a special penchant for revolution. On the other hand, press reports—subject to doubt, like nearly all reports from that region—speak of persecution of Jews in liberated Poland and the Ukraine.

For generations the Jewish population of that quarter of the globe lived in as singular and unfavorable a situation as ever a numerous people found themselves in. During the Crusades tens of thousands of Jews escaped persecution in Central Europe by migrating to Poland, which members of their race had visited long before, and where they were tolerated after a fashion. Generally the government permitted them to manage their own communal affairs, sometimes it protected them. Their custom of early marriage made them prolific. In Posen, Galicia, the Ukraine, their numbers grew to hundreds of thousands. Few tilled the soil. The more prosperous were traders and money lenders. Better educated on the whole than their neighbors and with a better talent for business they farmed the taxes and were employed as stewards on the big estates. Monopoly of the liquor traffic was one of the perquisites of the land-owning nobility. This was also generally farmed to Jews.

As tax farmers, overseers of estates, money lenders, taphouse keepers, Jews were constantly brought into relationship with the mass of the people in a way not profitable to the latter. They were of alien race and a different religion, wore a different dress, perforce kept mostly to themselves. All the ingredients of race hatred were there. Polish nobility looked down upon the Cossacks of the Ukraine, who were their serfs, much as some ante-bellum Southern planters looked down upon their negroes, but without the planters' humanity. Usually a Jewish steward was employed by the Polish noble. When the Cossacks rose under Chmielnicki, in 1648, their first care was to massacre all the Jews they could lay hands on, which was the first pogrom. A lively picture of that great Cossack insurrection is contained in Sienkiewicz's novel, By Fire and Sword. Loose chronicles of the period put the number of Jewish victims then and in the ensuing war, in which Sweden took a hand, all the way from one hundred thousand to five hundred thousand.

One result was that Russia took a large part of the Ukraine from Poland, which up to that time had been the greater power. There presently followed the three partitions of Poland, by which a great part of the Jewish population of that country became subjects of the Czar. Until the Russian Government thus acquired a big Jewish population by conquest it had always rigorously excluded Jews from its territory. Even the great Catharine, though encouraging other foreign immigration, banned the Jews. Thus two million or more people became subjects of a government which held them in such antipathy that it forbade them to cross its borders, while every circumstance had tended to prejudice the contiguous non-Jewish population against them.

Huddled in the Pale, from which they could not move, the Czar's Jewish subjects were vouchsafed barely a right to exist—if they could. Organized oppression from St. Petersburg and volunteer pogroms make up a considerable part of their subsequent history. It is not to be wondered at if sometimes revolution looks good to many of them, yet the best evidence seems to show that the mass of the Jewish population is opposed to Bolshevism.

Killing Competition

TWENTY-FIVE or thirty years ago there was a Big Four in the packing business, but not the same Big Four you hear of to-day. One of its members was the Hammond Company, which has since completely disappeared. Somehow or other it could not keep up with the procession. Later on a comparatively small Eastern packing company established itself at Chicago. It could keep up with the procession and is now one of the Big Four.

When the Steel Corporation was organized eighteen years ago it was predicted that the huge concern would practically swallow the whole trade. No such result followed. Competitors have rather gained upon it. Great department stores were to drive out smaller retailers. Then chain stores were to absorb the business in their lines. No such results have followed. Competition was never more alive than it is to-day.

Business would turn to combination and monopoly, it was said, because monopoly would enable it to advance prices and thereby reap greater profit. Probably time was when business generally looked to higher prices as the source of increased profits. But of late years progressive business has been getting another idea—namely, big volume of sales at comparatively low price; for it has found out that by and large big volume at a comparatively small margin is a more dependable source of profit than small volume at a large margin. The man who made the most money out of the automobile industry was not the man who got the biggest margin on a car, but the one who sold the most cars.

Broadly speaking, the aim of progressive business to-day is more toward big volume than toward large margin or profit per unit. Business is not seeking a monopoly price but a volume price.

Competition has been killed in theory many times. Nothing but government intervention can kill it in practice. The only way to monopoly is the state socialism way.

Keep Up the Acquaintance

A GREAT many American communities got better acquainted with themselves during the war than they ever had been before. Red Cross chapters, Liberty Bond campaigns, defense societies, community councils for various kinds of war work—brought them into decidedly closer touch and gave them a better understanding of themselves.

The fact is we Americans are not very sociable. Pretty much, we go our own ways and among our own comparatively small sets. At first glance an American country town looks the very picture of democratic sociability, where everybody not only knows everybody else but knows all about everybody else's affairs and discusses them with the greatest candor. But if it is a typical town you may soon discover that its sociability is strictly limited. You will find plenty of families—often foreign-born families, but not necessarily—who have very little contact with the genial current and about whom nobody knows very much. Certainly you will find many things that ought to be attacked by a community spirit where there seems no community spirit to attack them.

War brought communities generally into closer touch. People lived with a warmer sense of community interests. The Red Cross and the Liberty Loan drives and the defense societies, and so on, will soon lose their primary reason for existence—or have already lost it—but the broader sociability and the habit of working together should not be lost. Community councils ought to be kept up. The political organization, by a city council or board of aldermen, is a very loose and light bond operating within a very limited sphere. A broader social organization than that is a good thing for any community.

Budget Bogies

IF THERE is to be a budget somebody must make it up. That somebody must be in intimate touch with the executive side of the Government, which does all the spending of public money, and must belong technically to that side. When somebody has framed a budget somebody else, higher up, must review it, modify it as seems necessary, and then say: "This is our fiscal program for the year. We will stick to it. It shall not be materially changed except in some very clear and exigent case."

Shall Congress, then, surrender its constitutional power over the national purse; be shut out from determining the amount and character of taxes to be levied and the objects for which the revenue shall be spent?

Before answering that question let us ask another one: Shall appropriations of public money be framed as now by twenty inexpert, otherwise-engaged committees, with shifting membership, each acting without regard to any other, on the basis of unrevised estimates which each bureau and department on the executive side has made up as it pleased?

It is no more necessary to answer the one question in the affirmative than the other—no more necessary to exclude Congress altogether than to continue the present wasteful botch. Congress can participate with the executive in the final review and acceptance of the budget. The two sides can coöperate if they want to.

There is nothing in our form of government which prevents us from having a real, workable budget system. Only a selfish question of prestige, and indifference, inertia, laziness prevent it.

You can easily tell a man's attitude toward fiscal reform—by his industry in raising objections or by his industry in seeking means to solve the questions of detail.

Organizing Steel

WALL STREET did its part at organizing the steel industry some eighteen years ago and has been proud of the job ever since. Other people are taking a hand at it now. Wall Street does not like that so well, for the other people are organizing the labor.

There are said to be a million wage earners, first and last, engaged in the production of steel. In the main they have been unorganized. Not that the management consciously wanted to "exploit" labor, but it had complete confidence in its own good intentions toward labor. Looking into its own mind it could see that nobody should doubt its willingness to pay labor fair wages, put reasonable safety devices in its mills, and so on. As the management saw the problem, it would be far better for labor to trust to its fairness and wisdom than to get itself organized and run the grave risk of falling under the domination of demagogic, irresponsible, trouble-brewing leaders.

You can find this attitude of steel capital perfectly expressed in eighteenth-century American political literature. Many benevolent, well-intentioned men of the "upper class" having complete confidence in their own wisdom and virtue were sure it would be infinitely better for the ignorant "lower classes" to leave the whole business of government to their social superiors than take political power into their own hands and run the frightful risk of being misled by demagogues and adventurers.

Possibly the "upper class" would have given a better government, but certainly it would not have been democracy. Nor is there any flavor of democracy in an industrial relationship where the great mass of those engaged in the industry have no means whatever of expressing themselves or getting a hearing. And, good or bad, democracy is what the world is decisively committed to nowadays. That is why the steel industry is getting organized on the other side. The fact has got to be accepted. Wisdom will accept it gracefully and do its best to cut the ground from under demagogic, irresponsible, trouble-making leadership.

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE National Capitol—old men's fancies fondly turn to thoughts of youth—was picturesque in its personalities if not in its architecture. By no means the least striking of these was General and Senator Sam Houston, of Texas. In his life of adventure truth proved very much stranger than fiction.

The handsomest of men, tall and stately, he could pass no way without attracting attention; strangers in the Senate gallery first asked to have him pointed out to them, and, seeing him, to all appearance idling his time with his jackknife and bits of soft wood which he whittled into various shapes of hearts and anchors for distribution among his lady acquaintances, they usually went away thinking him a queer old man. So indeed he was; yet on his feet and in action most impressive, and, when he chose, altogether the states-man and orator.

There united in him the spirits of the troubadour and the spearman. Ivanhoe was not more gallant nor Bois-Guilbert fiercer. But the valor and the prowess were tempered by humor. Below the surging subterranean flood that stirred and lifted him to high attempt, he was a comedian who had tales to tell, and told them wondrous well. On a lazy summer afternoon on the shady side of Willard's Hotel—the Senate not in session—he might be seen, an admiring group about him, spinning these yarns, mostly of personal experience—rarely if ever repeating himself—and in tone, gesture and grimace reproducing the drolleries of the backwoods, which from boyhood had been his home.

He spared not himself. According to his own account he had been in the early days of his Texas career a drunkard. "Everybody got drunk," I once heard him say, referring to the beginning of the Texan revolution as he gave a side-splitting picture of that episode, "and I realized that somebody must get sober."

From the hour of that realization, when he "swore off," to the hour of his death he never touched intoxicants of any sort.

He had fought under Jackson, had served two terms in Congress and had been elected governor of Tennessee before he was forty. Then he fell in love. The young lady was a beautiful girl, well-born and highly educated, a schoolmate of my mother's elder sister. She was persuaded by her family to throw over an obscure young man whom she preferred, and to marry a young man so eligible and distinguished.

He took her to Nashville, the state capital. There were rounds of gayety. Three months passed. Of a sudden the little town woke to the startling rumor, which proved to be true, that the brilliant young couple had come to a parting of the ways. The wife had returned to her people. The husband had resigned his office and was gone, no one knew where.

A few years later Mrs. Houston applied for a divorce, which in those days had to be granted by the state legislature. Inevitably reports derogatory to her had got abroad. Almost the first tidings of Governor Houston's whereabouts were contained in a letter he wrote from somewhere in the Indian country to my father, a member of the legislature to whom Mrs. Houston had applied, in which he said that these reports had come to his ears. "They are," he wrote, "as false as hell. If they be not stopped I will return to Tennessee and have the heart's blood of him who repeats them. A nobler, purer woman never lived. She should be promptly given the divorce she asks. I alone am to blame."

She married again, though not the lover she had discarded. I knew her in her old age—a gentle, placid lady, in whom I used to fancy I could read lines of sorrow and regret. He, to close this chapter, likewise married again a wise and womanly woman who bore him many children and with whom he lived happy ever after. Meanwhile, however, he had dwelt with the Indians and had become an Indian chief. "Big Drunk, they called me," he said to his familiars. His enemies averred that he brought into the world a whole tribe of halfbreeds.

"Mother," Cried the Girl, "There Goes the Man I Am Going to Marry".

II

HOUSTON was a rare performer before a popular audience. His speech abounded with argumentative appeal and bristled with illustrative anecdote, and, when occasion required, with apt repartee.

Once an Irishman in the crowd bawled out: "Ye were goin' to sell Texas to England."

Houston paused long enough to center attention upon the quibble and then said: "My friend, I first tried, unsuccessfully, to have the United States take Texas as a gift. Not until I threatened to turn Texas over to England did I finally succeed. There may be within the sound of my voice some who have knowledge of sheep culture. They have doubtless seen a motherless lamb put to the breast of a cross old ewe who refused it suck. Then the wise shepherd calls his dog and there is no further trouble. My friend, England was my dog."

He was inveighing against the New York Tribune. Having described Horace Greeley as the sum of all villainy—"whose hair is white, whose skin is white, whose eyes are white, whose clothes are white, and whose liver is in my opinion of the same color"—he continued: "The assistant editor of the Try-bune is Robinson—Solon Robinson. He is an Irishman, an Orange Irishman, a red-haired Irishman!" Casting his eye over the audience and seeing quite a sprinkling of redheads, and realizing that he had perpetrated a slip of tongue, he added: "Fellow citizens, when I say that Robinson is a red-haired Irishman I mean no disrespect to persons whose

hair is of that color. I have been a close observer of men and women for thirty years, and I never knew a red-haired man who was not an honest man, nor a red-headed woman who was not a virtuous woman; and I give it you as my candid opinion that had it not been for Robinson's red hair he would have been hanged long ago."

His pathos was not far behind his humor—though he used it sparingly. At a certain town in Texas there lived a desperado who had threatened to kill him on sight. The town was not on the route of his speaking dates, but he went out of his way to include it. A great concourse assembled to hear him. He spoke in the open air and, as he began, observed his man armed to the teeth, leaning against a tree and waiting for him to finish. After a few opening remarks, he dropped into the reminiscential. He talked of the old times in Texas. He told in thrilling terms of the Alamo and of Goliad. There was not a dry eye in earshot. Then he grew personal.

"I see Tom Gilligan over yonder. A braver man never lived than Tom Gilligan. He fought by my side at San Jacinto. Together we buried poor Bill Holman. But for his skill and courage I should not be here to-day. He ——"

There was a stir in front. Gilligan had thrown away his knife and gun and was rushing unarmed through the crowd, tears streaming down his face.

"For God's sake, Houston," he cried, "don't say another word and forgive me my cowardly intentions."

From that time to his death Tom Gilligan was Houston's devoted friend.

General Houston voted against the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and as a consequence lost his seat in the Senate. It was thought, and freely said, that for good and all he was down and out. He went home and announced himself a candidate for governor of Texas.

The campaign that followed was of unexampled bitterness. The secession wave was already mounting high. Houston was an uncompromising Unionist. His defeat was generally expected. But there was no beating such a man in a fair and square contest before the people. When the votes were counted he led his competitor by a big majority. As governor he refused two years later to sign the ordinance of secession and was deposed from office by force. He died before the end of the war which so signally vindicated his wisdom and verified his forecast.

III

STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS was the Charles James Fox of American politics. He was not a gambler as Fox was. But he went the other gaits and was possessed of a sweetness of disposition which made him, like Fox, loved where he was personally known. No one could resist the bonhomie of Douglas.

They are not all Puritans in New England. Catch a Yankee off his base, or away from home, and he can be as gay as anybody. Boston and Charleston are nearest alike of any two American cities.

Douglas was a Green Mountain boy. He was born in Vermont. As Seargent Prentiss had done he migrated beyond the Alleghanies before he came of age, settling in Illinois as Prentiss had settled in Mississippi, to grow into a typical Westerner as Prentiss into a typical Southerner.

There was never a more absurd theory than that, born of sectional aims and the sectional spirit, which proposed a geographic alignment of Cavalier and Puritan. When sectionalism had brought a kindred people to blows over the institution of African slavery there were Puritans who fought on the Southern side and Cavaliers who fought on the Northern side. What was Stonewall Jackson but a Puritan? What were Custer, Stoneman and Kearny but Cavaliers? Wadsworth was as pure an aristocrat as Hampton.

In the old days before the war of sections the South was full of typical Southerners of Northern birth. John A. Quitman, who went from New York, and Robert J. Walker, who went from Pennsylvania to Mississippi; James H. Hammond, whose father, a teacher, went from Massachusetts to South Carolina; John Slidell, born and bred in New York, was thirty years old when he went to Louisiana. Albert Sidney Johnston, the rose and expectancy of the young Confederacy—at once the most typical and the best loved of rebel soldiers—had not a drop of Southern blood in his veins, born in Kentucky a few months after his father and mother had arrived there from Connecticut. The list might be extended indefinitely.

Climate, which has something to do with temperament, has not so much to do with character as is often imagined. All of us are more or less the creatures of environment. In the South after a fashion the duello flourished. Because it had not flourished in the North there rose a notion that the Northerners would not fight. It proved a costly mistake.

Down to the actual secession of 1860–61 the issue of issues—the issue behind all issues—was the preservation of the Union. Between 1820 and 1850, by a series of compromises, largely the work of Mr. Clay, its threatened disruption had been averted. The Kansas-Nebraska Bill put a sore strain upon conservative elements North and South. The Whig Party went to pieces. Mr. Clay passed from the scene. Had he lived until the presidential election of 1852 he would have given his support to Franklin Pierce, as Daniel Webster did. Mr. Buchanan was not a General Jackson. Judge Douglas, who sought to play the rôle of Mr. Clay, was too late. The secession leaders held the whip hand in the Gulf States. South Carolina was to have her will at last. Crash came the shot in Charleston Harbor and the fall of Sumter. Curiously enough two persons of Kentucky birth—Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis—led the rival hosts of war into which an untenable and indefensible system of slave labor, for which the two sections were equally responsible, had precipitated an unwilling people.

Had Judge Douglas lived he would have been Mr. Lincoln's main reliance in Congress. As a debater his resources and prowess were rarely equaled and never surpassed. His personality, whether in debate or private conversation, was attractive in the highest degree. He possessed a full, melodious voice, convincing fervor and ready wit.

He had married for his second wife the reigning belle of the National Capital, a great-niece of Mrs. Madison, whose very natural ambitions quickened and spurred his own.

It was fated otherwise. Like Clay, Webster, Calhoun and Blaine he was to be denied the Presidency. The White House was barred to him. He was not yet fifty when he died. Tidings of his death took the country by surprise. But already the sectional battle was on and it produced only a momentary impression, to be soon forgotten amid the overwhelming tumult of events. He has lain in his grave now nearly sixty years. Upon the legislation of his time his name was writ first in water and then in blood. He received less than his desert in life and the historic record has scarcely done justice to his merit. He was as great a party leader as Clay. He could hold his own in debate with Webster and Calhoun. He died a very poor man, though his opportunity for enrichment by perfectly legitimate means were many. It is enough to say that he lacked the business instinct and set no value upon money; scrupulously upright in his official dealing; holding his senatorial duties above all price and beyond the suspicion of dirt.

Touching a matter which involved a certain outlay he laughingly said to me: "I haven't the wherewithal to pay for a bottle of whisky and shall have to borrow of Arnold Harris the wherewithal to take me home."

His wife was a glorious creature. Early one morning calling at their home to see Judge Douglas I was ushered into the library, where she was engaged setting things to rights. My entrance took her by surprise. I had often seen her in full ballroom regalia and in becoming out-of-door costume, but as, in gingham gown and white apron, she turned, a little startled by my sudden appearance, smiles and blushes in spite of herself, I thought I had never seen any woman so beautiful before. She married again—the lover whom gossip said she had thrown over to marry Judge Douglas—and the story went that her second marriage was not very happy.

IV

IN THE midsummer of 1859 the burning question among the newsmen of Washington was the Central American Mission. England and France had displayed activity in that quarter and it was deemed important that the United States should sit up and take notice.

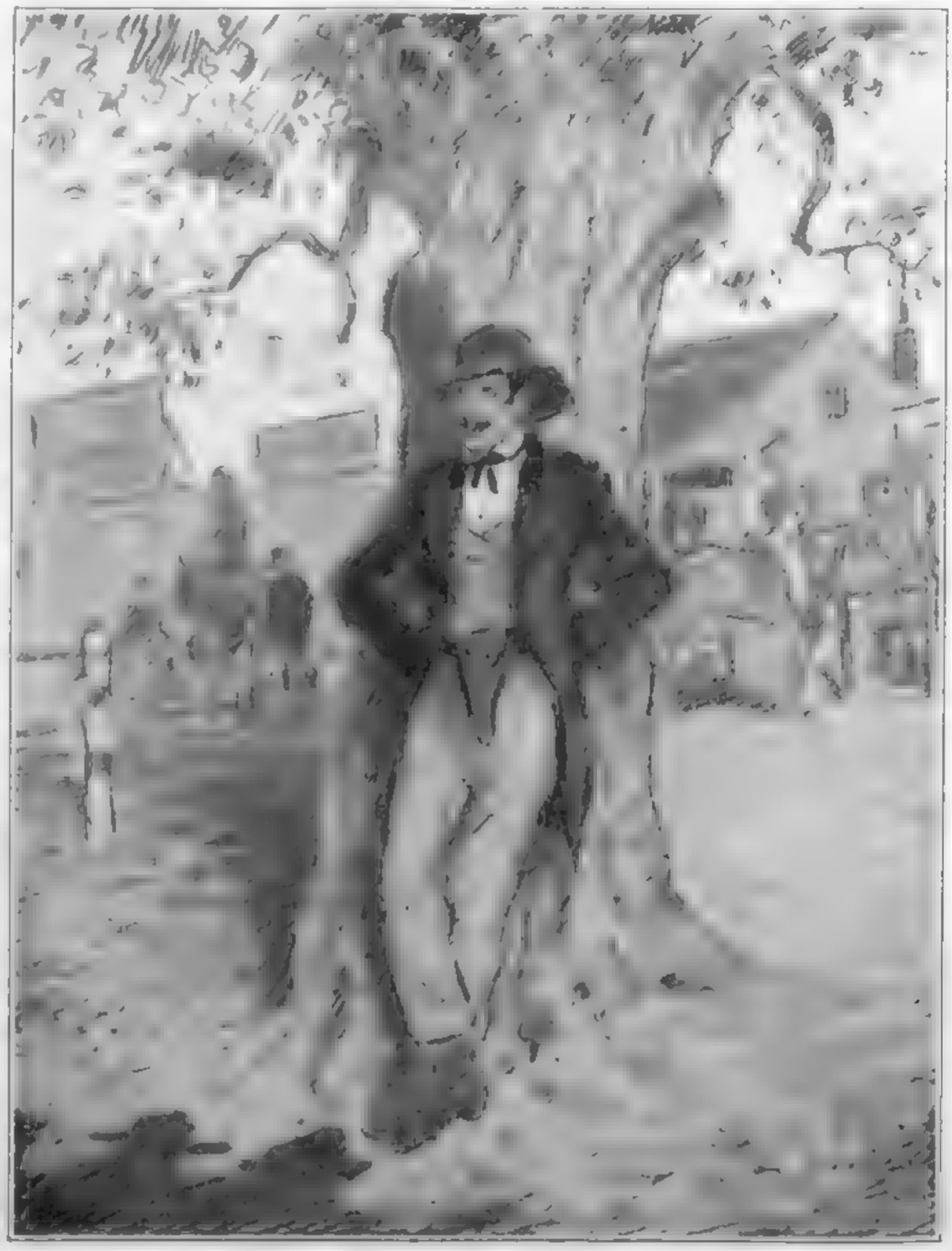
Speculation was rife whom Mr. Buchanan would send to represent us. The press gang of the National Capital was all at sea. There was scarcely a Democratic leader of national prominence whose name was not mentioned in that connection, though speculation from day to day eddied round Mr. James S. Rollins, of Missouri, an especial friend of the President and a most accomplished public man.

At the height of excitement I happened to be in the library of the State Department. I was on a stepladder in quest of a book when I heard a messenger say to the librarian: "The President is in the Secretary's room and wants to have Mr. Dimitry come there right away." An inspiration shot through me like a flash. They had chosen Alexander Dimitry for the Central American Mission.

He was the official translator of the Department of State. Though an able and learned man he was not in the line of preferment. He was without political standing or backing of any sort. At first blush a more unlikely, impossible appointment could hardly be suggested. But—so on the instant I reasoned—he was peculiarly fitted in his own person for the post in question. Though of Greek origin he looked like a Spaniard. He spoke the Spanish language fluently. He had the procedure of the State Department at his fingers' ends. He was the head of a charming domestic fabric—his daughters the prettiest girls in Washington. Why not?

I climbed down from my stepladder and made tracks for the office of the afternoon newspaper for which I was doing all-round work. I was barely on time, the last forms being locked when I got there. I had the editorial page opened and inserted at the top of the leading column a double-leaded paragraph announcing that the agony was over—that the Gordian knot was cut—that Alexander Dimitry had been selected as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Central American States.

(Continued on Page 26)



He Observed His Man Armed to the Teeth, Leaning Against a Tree

"I promptly salute with delight
This highly *superior* sight.
When worried and weary
A greeting so cheery
Puts all my troubles to flight."

Food for workers

Just the nourishment needed and just when you need it most

When the hard-working "business" people of your family come home at night from the office or the store they are more than hungry. They are *tired*-hungry. The most important part of the whole meal for them is the dish that comes *first*, the appetizing "overture" which tones and prepares the stomach, strengthens digestion and enables them to obtain the full nutrition and the full benefit of all they eat. This is where you need

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It gives you the invigorating tonic properties which nature has stored in the red-ripe, juicy tomato. And these we blend with other pure and nutritious materials. You have at once a tempting appetizer and a genuine sustaining *food*.

You can serve it as light or as hearty as you choose, according to the rest of the meal that goes with it.

As a Cream of Tomato it is so rich and satisfying that a plate or two with bread and butter makes the best part of a light meal, in itself.

This is just the thing also for your ravenous youngsters who are using up their energies in rapid growth, hard study and harder play. Just the thing for your own mid-day repast or at any time when you are too busy or too tired to prepare a heavy meal or to enjoy it. You will find there is nothing more wholesome and beneficial than *Campbell's Tomato Soup*.

The contents of every can makes double the quantity of nourishing soup all cooked and ready for your table in three minutes.

Order it from your grocer by the dozen or the case. See how it lightens the work and *increases the working energy*. And be sure to serve it *hot*.

21 kinds **12c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 24)

It proved a veritable sensation as well as a notable scoop. To increase my glory the correspondents of the New York dailies scouted it. But next day it was officially verified. General Cass, the Secretary of State, sent for me, having learned that I had been in the department about the time of the consultation between the President, himself and Mr. Dimitry.

"How did you get this?" he asked rather sharply.

"Out of my inner consciousness," I answered with flippant familiarity. "Didn't you know I have what they call second sight?"

The old gentleman laughed amiably. "It would seem so," he said, and sent me about my business without further inquiry.

■

THE winter of 1860–61 was both stormy and nebulous. Parties were at sea. The Northerners in Congress had learned the trick of bullying from the Southerners. In the Senate, Chandler was a match for Toombs; and in the House, Thaddeus Stevens for Keitt and Lamar. All of them, more or less, were playing a game. If sectional war, which was incessantly threatened by the two extremes, had been keenly realized and seriously considered it might have been averted.

A convention of Border State men, over which ex-President John Tyler presided, was held in Washington. It might as well have been held at the North Pole. Moderate men were brushed aside, their counsels whistled down the wind. There was a group of Senators, headed by Wigfall, of Texas, who meant disunion and war, and another group, headed by Seward, Hale and Chase, who had been goaded up to this. Reading contemporary history and seeing the high-mightiness with which the Germans began what we conceive their raid upon humanity, we are wont to regard it as evidence of incredible stupidity, whereas it was, in point of fact, the rather vainglorious miscount of forces. That was the error of the secession leaders. They refused to count the cost. Yancey firmly believed that England would be forced to intervene. The mills of Lancashire, he thought, could not get on without Southern cotton. He was sent abroad. He found Europe solid against slavery and therefore against the Confederacy. He came home with what is called a broken heart—the dreams of a lifetime shattered and, in a kind of dazed stupor, laid himself down to die. With Richmond in flames and the exultant shouts of the detested yet victorious Yankees in his ears, he did die.

Wigfall survived but a few years. He was less a dreamer than Yancey. A man big of brain and warm of heart, he had gone from the ironclad provincialism of South Carolina to the windswept vagaries of Texas. He believed wholly the Yancey confession of faith; that secession was a constitutional right; that African slavery was ordained of God; that the South was paramount; the North inferior. Yet in worldly knowledge he had learned more than Yancey—was an abler man than Jefferson Davis—and but for his affections and generous habits he would have made a larger figure in the war, having led the van of the South's exit from the Senate.

I do not think that either Hammond or Chesnut, the Senators from South Carolina, both men of parts, had at bottom much belief in the practicability of the Confederate movement. Neither did the Senators from Arkansas and Alabama, nor Brown, of Mississippi, the colleague of Jefferson Davis. Mason, of Virginia, a dogged old donkey, and Iverson, of Georgia, another, were the kind of men whom Wigfall dominated.

One of the least confident of those who looked on and afterward fell in line was the Vice President, John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky. He was the Beau Sabreur among statesmen as Albert Sidney Johnston among soldiers. Never man handsomer in person or more winning in manners. Sprung from a race of political aristocrats, he was born to shining success in public life. Of moderate opinion, brave and prudent, wherever he appeared he carried his audience with him. He had been elected on the ticket with Buchanan to the second office under the Government when he was but five and thirty years of age. There was nothing for him to gain from a division of the Union, the Presidency, perhaps, if the Union continued undivided. But he could not resist the onrush of disunionism, went with the South, which he served gallantly in the field and later as Confederate Secretary of War, and after a few years of self-imposed exile in Europe returned to Kentucky to die at four and fifty, a defeated and disappointed old man.

The adjoining state of Tennessee was represented in the Senate by one of the most problematic characters in American history. With my father, who remained his friend through life, he had entered the state legislature in 1835, and having served ten years in the lower House of Congress and four years as governor of Tennessee, he came back in 1857 to the National Capital, a member of the Upper House. He was Andrew Johnson.

I knew him from my childhood. Thrice that I can recall I saw him weep; never did I see him laugh. Life had been very serious, albeit very successful, to him. Of unknown parentage, the wife he had married before he was one and twenty had taught him to read. Yet at six and twenty he was in the Tennessee General Assembly and at four and thirty in Congress.

There was from first to last not a little about him to baffle conjecture. I should call him a cross between Jack Cade and Aaron Burr. His sympathies were easily stirred by rags in distress. But he was uncompromising in his detestation of the rich. It was said that he hated "a biled shirt." He would have nothing to do "with people who wore broadcloth," though he carefully dressed himself. When, as governor of Tennessee, he came to Nashville he refused many invitations, to take his first New Year's dinner with a party of toughs at the house of a river roustabout.

There was nothing of the tough about him, however. His language was careful and exact. I never heard him utter an oath or tell a risqué story. He passed quite fifteen years in Washington, a total abstainer from the use of intoxicants. He fell into the occasional-drink habit during the dark days of the War. But after some costly experience he dropped it and continued a total abstainer to the end of his days.

He had, indeed, admirable self-control. I do not believe a more conscientious man ever lived. His judgments were sometimes peculiar, but they were upright and sincere, having reasons, which he could give with power and effect, behind them. Yet was he a born politician, crafty to a degree, and always successful, relying upon a popular following which never failed him.

In 1860 he supported the quasi-secession Breckenridge and Lane Presidential ticket, but in 1861 he stood true to the Union, retaining his seat in the Senate until he was appointed military governor of Tennessee. Nominated for Vice President on the ticket with Lincoln in 1864, he was elected, and upon the assassination of Lincoln succeeded to the Presidency. Having served out his term as President he returned to Tennessee to engage in the hottest kind of politics and, though at the outset defeated, finally regained his seat in the Senate of the United States.

He hated Grant with a holy hate. His first act on reentering the Senate was to deliver an implacably bitter speech against the President. It was his last public appearance. He went thence to his home in East Tennessee, gratified and happy, to die in a few weeks.

VI

THERE used to be a story about Raleigh, in North Carolina, where Andrew Johnson was born, which whispered that he was a natural son of William Ruffin, an eminent jurist in the earlier years of the nineteenth century. It was analogous to the story that Lincoln was the natural son of various paternities from time to time assigned to him. I had my share in running that calumny to cover. It was a lie out of whole cloth, with nothing whatever to support or excuse it. I reached the bottom of it to discover proof of its baselessness abundant and conclusive. In Johnson's case I take it that the story had nothing other to rest on than the obscurity of his birth and the quality of his talents. Late in life Johnson went to Raleigh and caused to be erected a modest tablet over the spot pointed out as the grave of his progenitor, saying, I was told by persons claiming to have been present, "I place this stone over the last earthly abode of my alleged father."

Johnson in the saying of the countryside, "outmarried himself." His wife was a plain woman, but she came of a good family. One day, so the legend ran, she saw passing through the Greenville street in which her people lived a woman, a boy and a cow, the boy carrying a pack over his shoulder. They were obviously weary and hungry. Extreme poverty could present no sadder picture. "Mother," cried the girl, "there goes the man I am going to marry." She was thought to be in jest. But a few years later she made her banter good and lived to see her husband President of the United States and with him to occupy the White House at Washington.

Much has been written of the humble birth and iron fortune of Abraham Lincoln. He had no such obstacles to overcome as either Andrew Jackson or Andrew Johnson. Jackson, a prisoner of war, was liberated, a lad of sixteen, from the British pen at Charleston, without a relative, a friend or a dollar in the world, having to make his way upward through the most aristocratic community of the country and the time. Johnson, equally friendless and penniless, started as a poor tailor in a rustic village. Lincoln must, therefore, take third place among our self-made Presidents. The Hanks family were not paupers. He had a wise and helpful stepmother. He was scarcely worse off than most young fellows of his neighborhood, first in Indiana and then in Illinois. On this side justice has never been rendered to Jackson and Johnson. In the case of Jackson the circumstance was forgotten, while Johnson too often dwelt upon it and made capital out of it.

VII

MY DREAM of wealth through my commission on the Confederate cotton I was to sell to English buyers was quickly shattered. The cotton was burned and I found myself in the early spring of 1865 in the little village of Glendale, a suburb of Cincinnati, where the future Justice Stanley Matthews had his home. His wife was a younger sister of my mother. My grandmother was still alive and lived with her daughter and son-in-law.

I was received with open arms. A few days later the dear old lady said to me: "I suppose, my son, you are rather a picked bird after your adventures in the South. You certainly need better clothing. I have some money in bank and it is freely yours."

I knew that my Uncle Stanley had put her up to this, and out of sheer curiosity I asked her how much she could let me have. She named what seemed to me a stupendous sum. I thanked her, told her I had quite a sufficiency for the time being, slipped into town and pawned my watch—that is, as I made light of it afterward, in order to escape the humiliation of borrowing from an uncle whose politics I did not approve I went with my collateral to an uncle who had no politics at all and got fifty dollars on it! Before the money was gone I had found, through Judge Matthews, congenial work.

There was in Cincinnati only one afternoon newspaper—the Evening Times—owned by Calvin W. Starbuck. He had been a practical printer but was grown very rich. He received me kindly, said the editorial force was quite full—must always be on a daily newspaper—"but," he added, "my brother, Alexander Starbuck, who has been running the amusements, wants to go a-fishing in Canada—to be gone a month—and, if you choose, you can during his absence sub for him."

It was just to my hand and liking. Before Alexander Starbuck returned the leading editor of the paper fell from a ferryboat crossing the Ohio River and was drowned. The next day General Starbuck sent for me and offered me the vacant place.

"Why, general," I said, "I am an outlawed man: I do not agree with your politics. I do not see how I can undertake a place so conspicuous and responsible."

He replied: "I propose to engage you as an editorial manager. It is as if building a house you should be head carpenter, I the architect. The difference in salary will be seventy-five dollars a week against fifteen dollars a week."

I took the place.

The office of the Evening Times was a queer old curiosity shop. I set to and turned it inside out. I had very pronounced journalistic notions of my own and applied them in every department of the sleepy old money-maker. One afternoon a week later I shot out a paper whose oldest reader could not have recognized it. The next morning's Cincinnati Commercial contained a flock of paragraphs to which the Chattanooga-Cincinnati-Rebel Evening Times furnished the keynote.

They made funny reading, but they threw a dangerous flare upon my "past" and put me at a hopeless disadvantage. It happened that when Artemus Ward had been in town a fortnight before he gave me a dinner and had some of his friends to meet me. Among these was a young fellow of the name of Halstead, who, I was told, was the coming man on the Commercial.

Round to the Commercial office I sped, and being conducted to this person, who received me very blandly, I said: "Mr. Halstead, I am a journeyman day laborer in your city—the merest bird of passage, with my watch at the pawnbroker's. As soon as I am able to get out of town I mean to go—and I came to ask if you can think the personal allusions to me in to-day's paper, which may lose me my job but can nowise hurt the Times, are quite fair—even—since I am without defense—quite manly."

He looked at me with that quizzical, seriocomic stare which so became him, and with great heartiness replied: "No—they were damned mean—though I did not realize how mean. The mark was so obvious and tempting I could not resist; but—there shall be no more of them. Come, let us go and get a drink."

That was the beginning of a friendship which brought happiness to both of us and lasted nearly half a century, to the hour of his death; and then, going from Louisville to Cincinnati, I helped to lay him away in Spring Grove Cemetery.

I had no thought of remaining in Cincinnati. My objective was Nashville, where the young woman who was to become my wife, and whom I had not seen for nearly three years, was living with her family. During the summer Mr. Francisco, the business manager of the Evening Times, had a scheme to buy the Toledo Commercial, in conjunction with Mr. Comly, of Columbus, and to engage me as editor conjointly with Mr. Harrison Gray Otis as publisher. It looked very good. Toledo threatened Cleveland and Detroit as a lake port. But nothing could divert me. As soon as Parson Brownlow, who was governor of Tennessee and making things lively for the returning rebels, would allow I was going to Nashville.

About the time that safety was assured me my two pals, or bunkies, of the Confederacy, Albert Roberts and George Purvis, friends from boyhood, put in an appearance. They were on their way to the capital of Tennessee. The father of Albert Roberts was chief owner of the Republican Banner, an old and highly respectable newspaper, which had for nearly four years lain in a state of suspension. Their plan now was to revive its publication, Purvis to be business manager and Albert and I to be editors. We had no cash. Nobody on our side of the line had any cash. But John Roberts owned a farm he could mortgage for money enough to start us. What had I to say?

Less than a week later saw us back at home winnowing the town for subscribers and advertising. We divided it into districts, each taking a specified territory. The way we boys hustled was a sight to see. But the way the community warmed to us was another. When the familiar headline, The Republican Banner, made its appearance there was a popular hallelujah, albeit there were five other dailies ahead of us. A year later there was only one, and it was nowise a competitor.

Albert Roberts had left his girl, Edith Scott, the niece of Huxley, whom I have before mentioned, in Montgomery, Alabama. Purvis' girl, Sophie Searcy, was in Selma. Their hope was to have enough money by Christmas each to pay a visit to those distant places. My girl was on the spot, and we had resolved, money or no money, to be married without delay. Before New Year's the three of us were married and comfortably settled, with funds galore, for the paper had thrived consumingly. It had thrived so consumingly that after a little I was able to achieve the wish of my heart and to go to London, taking my wife and my "great American novel" with me. I have related elsewhere what came of this and what happened to me.

I protest that I was meant for a man of letters, a poet and a writer of romance. There are Republicans in Kentucky who will not gainsay this latter, though that is but a quibble of words. Denied and defeated of my literary ambition, in mine old age it did seem for a moment that it was about to be gratified. The matter stood

(Continued on Page 77)

Brisk Illinois gives a pointer to Friend Washington

"HO, Illinois," called the State of Washington, "I've watched your growth with keenest interest. I've seen you build yourself into a giant in a few small years. Your meats, your grain, your steel—how did they boom so fast?"

Illinois smiled as the two puffed OWL Cigars.

"I've simply made the most of all I had. And you will do as much. And as you do, you'll grow. You have a wonderful port in Seattle. Your fir and cedar are a source of wealth. Your lands are full of water power. Your hills may soon yield unexpected minerals. You're headed for great wealth! Go to it!"

T T T

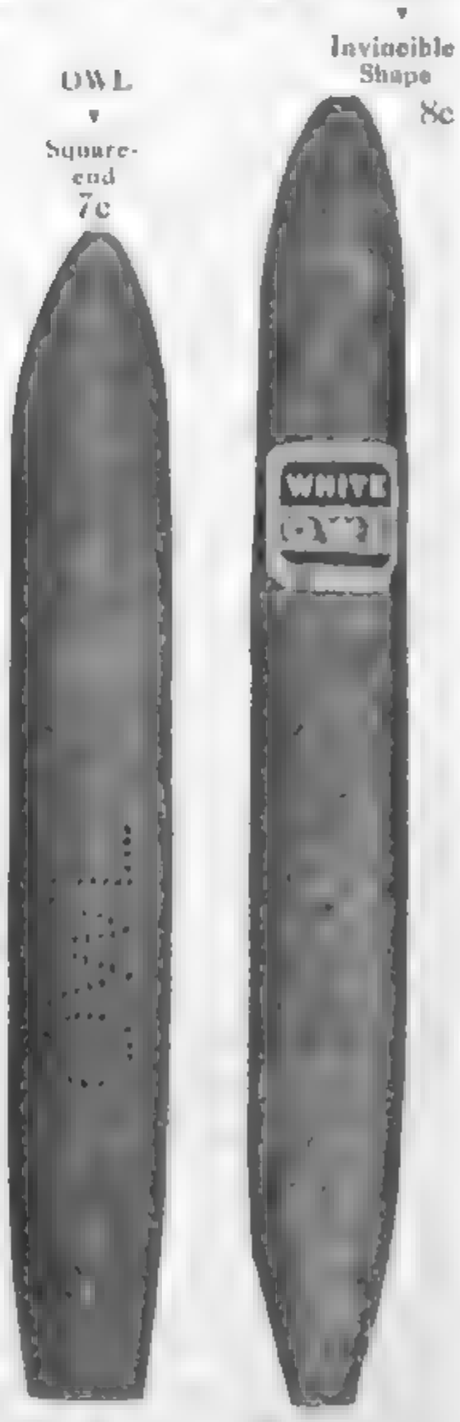
OWL and WHITE OWL sell big in Washington and Illinois and all the nation over. There's no stopping *dependable* cigars like these. Their mildness and their quality win them ever-growing friendship. Try OWL or WHITE OWL now—today!

DEALERS:

If your distributor does not sell these dependable cigars, write us. GENERAL CIGAR CO., 119 West 40th Street, New York City

TWO DEPENDABLE CIGARS

OWL 7c white OWL 8c



Branded for your protection — Banded

THE SIXTH PRUNE

By Robert R. Updegraff

IT WAS at five o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, while she was counting out the prunes—one, two, three, four, five—into the fourteen saucers lined up on the pantry shelf in two precise rows of seven each, just as she had counted out prunes at five o'clock on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays for fourteen years, that Mary Brant was taken with the "spell" and had to be carried upstairs.

The only reason Mary Brant was not rebelling as John, her husband, and the simple-minded Matilda, who helped serve table, carried her up the stairs past the faded Home, Sweet Home motto and the yellowed plaster bust of General Grant, which stood in the niche in the bend near the top, was that the spell had left her unconscious.

Never since she and John had hung out the modest sign: "Select Eating Place; Meals by the Day or Week; 21 Meal Ticket $3.00," fourteen years before, had Mary Brant been upstairs between five and seven P. M., except to get her pocketbook on two occasions to make change for a meal ticket. During all those fourteen years things had moved like clockwork at the boarding house on Charles Street. To be sure, the sign out in front no longer read "21 Meal Ticket $3.00." Seven years before it had been necessary for John to daub out the first 0 and substitute a 5. And two years later the $3.50 had to be revised to $4.00.

But otherwise nothing had changed, and looking into the vista of the future at one minute to five on this particular Tuesday afternoon nothing was likely to change for another fourteen years.

One who boarded at Brant's—or perhaps we might say mealed there—would have seen ahead fourteen years of Sunday-morning breakfasts, for instance, consisting of oatmeal, beans or fish cakes, and coffee. Oh, yes—and two plates of small but fresh doughnuts, one plate just at the left of Mr. Sanderson's place as you came in the door, and the other just at the right of the farthest sugar bowl—the one with the cracked cover.

Whoever or whatever it is in the scheme of life that has charge of visiting spells on unsuspecting humans has no regard for futures; otherwise that who or what never would have selected the precise minute of five, just when Mary Brant was adding the allotted spoonful of juice to the five prunes in the twelfth dish, and John Brant was unlatching the lock of the front-hall door in anticipation of the stream of hungry mealers who would soon be arriving, as the moment for dropping Mary Brant into a fainting heap in the pantry. A worse time could hardly have been selected than just before supper, unless it might be that just before dinner would have been a shade more embarrassing.

Fortunately, however, the lamb stew was ready to serve and the butter and pickles were on the table and the bread was cut and the coffee and tea were ready, so perhaps the time might have been more ill chosen, after all.

"I'll run up to Weston's store and call up Doctor Carroll right away, Matilda," John Brant had said as they carried the unconscious Mary upstairs and along the musty hall, lighted only by the flickering gas taper burning in the bathroom at the end. "She did this sixteen years ago this month," he explained as they dumped—the term is used advisedly—the prostrate form onto the bed in the big back bedroom, "and Doctor Carroll knew just what to do. I've been expecting she'd have another spell all these years, and here she's gone and had it just before supper. Now, Matilda, you take off her skirt and corset and shirt waist and shoes and cover her up and then go down and do the best you can at gettin' things ready in the kitchen while I run out and telephone the doctor. I'll be back in a jiffy to serve the mealers. Don't say nothing to any of them about Mary bein' took, though. It's best not."

It was a quarter to seven before the worn-out woman in the bed in the back room stirred. It was the monotonous drip, drip, drip from the leaky cold-water faucet in the little tin tub in the adjoining bathroom that first caught her attention. It puzzled her; then it began to annoy her. Presently she became vaguely conscious of the clatter of dishes from below—far, far below—and of Mr. Abeel's penetrating voice saying "Please pass the sugar." How she hated that old man! He always used three spoonfuls heaping full—in his coffee.

If They Were to Keep the Wolf From the Door She Would Have to Do It

Rolling her eyes weakly she found herself at Niagara Falls on a beautiful moonlight night. At first she really imagined she was at Niagara Falls, but gradually it began to dawn on her muddled consciousness that it was merely the moon, high up over the Charles River Basin, shining through the colored transparency of the Falls which hung by a little brass chain in the back window, the transparency she and John had bought when they visited Niagara on their honeymoon twenty-two years before.

And that made her think of John. The thought of him irritated her. Why hadn't she had better luck in picking a husband? Why hadn't she picked a man who could support her? It had been just fourteen years ago, come June, when she had realized that John's jobs that were always going to pan out big never did and never would, and that if they were to keep the wolf from the door she would have to do it. She thought bitterly of how they had struggled ever since; how, ten years before, John had failed in another job and had finally given up working entirely, and, with Matilda, had taken his station permanently in the dining room, taking the food that was pushed through the slide from the kitchen and serving the mealers.

It was a hard life. All the fourteen places at the long table had to be filled pretty regularly for them to break even; and to make any money the bay-window table, which seated eight, had to be half full. Of late there had been a good many meals when there was no one at the bay-window table, and even two or three empty places at the long table. Running a boarding house wasn't what it used to be.

She could hear Howard Brink and Sidney Garvin in the downstairs hall—miles below—talking as they got into their overcoats. They were nice boys—Tech students who roomed over on Mt. Vernon Street. She wished she could get more Tech students, and more of the boys from the Harvard Dental School, located over near the Massachusetts General. This story is of a time before Tech moved across the Charles, and the Harvard Dental School to Longwood Avenue. Many of these boys roomed in the neighborhood and they were regular. They had good appetites, to be sure, but they didn't complain all the time about the food, like old man Abeel and Henrietta Wiggs, the old maid who came from the Chesters' rooming house on Pinkney Street.

All these thoughts went drifting through Mary Brant's half consciousness, and then suddenly somebody down in the dining room dropped a plate, and it shattered with a crash that brought her to complete consciousness.

What was the matter? Why was she upstairs in bed at meal time?

She tried to sit up and get out of bed, but fell back, half fainting. Then a voice from beside her bed startled her:

"This is Doctor Carroll, Mrs. Brant. Just lie back. You can't get up now; you've had another spell."

Mary began to remonstrate, but the doctor, who had been sitting there for some little time watching for consciousness to return, was firm, and she subsided weakly, after taking a powder that the doctor gave her.

Four or five minutes later John tiptoed into the room, having deserted his post at the slide for a minute.

"How is she, doctor?"

"I'm all right," spoke up the woman in the bed before the doctor could answer. "I'll be round all right in time to get breakfast."

"No," said the doctor; "I'm afraid you won't be round for a week or so, Mrs. Brant. You must stay right in bed for several days, and it may be two or three weeks before you can go back to the kitchen."

That statement started considerable of an argument, but in the end the doctor had his way.

"Well, John, I guess you'll have to send for Sister Harriet to do the cooking—if she'll come."

"I hadn't thought of that," said John, thoroughly rattled by the events of the past two hours.

"Well, it's about time you began to think!" snapped the worn woman.

"What'll I do—write to her?" asked John.

"Write to her? No; of course not! Telegraph her. Who'd get the meals while your letter was getting there, I'd like to know? Send her a telegram and say:

"'Mary sick—can you come and cook?' Is that more than ten words?"

"No; only seven," replied John, counting the message off on his fingers.

"Well, then, say 'maybe three weeks.'"

"All right," said John. "I'll go right out as soon as I serve Miss Wiggs her prunes." And he stumbled out of the room and down the stairs, repeating the message over to himself lest he forget the exact wording.

"Now I want to see Matilda," commanded Mary. "I'll tell her about breakfast."

"Positively not," said Doctor Carroll firmly. "Matilda will get along all right and you are to have nothing at all to do with meals, excepting to eat light ones, for at least three weeks. So lie right back and let go to that sleeping powder."

There was something, either in the doctor's tone or in the sleeping powder, that convinced Mary Brant that she had better obey, though as she went off to sleep she was saying to the doctor: "Tell Matilda not to forget to put salt in the oatmeal and ——"

"Who's there?" demanded Ezra Ingalls, poking his head out of the bedroom window.

"Telegram for Mrs. Ingalls—from Boston," said the youth at the front door. "Jest came into the office, Mr. Ingalls, and Jack Spencer asked me would I ride out with it on my wheel."

"Well, I'll be right down."

"A telegram from Boston?" demanded Harriet, sitting bolt upright in bed, shivering nervously in her heavy flannel nightgown. "Must be from Mary. Do hurry down."

A trip down the cold stairs; a trip back for a quarter; hasty rummaging through his pants pockets; twenty-three cents!

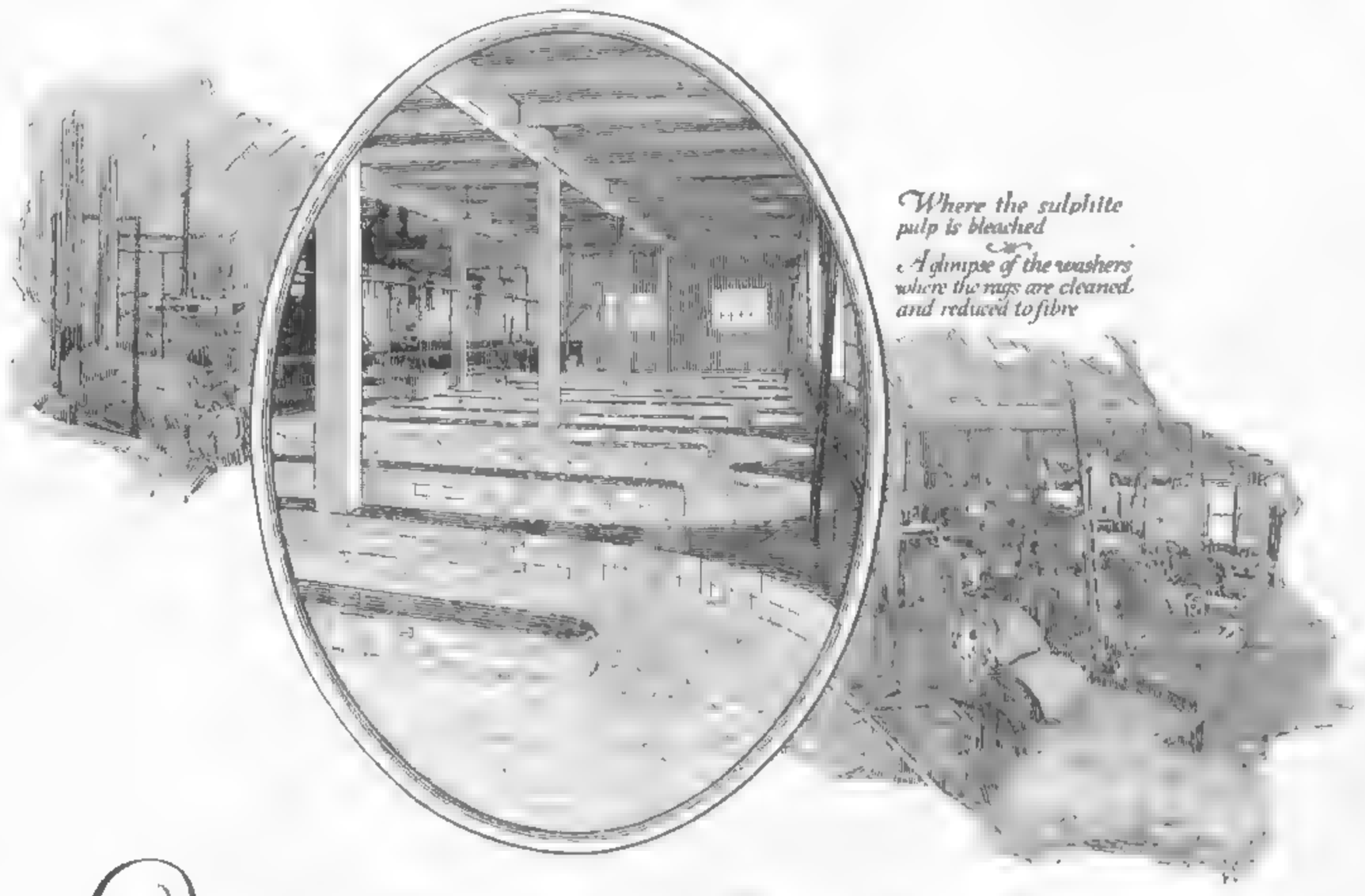
"You'll find two or three pennies in the vase there on the dresser, Ezra. Do let me have that telegram this minute."

"All right; here, you light the lamp while I go down and pay him."

At eleven o'clock the next morning Harriet Ingalls arrived at the North Station, Boston, emerged, consulted a policeman, and boarded a car marked "City Point via Charles St."

At eleven-twenty-five she was ushered into the hushed and darkened sick room, after having left her bag and wraps in the little front room over the hall.

(Continued on Page 30)



Where the sulphite pulp is bleached

A glimpse of the washers where the rags are cleaned and reduced to fibre

Quality-Controlled from the Source

PAPER making and pulp producing—the Eastern Manufacturing Co., combining these two industries, possesses special advantages for producing Systems Bond.

Two kinds of pulp combine to make Systems Bond. One is the "sulphite pulp," the product of spruce chips cooked for hours with sulphurous acid. The Eastern Manufacturing Company, with its 300,000 acres of spruce forests as the source of raw material, has developed through constant experiment a sulphite pulp without a superior. The special pulp made for Systems Bond is of unvarying quality, strength and color, year in and year out. Each process of manufacture is watched over by experts—no pulp is passed that is not strictly up to standard.

Equal care attends the making of the rag pulp, from the cleaning of the rags to the bleaching of the pulp with chlorine.

Because we control the quality of our product from the source, we can assure the paper buyer of the uniformity, strength and high grade which every sheet of Systems Bond possesses.

Systems Bond is the standard bearer of a comprehensive group of papers—a grade for every Bond and Ledger need—all produced under the same advantageous conditions—and including the well-known Pilgrim, Transcript and Atlantic marks.

Ask your printer to use Systems Bond on your next order of letter-heads. He also can obtain for you our book on "The Modern Manufacture of Writing Paper"—interesting and valuable to the paper buyer.

EASTERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY

501 Fifth Avenue New York, New York

Mills at Bangor and Lincoln, Maine

SYSTEMS BOND

"The Rag-content Loft-dried Paper at the Reasonable Price"

(Continued from Page 28)

"It's awful good of you to come, Sister Harriet," said Mary weakly. "You'll have to go right down and begin, I guess, 'cause the mealers'll begin coming in half an hour for their dinners. To-day's roast lamb. Matilda's managed to get the lamb and the other things halfway ready, so's you can take right hold. Now, when you serve up the vegetables don't serve too ——"

"Now, Mary, you just leave the serving and the stewing to me. I ain't ever run a boarding house, but I've cooked for two dozen farm hands in my day and I ain't a bit 'fraid. I'll go right down, and Matilda 'n' I will get along fine, with John here to help."

"Yes, Mary, you just let go, like the doctor said. Harriet and I and Matilda will get along all right."

And they tiptoed out.

"John," called the sick woman as the two were halfway downstairs, "don't forget to show Harriet what to do if the kitchen sink drain gets stopped up."

Things did go along all right for three days. Of course there were little ways that Harriet upset the regular system a bit, but nothing to cause any comment or any real uneasiness until the evening of the fourth day, when John happened to poke his nose into the pantry just before supper time to give things a final once-over before the mealers should begin to arrive. There on the shelf were the two rows of saucers of prunes. "Two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve, fourteen" counted John methodically and was in the act of turning away when he suddenly halted, one hand on the doorknob, and with the index finger of his other hand poised six inches above the nearest saucer of prunes counted in the half light of the pantry: "One, two, three, four, five—six!" His brow knit into a troubled frown. "Six, and at least two spoons of juice," he said half aloud.

"Sister Harriet."

"Yes, John, what is it?" said Harriet as she turned a pan of muffins in the oven.

John hesitated, a bit embarrassed as to how to begin.

"Why—the prunes—you've—you've given them six instead of five."

"Well," said Harriet, "I meant to."

"But we can't afford to, Sister Harriet. Mary figured it all out years ago. There's always just about fifty-five prunes to the pound, and that makes eleven dishes of five. We have to figure pretty close, you know, Harriet, with things costing so much. And besides, five's enough. I been meaning to speak to you about two or three things lately—nothing to amount to anything of course, only pretty important. About—well, about serving the plates and giving second helpings of meat and vegetables. Now ——"

"John Brant," said Harriet in her kindliest but firmest tone, "your wife and you asked me to come here and run this place while she was sick, and I came; and now I'm here I'm going to run it my way. I've always felt sorry for Mary's boarders about prunes since that time I spent a week down here with Ezra at the Knights of Pythias convention. An' I says to myself at the time, 'If ever I run a boarding house I'll serve six prunes to every last boarder or bust doin' it!' And what's more, I was inquiring at the store to-day, and I find I can get a bigger prune for only a cent a pound more."

"Now, Sister Harriet—now, Sister Harriet, I'm not criticizing any, am I? I was just saying that six prunes was more than most folks care for. And ——"

Just then the front-hall door opened and the two schoolteachers from Revere Street came in for supper, and John had to hustle to tie his white apron, bartender style, round his waist and slip into his black alpaca coat and hurry into the dining room. But every dish of prunes he handed out that night gave him a twinge.

"How's Harriet making out, John?" asked Mary that evening, as she had three times every day since her sister had been there.

"Oh, fine, Mary, fine! Of course there's little differences from the way you do things, but ——"

"What kind of little differences?" questioned Mary sharply.

"Oh, nothing I can think of now; nothing at all. Everything is going along fine, like I said."

"What kind of little differences?" insisted Mary.

"Oh, nothin'."

"What kind ——"

"Oh, well, for instance, about prunes."

"What about prunes?"

"Why, she was—just sayin' that she saw such lovely prunes at Weston's for only a cent a pound more. Of course I said that was out of the question, that you had it all figured out about prunes."

And with that John suddenly remembered something he had forgotten to do downstairs and hurried out of the room, breathing a sigh of relief when he reached the bottom of the stairs without being called back.

But if that evening had been a shock to John the morning of the morrow held a greater one. Saturday was roast ham day, always—just as Sunday was beef or chicken—with emphasis on the "or"; Monday, mutton; Tuesday, pork; Wednesday, New England boiled dinner; Thursday, pot roast; Friday, fish. Of course there was always an alternative of some sort, but it was generally so hopelessly and unappetizingly alternative that few ever altered.

The law of the Medes and Persians might change, but never this weekly noonday meat schedule at Brant's.

Picture, then, the astonishment with which John Brant beheld Harriet preparing two brace of rabbits for a big potpie when he walked into the kitchen on Saturday morning!

"What's those?"

"Rabbits. I'm making a potpie as a little surprise for the mealers. We've got a small hamburger loaf for those that don't like rabbit," she added, noting the look of astonishment, not to say dismay, that spread over John's face.

"But, Harriet, don't you know that Saturday's always ham?"

"Um-humph," said Harriet, carefully laying a round blanket of dough across the top of the big brown crockery baking dish containing the potpie makings and running her knife deftly round the edge to trim off the overhang. "Always. That's why we're going to have something a bit different to-day. I wrote Ezra to see if he could shoot me three or four rabbits in the wood lot across the road, and he did, and they came by express last night while you was downtown. They didn't cost anything but the express."

"But, Harriet—what'll the mealers think? Saturday's always baked ham. And what'll you do for cold ham for to-night and to-morrow's supper?"

Once again the kindly but firm expression settled on Harriet's face as she slipped the huge potpie into the oven.

"As for to-night's and to-morrow night's supper, I'll see to that, John. And as for what the mealers'll think—I'll confess I'm a bit curious about that myself. It'll be the surprise of their lives, I figure."

"But, Harriet ——"

"John Brant"—and this time there was authority in Harriet's tone—"you just look after your side of that pantry slide and I'll look after things on this side. We're serving rabbit potpie or hamburger roast to-day; and there ought to be enough of the potpie for second helpings if they're called for."

Bewildered, John Brant moseyed upstairs because there seemed no place else to go until dinner time. As he reached the top landing his wife's voice greeted him: "John, it don't seem as if I smelled the ham baking yet."

"Why, I guess the kitchen door's been closed all morning," replied John, turning and hastening downstairs again.

II

THIS chapter can best be told by Harriet's weekly letters to Ezra, and his to her:

SUNDAY NIGHT.

Dear Ezra: Well, the rabbits came all right, and I just wish you could have been here yesterday noon when the mealers came in and got a sniff of that rabbit potpie! I stepped in the pantry and stood by the slide whenever I could when John or Matilda went to serve a new mealer. And when they said "Rabbit potpie or hamburger roast?" every last one of them says "What?" They couldn't believe their ears.

And you should have just seen that potpie disappear! There wasn't a smidgen left for John, and he was so mad about it that he sulked all afternoon.

Now I wish you'd send me some lettuce from the hotbed—a whole box of it. These poor mealers never have anything green at all. Just meat and potatoes and turnips and squash and canned vegetables, week in and week out. Meat and potatoes is all right for the body, but it's always seemed to me like God intended we should have green vegetables for our souls.

I'll put aside money to pay for the lettuce, because I'm going to make this place stand on its own feet. Which reminds me, Matilda's young sister is coming for three dollars a week and her meals to help me in the kitchen. She's real smart too.

I hope Sarah Lee is looking after you all right and giving you plenty to eat. Write me right away and let me know about everything. Your busy wife,

HARRIET.

P. S. I don't see how Mary can be around inside of a month at the least. Better plan to come down to Boston for over some Sunday when you can get Horace Palin to look after the cows and the chickens.

TUESDAY NIGHT.

Dear Harriet: Sent you a box of lettuce this morning. Sorry Mary's no better. Sarah Lee is taking care of me all right. But she says she don't know what folks'll think of us two, man and woman, being here in the house together alone, even if she don't stay here nights. I jest laugh.

Can't get Horace for this week-end.

Glad you got the little girl, but do be careful not to run up Mary's expenses too high or we'll never hear the last of it. Everything is all right. Yours,

EZRA.

P. S. Your speckled pullet is laying now.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

Dear Ezra: The lettuce came Thursday and everything would of been all right if Matilda hadn't took some of it up to Mary for her dinner! Mary wanted me to come up right away and explain why we was having such extravagant food. Was I trying to ruin her? It's the first she ever realized that I might be doing things a bit different from her way, I guess.

Well, I went up after the dinner dishes was washed, and Mary and me had it out. I told her as long as I was cook I was cook and that was all there was to it. The doctor come in just then and he said Mary mustn't get worked up so 'cause it was bad for her heart—he told me one side that her spell was heart trouble—and that Mary and me had better not talk things over any more. I'm right glad he said that because Mary's got the smellingest nose in the world and she asks all sorts of questions about what I'm cooking. Tell Deacon Henderson that I guess when I get back to Centerville Sunday School our Bible Class will have to start in purifying my soul from all the white lies I've been telling lately!

Well, anyway, now I never say much of anything to Mary except good morning as I pass her door on the way downstairs mornings and good night on the way to bed, and we get along better for it.

I must tell you about what happened down at the grocery store yesterday morning. I was looking over the vegetables when a nice-looking lady came up to me and says: "Aren't you Mrs. Brant's sister?" I allowed I was, and she said she was real pleased to meet me and that her name was Gunley and she lived on Mt. Vernon Street and had several Tech boys rooming in her house. And she said she heard the boys talking upstairs the night before and they was discussing about Brant's meals since Mrs. Brant's sister had come. And she said they all vowed they was going to back up the new cook and help her to make a go of it. Said they was going to get enough fellows in to fill up the bay-window table or bust doing it. Said they wanted to prove to Mary Brant that it would pay her to give good meals. Now what do you think of that?

And she says one of the things that seems to impress the boys most is that when they have prunes they get six, instead of five like Mary always served.

I ain't sure it's their doings, but we've got four new regular mealers already! One is a Harvard Dental man and one is a Tech boy and one is a tall thin fellow that works in a printing office, and the other fellow works down at the Boston & Maine Railroad office. One of them brought a funny poet sort of a fellow with him the other night, but he didn't buy a ticket so I don't know yet whether he'll be regular or not. His names is Holmes, but I guess he's no kin to Oliver Wendell.

Poor John is so mixed up on the days of the week since I've been planning the meals that he has to ask every morning what day it is. Used to be able to tell by seeing the day's meat on the kitchen table or smelling it cooking, they was that regular in their bill of fare. I most laughed myself sick Wednesday morning when I caught him absent-minded-like putting on his overcoat at half past ten to go to church because he smelled roast beef and they never used to have roast beef any day but Sundays!

Matilda and I keep the mealers guessing all the time what they're going to have, now. Matilda says she used to hear the mealers groan when they came in noons and say, "Roast lamb again." But she says now they don't know what to expect, and when they come in and set down and look at the plates around that's already served they smile and say, "Oh! Roast lamb to-day!" And the funny part is, we don't give them anything in the meat line more than once a week different than what they've always had. It's just unexpected instead of regular, that's all. Queer, isn't it, what a little mixing around will do? She says she heard two of the Tech boys betting a new fellow that used to be a regular before Mary took sick that he couldn't tell them what meat we'd have the next noon for dinner! He said he bet he could until his prunes was served and he counted them, and then he said he guessed he wouldn't bet after all.

It took Matilda about a week to get used to my way of doing things, but now she's as interested as can be and says she dreads having Mary get well again. And I don't believe Mary will for a long time. Don't look very hopeful just now, her heart is acting up so bad.

I do hope Sarah Lee's feeding you good and keeping the kitchen tidy and neat.

Do try to come down next week-end. It's late and I'm sleepy, so good night. Lovingly,

HARRIET.

P. S. Send some more eggs; all you can spare. I'm laying aside the money for them.

TUESDAY NIGHT.

Dear Harriet: Your letter received. Glad to hear you are doing so well. Sent you four dozen eggs to-day.

Sarah Lee is taking care of me all right but she is getting fearfuller all the time of what Centerville folks may be saying about her and me being here alone days without you. She makes me tired. You'd think I was some young city seducer! But I just laugh. I don't mind so long as she feeds me as well as she does.

(Concluded on Page 162)

THE builders of the Hupmobile have earnestly applied themselves to the perfection of the four-cylinder principle.

They are proud, therefore, that eleven years of concentration and development in four-cylinder construction have produced, in *The Comfort Car*, a quality of performance which is notable among cars of all types.

A comforting absence of repairs, and a surprising economy in gasoline and tires, have given the Hupmobile a reputation everywhere as an *extraordinarily* good car.

DISSTON

The Saws Used Exclusively by Many of the World's Largest Saw Mills

Each year finds a greater number of the leading saw mills of the world using DISSTON SAWS exclusively.

The high quality of DISSTON Band, Circular and Gang Saws is proven by the excellent results obtained in the actual work.

Made of DISSTON CRUCIBLE Steel, the product of the DISSTON SteelWorks, of a toughness, strength and elasticity unsurpassed. Low cost of lumber production and small repair bills are natural results.

DISSTON SAWS have been the leaders for nearly eighty years. When values are compared and saw mill operators find their preference backed up by the experience of others, the immense growth of this industry, which is now the largest saw manufacturing business in the world, is readily explained.

When you need a saw, no matter what purpose it is for, buy a DISSTON which is backed up by the long favorable DISSTON record for QUALITY, VALUE and SERVICE.

Henry Disston & Sons, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

"America's Longest Established Makers of Hand Saws, Cross Cut Saws, Band Saws, Circular Saws and Tools"

Chicago Cincinnati Boston San Francisco New Orleans Memphis Seattle Portland, Ore. Bangor, Me. Vancouver, B. C. Sydney, Australia

CANADIAN WORKS: TORONTO, CANADA

DISSTON SAWS AND TOOLS Standard for Nearly Eighty Years—and Growing Faster Every Year

A FORTUNE IN OIL

By Everett Rhodes Castle

I WANT you to know before I tell you the story about the index and middle fingers of John Henry Birmingham, which were stained with yellow, that his eyes were the kindest blue eyes that ever looked straight at you. I want you to know this at the very beginning so that you may say, in common with the rest of the office force of the Marvel Underwear Company, that you knew all along there was some good in the boy if somebody would only take the trouble to bring it out.

And of all the people in this wide, wide world, who would ever have picked out little Dorothy Dickson, the shy retiring little mouse, with her wide staring eyes and plainly combed hair, to be the person to accomplish the task? Surely no one in the office of the Marvel Underwear Company, least of all Charlie Sanderson, who was assistant chief clerk and had a telephone on his desk to use at will. Charlie wore pepper-and-salt business suits and banked exactly twenty-six per cent of his weekly wage each Monday morning at the J to S window of the Bigburg Trust Company. Charlie was a plodder and in the same breath a comer. Old Seeley with his nearsighted squint had often referred to him in the presence of the office force as "my able assistant and future chief clerk." And Charlie was nice too, in a harsh, abrupt way, which he seemed to think went with the pepper-and-salt business suit and the private telephone.

And likewise everyone in the office, with the possible exception of Seeley, knew that when it came to women Charlie had heart, eyes and halting favors for shy little Dorothy Dickson only. And Dorothy knew it too. Not that Charlie allowed the affair of his heart to interfere with the affairs of the Marvel Underwear Company. Not at all. During office hours he spoke to her with the same pleasantly harsh intonation he used to inquire the credit balance of Singer, Palmer & Slade, of Toledo, Ohio, from the bookkeeper.

But the entire office, with the possible exception of Seely of course, knew that Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday evenings the assistant chief clerk of the Marvel Underwear Company took the street car out to the end of the Pine Avenue line and spent the evening under the cozy glow of the Dickson parlor lamp. Occasionally the two journeyed forth to the neighborhood movie, but not too often—not quite so often as Dorothy might wish; in fact, we might as well come right out about it and admit that it was not nearly so often as Dorothy wished.

Not that Charlie was tight—not that exactly. He was looking ahead, he told Father Dickson gravely; and Father Dickson nodded ponderous approval. Mrs. Dickson also approved of the frugality of the assistant chief clerk.

"It's these steady saving young men that get somewhere in life," said Mrs. Dickson.

"Yes," said little Dorothy dutifully.

"None of these smart-Alecky boys," growled Dickson, senior.

"Yes," said little Dorothy dutifully.

"All dressed up in check suits an' silk socks, an' not a jingle in their pockets."

"Yes."

Mrs. Dickson folded her hands and smiled contentedly. Papa Dickson nodded ponderous acquiescence.

But I started out to tell you about John Henry Birmingham and the middle and index Birmingham fingers, which were stained with yellow.

The assistant chief clerk had not approved of John Henry Birmingham from the first. In the first place he was too good looking and his hair seemed so well brushed and curly as to be hardly manly. And he wore light-colored suits. And in smiling his teeth seemed to gleam in a way that may have been hard for some people to resist, but not Charlie. Charlie knew his kind. Good looking, useless, debonair, careless, chronically broke, always happy; in short—bitterly—a probable down-and-outer at forty-five.

"One of those kind," he explained bitterly to Old Seeley, "that you see in the movies. But in the movies they're always the hero and win the daughter of the rich old banker—only in real life they end up by being bill collectors or something like that."

Old Seeley shook his head approvingly. "That's right, Charlie," he applauded. "Keep a good level head on your shoulders. These good-looking smily boys ——" He shook his head sadly.

"They're fools," said his assistant. "Of course, if he was in any other department than the sales, where all that glad-hand stuff goes, he'd be ——" Mr. Sanderson snapped his fingers indicatively.

"Sure," said his chief.

"You know his salary is only twenty-five dollars a week, and he goes round wearing clothes and smiling and singing as if he made a hundred."

"We put in thirty dollars a week—for about a year—and then the dividends will begin to come in"

And that night, which happened to be Monday, a late-afternoon drizzle had set in just before five o'clock—a wet, cold drizzle that is peculiar to the Great Lakes section in spring. Its clammy dampness sent the dark Oxford-gray coat collar belonging to Charlie Sanderson up round his thin ears as he stepped from the shelter of the Permanent Building at five-thirty. For five minutes he stood watching the gray dripping blotches hurrying by. The dim yellow of the car windows, already lighted, invited with a warmth that was not. As he stood, undecided, the new assistant in the sales manager's office came out and nodded pleasantly.

"Great weather for ducks," he chuckled.

"Yeh."

"Cigarette?"

"No"—with a slight frown.

"Oh, well; ta, ta!"

With an airy smile he was moving out into the drizzle for a street car. A few moments later he was part of the black mass that surged about the door of an uptown car.

With a smile of decision the assistant chief clerk drew the light coat collar closer about his neck and stepped out into the mist. It was a good half hour's walk—and the drizzle already made itself felt through the light cloth. But Sanderson smiled—almost happily. It was only a nickel, to be sure—but a penny saved was a penny earned!

And the smart Aleck had spent a nickel just to ride three blocks!

II

AT FIRST Sanderson objected to the other merely on general principles. He was the type that seemed to react with the irritation of a low fever on Sanderson's nerves. He was all that Sanderson believed an ambitious young man should not be: His shoes, which were often tan instead of the black vici kid, which were shined so easily at home; his shirt, which had those fancy double cuffs and soft collars instead of the neat stiffness of pleated bosoms. And then he took copies of both evening papers, just as if the news was different. It—it was only a matter of two cents, to be sure—but from small beginnings ——

All this, however, shortly after the advent of the unbusinesslike tan shoes and soft shirts. Birmingham was a smart Aleck riding to his cropper, and Sanderson for one was willing to sit smilingly by and watch Destiny work out his predictions. As yet there was nothing personal in it—well, except perhaps the fancy twenty-cents-a-box cigarettes which Birmingham smoked so prodigally. Sanderson did not smoke; not that he objected to the weed itself so much ——

And then very suddenly it became a personal matter—a very personal matter with the assistant chief clerk. For the smart Aleck had suddenly taken notice of little Dorothy Dickson as she pattered away at her typing. In point of fact he stopped and resting one slim thigh across the polished golden oak of her desk spoke pleasantly of the weather and the good-looking waist she wore in an admiring way that sent a vivid dimpling flush to the girl's face.

"You're nice," he said, and smiled again.

Down the aisle Sanderson coughed dryly—warningly.

"Yes?" Then the smile and the blush died as the cough came down the aisle.

But it did not seem to bother young Mr. Birmingham in the slightest.

"Did you ever hear of the heart of the cider?" he asked irrelevantly.

"No"—with a side glance from under the long lashes down the aisle.

A ruler tumbled off the assistant chief clerk's desk with a commanding clatter. But Mr. Birmingham did not seem to notice it.

"You take a barrel of sweet cider," he continued, "and place it out in the winter air. Now as the liquid freezes the sweetness contracts until—in the very center of the barrel is about a cupful of concentrated sweetness that never freezes."

"Oh." In spite of the clattering ruler she couldn't help, being after all a woman as well as a typist of business letters, asking him the connection.

"You and the rest of the accounting department," young Mr. Birmingham said meaningly.

And then Sanderson stepped with catlike quiet to the side of the desk. The smile of appreciation died on the girl's lips. Sanderson's mouth was set with a smile of grim satisfaction. At least this was in the department under his partial direction. Birmingham did not move.

"It may be all right to sit round and play Romeo in the sales department," Sanderson stated, "but in the accounting department there is work to be done, so"—with a touch of bitterness—"if Miss Dickson will excuse you, why ——"

Birmingham grinned. "Don't let me keep you."

"You—ain't"—furiously.

Young Mr. Birmingham stepped slowly down and stretched himself good-humoredly. "We always have a few leisurely moments in the sales," he said; and then, with a smile toward the girl: "We're—we're fast workers."

"Huh?" sneered Sanderson, who did not understand.

"Ta, ta, Simon Legree," sang Mr. Birmingham loud enough for the three nearest typists to hear.

Clenching his hands Sanderson walked back.

But this is not a story of the infernal triangle. It is not the story of the well-dressed slicker who tried in vain to put it over on rugged, plugging, honest old diamond in the rough. There is no intention to drag out the question of who gets the girl. It is not a story of any of these. We might just as well be brutal here, at the very beginning. So ——

It took young Mr. John Henry Birmingham just two weeks and thirteen moving-picture shows to set the accounting department to whispering and the Dickson home to glowering. Just two weeks to send that look of spring moonlight into the girl's eyes when the door from the sales department opened. And the accounting department thoroughly enjoyed the situation, for despite the fact that the aged Seeley continually referred to Sanderson as "my successor" the office force did not warm to him.

"I always knew," whispered Stiggers, A to F ledger, "that the first guy who came along an' spent a nickel on her would beat our ol' friend's time all hollow."

"It's a rummy go, ain't it?" agreed Higgins, from F to J. "First it's a guy that wouldn't spend a nickel to see an earthquake, and next it's a guy that spends all his nickels doing it—an' there you are."

"What Dorothy oughta' do," said Stiggers, "is to fix up some kind of a combination of the two an'—He, he—and marry it."

Higgins nodded. "He certainly is the millionaire baby—without the million."

"Shines his shoes every day."

"He, he! Reads the stock page. Can ya' beat it for gall? The four-flusher!"

Snickering, the two looked down the aisle to where the diminutive Dorothy pattered away at her typing. Higgins shook his shock head with elaborate sadness. Stiggers

snickered. "Poor little fathead," he said. "Whether it comes up black or red, she jus' naturally loses."

But at the Dickson home nothing was snickered at or spoken of behind ledgers.

"Where's Charlie?" demanded Dickson, pater, on the first Tuesday of Sanderson's absence.

"He isn't coming."

"Why?"

"Mr. Birmingham is coming out to take me to the picture show."

"Who?"

"Mr. Birmingham."

"So." Papa Dickson's heavy bulbous frame seemed fairly to bounce with emotion. "You've fallen for the curly locks an' the violet manners, huh? You think that nothing is like a pair of shiny shoes an' a talcum-powder face an' pants pressed like razor blades, huh? You ——"

"Papa ——"

"You think he looks just like all this moving-picture foolishness. Romantic! Psh!" Papa Dickson snapped two fleshy fingers in contempt of such reasoning. "Wait till you get married. Wait till the rent bills come in, an' the grocery bills, an' the butcher an' the doctor an'— an' ——"

"Please, papa, you ——"

"You see then whether curly hair an' well-pressed pants will pay the bills. You just see! Now take Charlie—there's a boy that hasn't any violet manners an' maybe his pants aren't like razor edges, but there's a boy that knows that every penny counts."

"He's—he's stingy"—tearfully.

"Yes? Well, what if he is? What would you rather have: A husband with nice violet manners an' everything; or a husband who has saved enough money to start life right an' pay his bills every month?"

"And he's too old."

"Too old? Since when is thirty-two too old? Sure, he ain't no twenty-five-year-old boy with peach fuzz instead of a beard. Sure he ain't! But just the samee he knows all the responsibilities ——"

"Sure he does!" The girl's face flamed up. "Sure he is a saver! Sure he'll always scrape along. Sure he will—and none of the other things count. He may be mean an' tight an' old enough to be my father, but still you ——"

"I am looking out for your best interests."

She was less tearful now and the blaze was gone. In its place the youthful superiority of twenty-one was manifest. She smiled tolerantly.

"Maybe you are," she said, "but just the same you may be interested to know that Mr. Birmingham will probably be able to marry an' build a house all of his own—within two months probably."

"Talk! Rubbish! Nobody but a young ——"

"An' furthermore when he does," Dorothy blazed defiantly, "we're going to get married right away."

"He never will," asserted Papa Dickson. "Charlie tells me he never saved a cent in his life."

"A lot Charlie knows! He ——"

"He knows enough to save ——"

"Well ——"

"Please," pleaded Mother Dickson tearfully.

III

AT FIRST it was the most perfectly wonderful thing in the world. Lying back, corn-colored head nestled into the well-defined crease in Henry's best checkered suit, Dorothy couldn't help wondering why in the world it was that other young couples, standing hand in hand on the brink of matrimony, had not discovered it. Apparently there was no secret about it. Perhaps it was because other males lacked the natural business ability that Henry possessed so abundantly. This was probably it. Take, for instance, the personal way in which the president of the company had written Henry in the first place in order to let him in on the ground floor, as the letter had it.

How they thanked their lucky stars that the president of the company had found Henry out.

"Just think," murmured Dorothy, boring closer into the checkered crease, "what chance in the world would we have had to get married an' shut father up that way if you hadn't received that letter! How in the world do you suppose he ever got your name?"

But Henry was a modest chap. "Maybe somebody told him about me," he suggested; "or else I ran into him somewhere or other an' made an impression on him."

"When we get the money"—how the blue eyes did brighten—"we must send him an invitation to the wedding. Just think, he let us in on the ground floor!"

Henry nodded. "That's right," he said, and fingered the letter that lay so snugly within his inside pocket. A few moments later they went through the usual evening party of reading it again while Dorothy patted his shoulder and cooed at the wonder of it all.

HENRY J. SCHMOOS
SPECIALIZING IN OPPORTUNITIES THAT COUNT
LARGE PROFITS ON SMALL INVESTMENTS
SELECT THE BEST MONEY WILL BUY

My Dear Mr. Birmingham: Your name has been given to me as one which is open to real opportunities. Now——

There has been but one thing that has held back the "BIGGEST OIL BOOM" the United States has ever seen, and that was the bad condition of the roads in the Tonopex District owing to a very unusual amount of snow and rain late in the season, which had delayed the hauling of hundreds of drilling rigs to the OIL LANDS.

They are on their way now and many have been delivered and set up. When the reports of the OIL STRIKES begin to come in [and this should be within the next few weeks] watch THE MARKET ON TONOPEX OIL STOCKS. They are bound to go up in leaps and jumps. BIG MONEY will be made overnight. Profit taking on QUICK TURNS will create an excitement that will spread quickly and this is the time to prepare for a prosperous future by buying your STOCKS NOW.

I will not be surprised to see some of the five-cent shares go to one dollar in three months. I look for a new record of the higher-priced shares too. I advise taking on all the five-cent shares YOU CAN POSSIBLY CARRY! It looks like an unusual proposition and I believe it is going to be an exceptionally BIG MONEY MAKER for YOU if you get IN NOW. Can deliver this stock for five cents a share cash, subject to previous sale. Company is not quoting this stock at less than twenty-five cents a share. Buy a few hundred shares and hold it. Fifteen per cent discount for cash with order. Send all orders direct to this office.

Yours for opportunity and profit,
HENRY J. SCHMOOS.

Dorothy sighed happily. "Isn't it just too wonderful!" she whispered. "Why, just think, in five months—or, dear, was it three?—we will have five hundred dollars all of our own for just twenty-five."

"That's keen business," said Henry crisply. A stockholder is always crisp.

"An' to think the stingy old company is already asking twenty cents for the very same stock."

"Bloated bloodsuckers," said Henry curtly.

"An' then by the time the three—or is it five, dear?—months are up we will have nearly twenty-five more to put in—an' then it will soon be a thousand."

"Schmoos is a regular guy," said Henry with the easy familiarity of an old friend.

"An' to think how we'll have the laugh on father an' the office an'—an' ——"

"Sure!" agreed Henry.

"Oh dear"—rapturously.

Ten minutes later they started out for the neighborhood moving-picture theater. All seats were fifteen cents with the exception of a row of wicker chairs in the rear. These were twenty-five cents. With curt nonchalance Henry said: "Two boxes, please."

Dorothy smiled up at her great big handsome boy, but a touch of housewifely frugality tinged her words.

"Oh, you extravagant boy," she whispered as they walked into the darkness beyond. "Remember you mustn't forget: 'Come easy, go easy.'"

Henry smiled fondly in the darkness and patted the little hand which had tightened about his arm.

IV

THREE months amount to practically nothing when the robins are singing in Capitol Park, and so Henry and Dorothy could hardly believe the time had come when the friendly Mr. Schmoos would be ready to sell their stock for five hundred dollars.

"We can soon begin looking round for some nice little place, which only needs a down payment of five hundred dollars," said Dorothy.

Henry only nodded absently, for he was busy figuring on the back of a market letter furnished by a New York broker the amount of capital necessary to swing ten thousand shares of Great Bear Oil at eighteen cents a share. Also the profit on this amount at a ten-cent advance in five days—an advance, according to the brokerage letter, that was practically a certainty. "Yeh," he said.

"About five rooms—an' the porch on the side is so much newer and better looking."

"One thousand profit," said Henry absently, "and by spreading that thousand out among Royal Aconanda, Buck Crude, Consolidated American Oil and Jupiter Oil and Refining a profit of ——"

Dorothy pouted, prettily but determinedly. "For—for the last three months all you seem to be able to think of is oil—oil—oil!" she complained, and toyed with restless fingers, using the market letter upon which Henry had been figuring. Indeed, we may as well admit she had snatched the letter in playful remonstrance from his grasp. "You—you don't seem to think of me at all," she finished.

"Aw," said Henry, and reached for the letter.

But Dorothy insisted on keeping the paper; not that she was really angry, of course, but surely he could forget his figuring long enough to remember that he was engaged and that ——

Idly her fingers turned the pages of the report until on the very last page a headline attracted her notice. This was natural enough, if the newspaper humorists are to be believed, for the words were "Weekly Bargain List."

More from force of habit than anything else she read the introduction. "We have on hand and listed for sale the following stocks and offer same subject to prior sale and for prompt delivery. Mail your orders at our expense." She read on: "1000 Great Amalgamated Oil, $0.01; 5,000 Big Dog Creek, $0.00½; 10,000 P. X. Q. Refining, $0.02; 15,000 ——"

The line seemed to dance out from the page in crazy twisting letters that grew on her perspective until they blotted out the entire page.

"15,000 Tonopex District Refining, $0.00⅞."

Lazily the letter drifted to the floor. Seven-eighths of a cent! And the kind Mr. Schmoos had said a dollar a share was almost a certainty.

"Oh Hen!" she cried and groped blindly for his arms. "It's—it's all gone; and papa and the office and the little house an'—an' ——"

When Henry had soothed the convulsive sobs that shook her tiny frame and found out what had happened to their wonderful little daydream he did not cry out or bury his head in his good-looking hands as the ruined financiers did in the moving pictures.

For a moment he said nothing. Then he smiled—rather wanly it is true.

"I don't believe it," he said bravely, but his words seemed curiously detached, as if his mind was far afield. "I'll write to Schmoos to-night and find out all about it." He patted her Georgette shoulder tenderly, and his words became more eager, more interested. "What do we care, honey?" he said. "It won't mean any delay—hardly. Look-a-here. For thirty dollars I can margin nine thousand shares of these four different companies that are now all real producers in the Empire Oil District—that's a whole lot better district than the Tonopex anyway—we oughta make six hundred dollars easy an' ——"

But a dull film seemed to have covered the eagerness which had always glowed at the prospect of what six hundred dollars would mean.

"We—we haven't the money to put into it," she objected.

"Sure we have." He patted the shoulder again. "We can put it back in no time, and then in three or four months ——"

"Never!" cried Dorothy. "You—you promised that we—we—we never would spend any of the money we were saving for furniture for—for any—anything else."

"But, honey ——"

"It—it—will go just where—the other went. I—I ——" Then with sudden vehemence: "Dirty slimy oil, I hate it! I hate it!"

"But, hon, listen ——"

"No."

But in the end he won. It was a rather long-drawn-out affair and at the end Henry felt a trifle guilty. She had ceased crying but the big blue eyes were still wet and quivering. Henry really loved those eyes and he wouldn't for the world see them wet and quivery—except that in this case he was absolutely sure. The drilling rigs were all in and even if one company did fall down, why, the three others —— This cheered Henry up a trifle. He even managed to smile cheerfully.

"Don't you worry, hon," he petted her. "Maybe this Tonopex stuff is all wrong too, an' the stock may be worth a dollar or so, just like Schmoos said in his letter. I'll write to him to-night, an' in the meantime this new proposition will more than make up—if—if the other does fall down."

Dorothy tried—oh, so very hard—to nod cheerfully but that night when the wet corn hair tossed about on her pillow she whispered brokenly into the darkness: "Oh, why did we? Why? Why couldn't we be content to save—save just like ordinary folks?"

And the darkness did not whisper back, as it might have, that many and many a man and woman had tossed about on wet pillows and asked the darkness the same question.

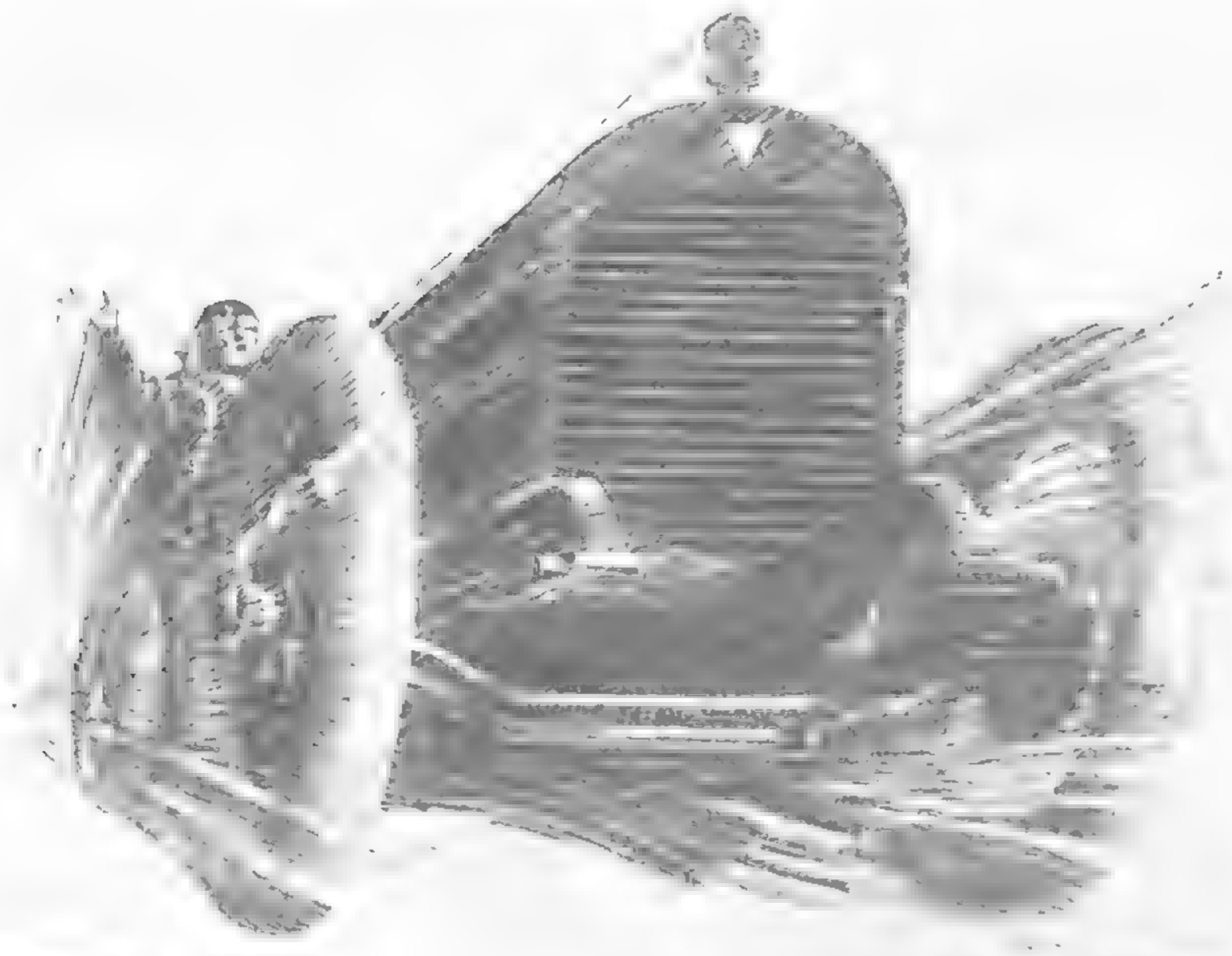
Three days later two letters arrived from Mr. Henry J. Schmoos on his imposing blue engraved stationery. They were mailed to the office and came just before lunch time. Henry saved them until the rest of the office had gone to lunch.

Then with Dorothy palpitating beside him he opened the first one. It read as follows.

My dear Mr. Birmingham: I have just returned from an inspection trip to the Black Bear District. Here is a new district that I think merits the attention of every shrewd investor like yourself. [Henry stopped to let that last have its complete effect.] I am only sorry that I couldn't tip you and the rest of my customers sooner as only within the last week Black Bear Oil and Gas has jumped from 45 cents to round 92, and Muddy Lake, a subsidiary company in the same district, from 19 cents to 27, so you can readily understand that the oil boom in this district has arrived and see the wisdom of taking advantage of present prices.

Of course the entire oil list is moving upwards and I believe you will make money buying any oil stock that I am now trading in, but you might as well have those with real merit behind them. My trip to the Black Bear District was a hard one and a costly one but it was worth it and then some. Let me hear from you and if you really want my advice, you will go the limit in buying to the last

(Continued on Page 37)



You may recognize this illustration as being one used two years ago in connection with Hudson Super-Six trials on the speedway

Endurance Proved in Every Way

First on the Speedway, Now by 60,000 Users, the Hudson Super-Six Continues the Unmatched Car

You remember how the Hudson Super-Six made its first records of power and endurance.

It was on the speedway, in tests against time and for long sustained performance. It brought the attention of the entire motoring world, both in this country and abroad, to its exclusive motor which increases automobile endurance by minimizing vibration.

A Hudson Super-Six stock chassis made the fastest mile, at the rate of 102½ miles an hour. It went 1819 miles in 24 hours, driven all the way by one man, because its freedom from vibration lessened the fatigue that ordinarily would have made such a feat impossible.

A Hudson Super-Six touring car went from San Francisco to San Francisco, via New York, 7,000 miles, in 10 days and 21 hours. Making it in faster time each way than any other automobile has ever made it. Numerous attempts have since been made to lower the time, but as in all other tests for endurance, for performance and even in the matter of sales of fine cars, the Hudson Super-Six continues to lead.

Now 60,000 Hudson Super-Sixes Give Further Proof

Those records are just as important now in their influence in your choice of a car as they were at the time they were made.

Then there was no other way in which quickly to prove endurance. So in the racking grind of the speedway it was necessary to learn in a few hours what might be expected from years of ordinary service. Those records, for the most part unmatched by any other car, are now confirmed by the daily performance of 60,000 Hudson Super-Sixes.

In Hudson performance and endurance there can be no uncertainty. No other car ever so thoroughly established itself. Today when you choose a motor car you can turn to the Hudson with a positive knowledge of its value that applies to no other.

Three Years Have Added to Its Prestige and Value

And think of the improvements made in Hudsons during the past three years. Greater strength, refinements developed to the highest degree and a line of body types to choose from that have served as patterns for the entire industry.

Hudson Motor Car Company

Detroit, Mich.

(1028)

HERCULES POWDER CO.

Our New Merchant Marine

SIXTY years ago war helped to destroy our maritime commerce. The War just ended has revitalized it.

The dawn of a new era is at hand. Again, as in the days of our matchless clipper ships, American anchors will seek bottom in every port. Again American made ships flying the American flag will carry American made goods to the ends of the earth.

In the days of our former supremacy on the Seven Seas it was the woodman's axe which put at the disposal of our ship builders the material from which our ships were fashioned. Today a stick of dynamite used by the miner takes the place of the axe.

The huge tonnage of steel ships launched along our coasts during the past year is due largely to the fact that metals are mined with dynamite instead of by hand for as steel has succeeded wood for ship building so has the use of dynamite succeeded many crude and laborious methods formerly employed not only in mining but also in engineering, construction and agricultural work.

The Hercules Powder Co. takes pride in the part its products have played and will play in the building of our new merchant marine.

Hercules Powders are used very extensively in the mines of the United States. And from these mines come the metals with which our ships are built. More than that—from these mines comes the coal which drives our ships and to a large extent the cargoes which the ships carry.

HERCULES POWDER CO.

Chicago, Pittsburg, Kan., San Francisco, Chattanooga, St. Louis, Denver, Salt Lake City, Pittsburgh, Pa., New York, Hazleton, Pa., Joplin, Wilmington, Del.

(Continued from Page 34)

dollar you can dig up—if you buy wisely, you can be safe and you can be safe if you take my advice. Yours for more profit.

"HENRY J. SCHMOOS.

"P. S. Have written you on the Tonopex matter in another letter."

The other letter read:

"*My dear Mr. Birmingham:* Yes, it is unfortunately true that Tonopex is down temporarily, but this does not mean that the stock which you purchased at five cents will not bring you a handsome profit!

"This field is good and I am sure will bring good returns some day, but in that does not lie your present opportunity as a large increase may not come for a long time. Here is your way to make money on what is now apparently a loss! Buy ten thousand or more shares at the present market and average your entire price down so that when there is a slight rise—and it may come any hour—you can sell out at a profit.

"Wire your buying order at my expense now. Very truly yours,

"HENRY J. SCHMOOS."

"You see!" cried Henry triumphantly. "Didn't I tell you that we probably hadn't lost anything? Didn't I tell you, hon, that this guy Schmoos wasn't the thief you said he was? Didn't I, now, hon? Why, you see now all we have to do is buy ten thousand more shares—an' ——"

There was a determined angle to Dorothy's well-shaped little jaw. "But it didn't say anything in the letter about the stock going to a dollar a share," she said.

"Oh, well! Anybody is liable to make mistakes! But Schmoos is all right. He's showing us how we can not only save what you were so sure was lost money—but make some besides."

"And spend some more with him"—grimly.

"Aw," said Henry, "when you get an idea in your head—you—you never give it up."

"Yes I do"—decidedly.

"What?" demanded Henry.

"That we're going to get rich in a hurry," said Dorothy.

V

IT TOOK just three weeks following the arrival of Mr. Schmoos' two letters for the entire accounting department to find out that the best joke in the world concerned John Henry Birmingham, called Henry, and his financial operations. The thing began innocently enough by Henry's tipping of Stiggers, with the disinterestedness of a true friend, that he could make the price of his long-desired and eloquently expressed wish for a flivver by buying ten or fifteen thousand shares of Black Bear on a ten per cent margin.

"How?" demanded Stiggers.

For twenty minutes Henry earnestly answered the question. He quoted market reports, which he now received regularly from at least a dozen brokers. He spoke quickly and glibly concerning spudding and rigs and other things he had become familiar with in reading the two oil papers which he had subscribed for. "And the best part of it all is," he finished, "you can't lose, because this man Schmoos is a friend of mine and he wouldn't stand for it."

In proof Henry told Stiggers of the Tonopex incident.

Stiggers laughed loudly. "An' you mean to tell me," he snickered, "that after he told you it would go to a dollar a share an' instead it went down to a coupla pennies—you—you still fell for his gold-brick game! Why, you poor hick ——"

Henry flushed a dull red. "You don't understand," he explained, trying hard to keep the rising anger from his voice. "When he saw I couldn't make any money that way he showed how by ——"

"By buying ten thousand more ——"

"Well?"—truculently.

"Throwing good money after bad."

"You make me sick!" Henry blazed. "Your eyes can't see over the bridge of your nose—an' then you wonder why you never get anywhere."

He started to walk away.

"Maybe I can't," Stiggers called after him, "but I ain't paid eighty-five dollars for a hunk of the moon yet."

And so it began. Somebody started the name, Coal Oil Johnny, because his first name really was John. The rest of the office adopted it in jig time. That is, everyone but Dorothy. Charlie Sanderson in particular seemed to take active delight in rubbing the salt of ridicule into the already wounded Birmingham vanity.

"How's the market this morning, Mr. Morgan?" he would inquire with elaborate deference: and then as the other passed stonily on to the sales department: "Oh, is that so, sir! Oh fine! Would it be too much trouble for you, sir, to buy me fifty thousand shares of the Big Dipper at the market?"

"Oh-oh, Johnny," Stiggers would shrill, "how's Amalgamated Moon Common today? He, he! It was high last night."

At first Dorothy was glad of all this barbed raillery, much as it hurt her to see her big handsome boy the target of a group of cheap bookkeepers. She hoped it would wean him from that inevitable and constant figuring of future profits and increased production and new drillings and the dozen other things that she couldn't understand.

At home, too, the news had drifted about, and Father Dickson continually kept remarking that now that the three months were up the new house oughta be about finished.

And Dorothy could only flush and bite her lip and cry into the pillow after Henry, whistling optimistically, had left.

And then came a great evening. Henry had not appeared in the accounting department all afternoon. At five-twenty, face aglow, he popped out.

"Throw your hat in the air and give three cheers," he whispered shrilly. "Call out the guard and sing The Star-Spangled Banner three times! Call out the fire department an' —— Oh girl! It'll be a great night for the Irish to-night!"

"Oh Hen, the"—credulity, unbelief, joy, hope, like sun and rain they went chasing helter-skelter across her face—"you—you mean—at last—the oil ——"

Henry laughed—a, trifle uncertainly. "No," he said. "It's Farmington, the boss. He just told me I could have a chance at being his assistant; at—at forty dollars a week!"

What a glorious moment it was. The girl slumped back as far as her stiff little stool would permit and forgot the Marvel Underwear Company and Charlie Sanderson's peering hostile eyes in the great blinding light of dreams come true.

"Oh Hen," she whispered after a moment, "isn't it simply wonderful! Just think! Now we don't have to depend on those old oil wells—or anything. Why, with you—and me—we can save nearly thirty dollars a week. And why, Hen! Why, in less than a year we can have the little side porch and ——"

Henry was nodding, happily but absently.

"Sure," he assented; "and I was just thinking—why, we won't have to wait that long, because if I take that thirty and put it into Black Bear—why—why in two months we can be living like—like fairy princes."

It was then, after the first sickening effects of her disappointment had worn off, that Dorothy decided to take the bit between her small gleaming teeth and fight.

"We—we'll go out to dinner to-night an'—an' celebrate," said Henry fondly.

"No," said Dorothy, "I have to stay here for a while to-night. You come after supper."

"All right, hon," whispered Henry. "I wanta stop down the street and see what Black Bear closed at on the curb."

Dorothy nodded briefly. "Good-by."

"Good-by," said Henry.

Ten minutes later she was facing Henry's boss across that gentleman's polished mahogany desk.

"I—I am Dorothy Dickson," she told him. "I—I am a stenographer in the accounting department."

"Yes?" said Henry's boss kindly.

"I—I am engaged to Mr. Birmingham."

The sales manager smiled and stretched a friendly hand across the desk. "I'm glad to hear it," he said. "I am sure he has made a good choice. And now that he is going to be my assistant I suppose the wedding bells will take away one of the accounting-department stenographers?"

Dorothy bowed her head. "It was about that—that I wanted to see you," she whispered.

"Go right ahead."

"Henry—Henry is—why, Mr. Farmington, he is simply wonderful—only—only he has one fault."

"Most men," said Mr. Farmington, "have heaps more than that."

Dorothy blushed happily. "I mean," she began, and started to tell him. For twenty

Look for the Willson Goggle Display Case on your dealer's counter or in his window.

It contains Willson Goggles for practically every occasion where goggles are needed; for play for work—for rest.

Each Willson model is correctly designed and reasonably priced. In fact, the WILLSON name is your positive assurance that the goggle fits right and looks right.

Be sure to look for the Willson Display Case. Then select the particular "Willson" that strikes your fancy and meets your need.

Goggles for every need in work, rest or play.

T. A. WILLSON & CO., Inc., Reading, Pa.
Makers of Optical Goods Since 1870
Canadian Office, 23 Scott Street, Toronto

The MILLER UTILITY LAMP for $2.75 in U.S.A.

This splendid utility lamp is just what the name implies. It is convenient for desk, table or boudoir—is easily adjusted, and takes but little space. Choice is offered of the four following finishes: antique bronze, royal brown, Grecian antique and Etruscan bronze. One of these will harmonize with any home or office environment. The low price is made possible by the large orders placed by the Public Service Companies whose names are here listed. You can buy it at their sales rooms, or order from them by mail, enclosing ten cents additional for parcel post.

Commonwealth Edison Co., Chicago, Ill
Consolidated Gas, Electric Light and Power Co., Baltimore, Md.
Subsidiaries of Henry L. Doherty & Co., In various cities
Eastern Shore Gas and Electric Co. In various cities
Brooklyn Edison Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Edison Electric Illuminating Co. of Boston, Boston, Mass.
The Electric Shop, Providence, R. I.
The Hartford Electric Light Co., Hartford, Conn.
Indianapolis Light & Heat Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Kansas City Light & Power Co., Kansas City, Mo.
Nashville Railway & Light Co., Nashville, Tenn.
Nebraska Power Co., Omaha, Nebraska
Penn Central Light & Power Co. In various cities
United Gas & Electric Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
Potomac Electric Power Co., Washington, D. C.
Public Service Electric Co., In various cities in New Jersey
Public Service Co., In various cities in Northern Illinois
Union Electric Light & Power Co., St. Louis, Mo.
United Electric Light & Power Co., New York City

Canadian Distributors
Canadian General Electric Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

MILLER LAMPS — Edward Miller & Company, Meriden, Connecticut — MILLER LAMPS

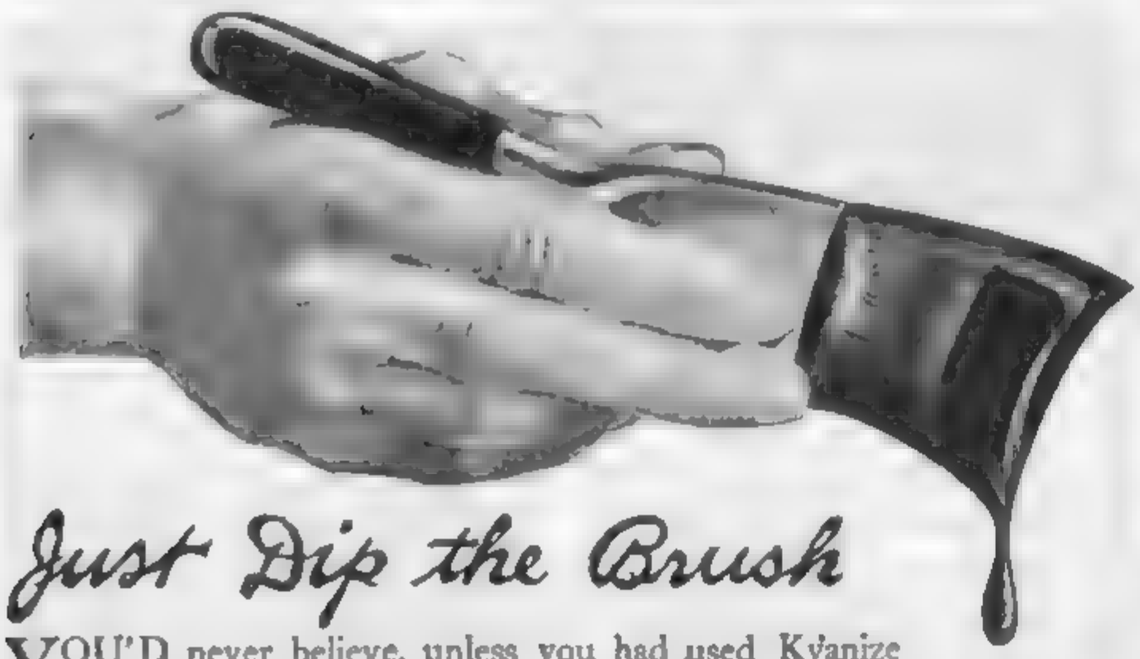
Ivory Garters Stop Leg-Fret

You're done with teasing and fretting your legs when you slip on a pair of Ivory Garters mornings. You forget you have them on 'til it's time to take them off, so easily, smoothly, and smartly do they hold up your socks all day.

Ivory Garters send you home fresher because they free you from unnecessary binding and chafing below the knees. There's no metal to chew or rust in them. They're cool. No pads. Light as a silk sock, they last long and keep your legs young.

Stores that sell men's wear sell them.

IVORY GARTER CO.
New Orleans, U. S. A.



Just Dip the Brush

YOU'D never believe, unless you had used Kyanize Varnishes and Enamels, that so much satisfaction could come with so little effort.

Kyanize
KY-AN-IZE

SANITARY FLOOR ENAMEL

Ends the problem of old painted floors. This master Kyanize Product goes on to your battered or old soft wood floor with the greatest ease; dries overnight with a waterproof gloss that stands repeated washings without dimming. Will not stick to the furniture. Made in eight attractive fade-proof colors.

Write for our beautifully illustrated booklet "The Inviting Home."—IT'S FREE.

BOSTON VARNISH COMPANY
94 Everett Station, Boston, U. S. A.

minutes she spoke without interruption, beginning with Mr. Henry Schmoos and ending up with Henry's idea of using the extra weekly money.

"What," gently inquired Henry's boss, "would you have me do?"

Rapidly she told him. In quick eager sentences she laid her idea before him.

"H'm," mused Mr. Farmington, and finally there stole about the corners of his close-trimmed mustache a touch of a smile.

"Agreed," he said.

"I'm going to say you are investing in it," she told him.

"That's right, I am. It is going to get me a better assistant."

"And I can refer him to you?"

"Certainly."

She smiled happily up into his face. "After all," she dimpled, "there isn't any fraud about it, is there, because we are going to dig for it."

VI

SHE tiptoed to the door leading to the dining room and closed it quietly. She moved quietly from the dining-room door to the curtains hanging from the arch leading to the reception room and drew them straight across. She listened quietly there for a moment and then came back to him.

"Oh Henry," she whispered, "I've got the greatest bundle of news for you that ever was."

Duly impressed by the caution Henry waited tensely.

"We're—we're going to be rich!"

"W-what?"

"We're going to be rich!"

"How?"

"Oil."

Henry's eyes glistened. He grasped the Georgette shoulders gently but tightly. "You mean," he said, "that that Tonopex stock is ——"

She shook her head in negation.

"Black Bear?"

"No."

"Diamond Petroleum?"

"No."

"Three Star Refining?"

"No."

He named all the stocks that were soon to make him rich, but to all she shook her head. "Well?" he inquired finally.

She leaned forward eagerly. "We're going to be in on the ground floor," she whispered. "Not in somebody else's company, but our own. Not way out in Oklahoma somewhere—but—right—here—in—Bigburg!"

Henry sucked in his breath. "Oil—here?" he breathed.

She nodded. "It's something like a wedding present," she exclaimed. "Mr. Farmington came to me and told me about it. They are keeping it quiet so nobody will find out. He is going to let us in on the ground floor. We'll own part of it ourselves. We put in thirty dollars a week—for about a year—an' then the dividends will begin to come in, Mr. Farmington says."

"Will they be large?"

"He says if we don't find them satisfactory we'll never find anything that will be," she told him.

Henry danced a noiseless, joyous Highland fling about the small parlor. "And Farmington knows what he is talking about—whether it's underwear or what it is," he chortled.

"I—I—hope so," said Dorothy. "Only remember, you can ask Mr. Farmington whether it's all right—but—but it's part of the agreement not to do any unnecessary talking."

"Leave it to me!" said Henry.

VII

CHAPTER SEVEN, though it covers the space of nearly one year, is very brief. It has been a most unusual year for John Henry Birmingham, called Henry. Henry took to the inside pool like a duck to water. He was on the inside! No longer was he buying stock in something that lay beyond his vision, something that always he would have to depend upon somebody else for advice to buy or sell. Thirty dollars a week! Why, he was a piker. Paring down on five items managed to make it five dollars a week more.

Dorothy had suggested only one—hardly suggested it really.

"I know what a comfort your tobacco is to you, dear," she whispered, "and I don't blame you for wanting to spend nearly two dollars a week that way."

"Gracious goodness! Is it two dollars a week? As much as that? Why, that two dollars might just as well be in on the ground floor."

Gradually the stain disappeared—but not Dorothy's smile, which grew and grew and grew—until the day when Farmington called them both into his private office.

"Well," he said bluntly, "we might just as well take our medicine together: When they dug they found no oil."

No oil! Henry closed his eyes and tried in vain to find some sedative there in the darkness for his jumping nerves, some drug to deaden the pain that slowly enveloped him. Nearly two thousand dollars swept away. Damn! Damn! He clenched his fists and walked unsteadily to the desk. Seated he bowed his head. Broke! Everything gone. In on the inside. He laughed unsteadily. "I'm cured," he laughed wildly. "I'm cured—only I don't know whether the price is worth it."

"My car is outside," said Farmington gently; "we are going to drive out and see the remains."

Dully Henry followed them out into the corridor and down into the car. Dorothy held his hands tightly as the car spun out along Capitol Avenue and whispered meaningless comforting things.

"I'm cured," he kept repeating brokenly; "I'm cured."

The car turned off at a brilliant sign of yellow, red and green, which called attention to the Maplehurst Subdivision—the greatest investment in the world—for happiness. But to Henry it meant nothing. There was no such thing as happiness.

They got out and walked finally. Walked over newly laid curbs and sidewalks to a spot where a pile of yellow clay lay scattered about a hole some three feet deep.

"Here it is," said Farmington simply.

Henry looked stupidly into the hole, in which lay nothing but two inches of dirty water. Why, an oil well had to be drilled three thousand feet! And where were the drilling rigs, and where was the —— If he didn't know Farmington he would say that it was a fake—that Farmington had been deceived. Why, even a rank amateur like John Henry Burmingham could tell there was no oil here. Why, fifty feet away there was a —— But Farmington was nobody's fool. He was shrewd, careful.

"Why—why—there never could be any oil here!" he cried hoarsely. "This—this is somebody's back yard." Somebody's back yard! Somebody else's back yard! He laughed bitterly. It might have been his—the little house with its porch on the side was just exactly as she had wanted it. He groaned aloud at the irony of it. In on the ground floor!

A light hand came hesitatingly down his sleeve and took his hand. A corn-colored head came close. A soft voice whispered. "Not somebody's. Ours," it said.

The next morning John Henry Birmingham came through the accounting department with a smile too utterly joyous for a human being to wear—and live. Noting it with a sneer Charlie Sanderson shot his regular morning witticism.

"Well, Mr. Morgan, sir," he said, "what's a good stock for a poor man to buy to-day?"

"Arcadia," said John Henry blithely.

"How much a share?" inquired Sanderson suspiciously.

"Two million five hundred and eighty thousand a share bid," sang Henry; "two billion asked. Market closed—forever."

$10,000 *if you show us how to trade-mark these nuts*

We will pay $10,000 for a practical method of putting the Diamond Brand trade-mark onto every California walnut that goes out under this quality trade-mark.

Here is why we make this offer!

We are proud of the quality of our Diamond Brand California Walnuts. We have planted the finest walnut stock obtainable; we have shown the growers here in California (the members of this Association) how to protect their trees from blight and how to nurture and cultivate their orchards, until today the California walnut is recognized as the finest that Nature can produce.

We have built modern packing plants where the walnuts are prepared for market, and where, by a double system of mechanical grading and personal inspection, every nut is eliminated that does not come up to the high standard set by this Association. Finally we put these quality walnuts into 100-pound sacks ready for the trade, and on each sack we stamp the Diamond Brand trade-mark as a quality identification for you.

But we are not satisfied with this. *We want to put the Diamond Brand trade-mark on each individual walnut*—first, because we are proud of them and are willing to stand back of them and second, because we want to protect you and all buyers of walnuts. By looking for this Diamond Brand trade-mark, you will then be sure of getting always the highest grade walnuts, no matter where or under what circumstances you purchase them.

So far we have found no suitable method of branding each separate nut, but we are so anxious to do this that we will gladly pay $10,000 to the inventor of a machine by which it can be accomplished.

For this purpose a committee has been appointed with full authority to test out any invention offered and to determine upon its practicability. For full particulars concerning the requirements to be met, address:

CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS ASSOCIATION
Department D, Los Angeles, California
A purely co-operative, non-profit organization of over 3000 growers

DIAMOND BRAND California Walnuts

Twelve Tons Dead Weight and not even Fractured!

IT is not just the toughened steel in this ball that makes it proof against the blow—but the ball *shape* itself.

So this is why, when several such balls are applied as a bearing to support great revolving loads, they resist severe shocks and strains.

And without sacrifice of their primary function in the bearing, which is to reduce the friction of rotation.

It is this strength and lowered friction offered by the rolling ball that have made possible the ball-bearing used today. In all better machines—hidden, but as vital points of wear—in a score of places in your truck or car, ball-bearings are at work to smother friction.

Their use has standardized high-grade machine design and practical construction.

Fafnir Ball Bearing Co.
Gurney Ball Bearing Co.
Hess-Bright Manufacturing Co
U. S. Ball Bearing Manufacturing Co

MANUFACTURERS OF QUALITY BALL BEARINGS

Ball Bearings

Copyright

AFTER FORTY

(Continued from Page 7)

"Poor dear!" he thought to himself. "We've been going out too much. She's all worn out."

III

IT WAS Shelley Wickett's daily habit to leave his office between four and five o'clock, ride uptown in the elevated railway to Forty-second Street, stop in for half an hour at his favorite club, and then walk home by way of Fifth Avenue, to dinner. Dinner was at seven-thirty, but he usually reached home by seven; for quite aside from the fact that New York has lately become as dirty as a Middle-Western manufacturing city, he had theories on the subject of dressing for dinner, considering the practice beneficial to the domestic morale, much as regular morning shaving, even under battle conditions, is considered good for the morale of troops.

Now the disadvantage of a good habit of long standing is that it rouses expectations of invariable performance, and that consequently the slightest variation becomes conspicuous. So it was when, following the tableaux, Molly, habitually gentle, generous and patient, allowed herself the luxury of sarcasms at the expense of Mrs. Davenport; and so it was now, a few days after, when, contrary to established precedent, Shelley came home late for dinner.

Molly met him in the hall.

"I was beginning to worry about you, dear," she said. "It's quarter of eight."

He looked at his watch.

"Oh, no," he answered. "The clock's fast. It's only twenty minutes of eight; nineteen, to be exact. I don't dress to-night. You go in and start dinner. I'll join you in a moment."

Having hung his overcoat and hat in the hall closet he was moving toward his room.

"What delayed you?" she asked as he came to table.

"I was about to tell you. I ran into Mrs. Davenport this afternoon. We took a walk."

"You've been walking all this time?"

"No; I asked her to stop in for tea at the Plaza and ——"

"That's an odd coincidence. I had tea there to-day. Where did you sit?"

"I was just going to say—we didn't go there after all. She was expecting some people at her house, so I went home with her. She seemed to want me to meet them."

"Who were they?"

"I don't know. They didn't show up. She kept expecting them every minute and urging me to wait."

"I see," said Molly.

"By the way," he said quickly, "Mrs. Davenport was greatly taken with you."

"Indeed? I don't see —— Why, I only met her that evening after the tableaux. I didn't speak fifteen words while she was with us. What about me did she find to like?"

"Oh, she spoke of your poise, and all that. I remember she said: 'What a sweet little woman your wife seems to be. I do want to know her better.'"

"And I'm supposed to be flattered at that?"

"I don't see why not."

"Am I a 'little' woman?"

"No; not literally of course. 'Little,' as she used it, is a term of—of affection, almost."

"Not from woman to woman," Molly said. "It implies superiority—or even mild pity."

"Nonsense!"

"Take away the word 'little' and see for yourself. Is a 'good woman' the same as a 'good little woman'? No. A 'good little woman' is a fool. A 'pretty woman' may have some dignity about her, but a 'pretty little woman' is a doll. And a 'sweet little woman' is a well-intentioned nobody—with an attractive husband."

"I don't see it at all!" he said irritably.

"Shelley," she said, "I fear you are becoming an obtuse little man."

This prelude made it the more difficult for him to broach, as though casually, the topic to which he had intended to lead up.

"She was certainly very much taken with you," he persevered. "Didn't she say she wanted to know you better? More than that, she's going to ask the Klingmans to invite us to a birthday party they're giving for her next week—dinner and the theater."

"I don't want to go."

"You don't? Why not?"

"Don't you think the Klingmans lack discrimination in the selection of their friends?"

"Molly," he replied with great solemnity, "I'm afraid we have been unjust to the Klingmans. To be sure, Charlie Klingman is a little bit on the rough-diamond order, and Mabel Klingman becomes a trifle loud now and then. But Mrs. Davenport tells me that down underneath they're really very fine."

"Possibly they are," she conceded.

"In judging others," he went on eagerly, "we ought to try to look below the surface—don't you think so?"

"Oh, yes."

"That's one thing I admire about you!" he exclaimed, brightening visibly. "You always try to be fair." And after the briefest pause he added: "Then I assume it's all right about our going to the Klingmans' party?"

She gave him a surprised look.

"I can't see that that situation is changed in any way," she replied.

"Why," he answered, disconcerted, "didn't you just admit that we ought to be generous to people?"

"Yes; and it's always easier to be generous to people of that sort if you keep away from them."

"The fact is," he declared ruefully, "it's going to be frightfully awkward for me if you won't go. I told Mrs. Davenport we'd accept. I never dreamed you'd mind. And really I can't see yet why you do."

"Call it instinct if you like."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, for one thing instinct tells me I probably wouldn't like the play they'd select. Anyhow they don't want me—it's you they want.

"Why don't you just go, and let me stay home in peace?"

Here was a new idea; he found the very contemplation of it thrilling.

"Why, that's perfectly absurd!" he said. "Of course I won't go without you!"

"Why not?"

"Oh, well—it's ridiculous." Then after a moment's rumination he added: "Still, it is an awkward situation. As a matter of fact I have agreed to go, and if you don't want to go with me, I suppose the only way out of it is for me to go alone. Only I certainly won't do it on the basis of their not wanting you—because they do. On the other hand, though, as you really don't want to go it does seem rather senseless to—to drag you—doesn't it? Yes—I could go alone."

He had already begun to congratulate himself upon this convenient adjustment when she spoke again.

"Of course," she said, "we must think how it will look to them if you go without me."

"Oh, that's all right!" he reassured her.

"I wouldn't want them to get the idea that we are like Mrs. Davenport and her husband."

He winced slightly, but thought best to pass over the allusion.

"On the whole," Molly went on, "I'd better go. I'll mind going, but I should mind not going still more."

"But why?" he protested. "Why go if you ——"

"Instinct," she put in.

Instinct! As though that explained anything at all! Never before, so far as he remembered, had she given such a silly, womanish reason. It sounded positively temperamental. And if there was one thing more than another for which he had always given her credit it was her freedom from that sort of foolishness.

"Molly," he said, shaking his head solemnly, "for mercy's sake don't begin being irrational at this stage of the game! It worries me to hear you talking about 'instinct.' Where on earth did you suddenly get all this instinct anyhow? It seems to be something entirely new."

"New?" she repeated, smiling. "Not at all. I got it long ago—when I was born a woman."

IV

THE dinner given by the Klingmans in celebration of Mrs. Davenport's birthday—precise anniversary not specified—occurred in a fashionable restaurant. A table for eighteen was placed at the center of the large dining room, and the progress

At Easter Time

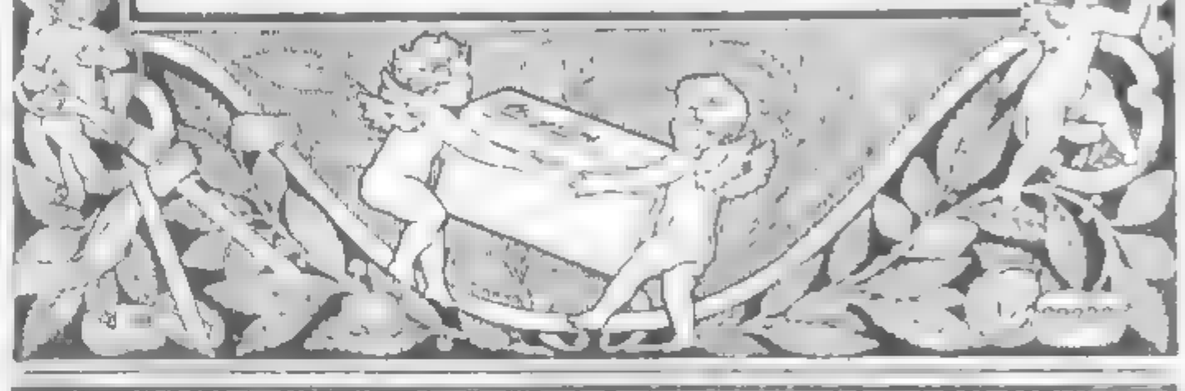
Last year, because of sugar restrictions, there were but few kinds of Huyler's candies from which to choose your Easter greetings. But this season you can make your selection as broad as you like because all of the favorite kinds of Huyler's candies are again being supplied to all Huyler agents and stores.

Ask again for your favorite

Huyler's NEW YORK

67 Stores — Agencies almost everywhere

In Canada-many agencies, factory and store in Toronto



Oval Point No.788

If you like a smooth pen

You should use the Esterbrook Oval or Ball Pointed Pen. It glides along with a smoothness that gives confidence and speed to your writing hand. You can write more quickly over rough surfaces, smoothly over all surfaces, and not become tired. The chances of any finger or hand strain are entirely done away with when you use an Esterbrook Oval Pointed Pen.

The best pen in the world for addressing and free writing.

Send 15c for sample dozen

ESTERBROOK PEN MFG. CO.
2-70 Cooper St., Camden, N. J.

60th Year

PRICE'S VANILLA

Look for Price's Tropikid on label

s not contain a bit of substitute
al coloring.

lude a complete line of flavo
colors. Send Tropikid cut fro
n and 3c stamp for our
Delicious Desserts

Price Flavoring Extract Co.
Chicago, U.S.A.

Federal Repeating Cap Pistol

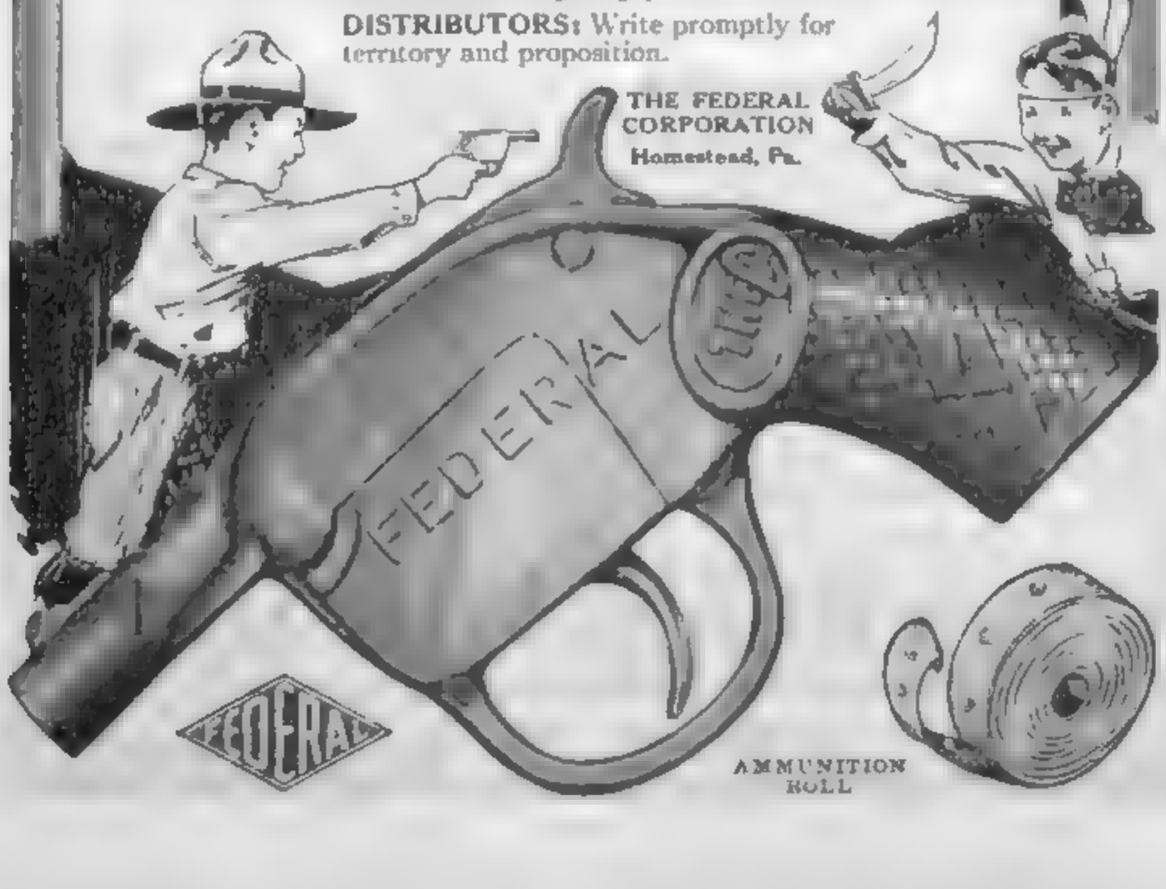
Every boy wants this safe repeating toy pistol. Protected ammunition chamber and forward hammer stroke make it absolutely harmless. *Sure action*—fifty loud reports to a loading, as fast as you can pull the trigger. *Well made*—securely assembled with screws instead of rivets; simple mechanism, stays in good order. *Handsome design*—looks like a real pistol; nickeled.

PRICE, 50c—AT DEALERS—For Pistol and 25 Ammunition Rolls (1250 shots). If unable to get the genuine—marked "FEDERAL"—send us One Dollar ($1.00) for Complete Outfit—Pistol and Five Cartons of Ammunition, packed in special wood case and delivered to you express prepaid. Just send the dollar and your address.

TO DEALERS: Order of your jobber and be ready to supply this demand; or direct of us, giving jobber's name.

DISTRIBUTORS: Write promptly for territory and proposition.

THE FEDERAL CORPORATION
Homestead, Pa.



of the party from the foyer, where they gathered, to the flower-banked board was as conspicuous as might be.

Molly found herself assigned for the evening to a tall, handsome, middle-aged man who looked as though he had been especially turned out for the occasion by a flock of tailors, haberdashers, barbers and manicures. He made her think somehow of an exceedingly lifelike dummy on whom a group of earnest window dressers had worked up to the last moment.

But unlike a dummy he could talk. Molly soon discovered that he liked to discuss food, drink and the theater. She asked his views on prohibition. That set him off; and thereafter he ran on, not only through dinner but through the musical comedy to which they subsequently went—arriving splendidly, just before the end of the first act. The show bore the title Bad Baby! The plot depended upon very persistent mistaken identity; there were many pretty girls, and a comedian who talked intimately to the audience about his salary and his troubles with his automobile and with his wife.

As Molly had expected, Shelley was placed at Mrs. Davenport's side, not only at dinner and the theater but also later when they all went to the Lunar Glades, the popular night resort of the season. Here, in a large, crowded, noisy ballroom, frantically decorated but agreeably lighted, they sat at the margin of the dancing floor, at small round tables jammed so close together that the spidery waiters and the dancers going to and from their seats at the rear, could barely squeeze between, on the side away from the champagne buckets.

Most of the Klingmans' party danced, but Molly was relieved to learn that her escort preferred, as she did, to sit and watch the crowd. Having talked to her continuously, he regarded her as an unusually interesting conversationalist, and now even against the crashing syncopations of the jazz band he continued to talk, while she kept him happy by looking brightly at him every now and then as though she heard what he was saying.

Soon after they reached the Lunar Glades Shelley came from his table and like a dutiful husband asked her to dance; she thanked him and declined. As the long evening wore on he came back every now and then to ask if she was tired, but she invariably reassured him. Having come she was resolved not to be a spoil-sport.

Frequently amid the whirling heterogeneous pack upon the dancing floor she caught sight of her husband. He danced often with Mrs. Davenport, and twice as she glimpsed them she noticed that the lady's head was thrown far back, that she might look directly into Shelley's face. Dancing or seated they talked vivaciously. Molly tried to construct an imaginary conversation for them—then quickly rejected the imagining. Why should she have fancied them as talking in that way? Was it perhaps because of the curiously confidential manner they had with each other; because of the expression of their eyes as they exchanged glances? Why was it that a stranger, seeing them, might think they knew each other a great deal better than they actually did? A stranger would think that! But why?

Her question was answered for her by a little episode she witnessed: While Mrs. Davenport happened to be speaking for a moment to Charlie Klingman, who sat at the other side of her from Shelley, Molly saw her husband draw a cigarette from his case—the case which had mysteriously appeared one Christmas during the progress of the affair with Mrs. Brundage—and look about for the matches. The match stand, as it happened, was on the next table, out of his reach but within easy reach of Mrs. Davenport. Instead of attracting her attention by speaking, Shelley touched her hand. She turned to him quickly, with that look of eager aliveness in her face. He showed the unlighted cigarette and indicated the matches with an inclination of the head.

To be sure, the jazz band was in action at the time, making dumb show more practical than words as a means of communication; but even as on that ground Molly was extenuating the slight familiarity she had witnessed, the little scene between the two went on. Mrs. Davenport did not pass the stand to Shelley, but reached out a white arm, took a match, struck it, and offered him the light. He leaned to her, and she, inclining herself sidewise, allowed her shoulder to rest against his while the cigarette was being lighted. Over the flame of the match she saw them looking into each other's eyes.

At about two in the morning, when the last check had been paid and there was no more profit in keeping open, the management of the Lunar Glades began to indicate, by shutting down lights and opening windows to the chill of the outer night, a wish that patrons would depart. There was nothing for it but to go.

Alone in the limousine with her husband, Molly relaxed with a sigh against the cushions. They rode for a time thinking their separate thoughts. Presently Shelley said reflectively: "Likes and dislikes are curious things, aren't they?"

"Yes."

"Don't you begin to see how attractive Mrs. Davenport is?"

"To men," she said.

He turned upon her sharply.

"I ought to tell you," he declared, "that in my opinion your attitude toward Mrs. Davenport has from the first been most peculiar! May I ask if you know anything to her discredit? Have you something definitely against her that I don't know about?"

"You don't seem to know about it."

"Can you give me any good reason for disliking her?"

"Yes. She's so obvious."

"Obvious?" he repeated, aghast. Of all conceivable terms this was the last he could imagine as applicable to Mrs. Davenport.

"Yes. As obvious as—as a big liner coming up the river all covered with flags, and the band playing, and the whistle blowing, and men rocking round like so many silly little boats in the swell."

"Really," he said after staring at her for a moment, "I'm astonished at you! You've never been like this before."

At that she sat up suddenly and turned to face him.

"No, I haven't!" she burst out. "And I'm wondering if in not being like this before I haven't made a big mistake. All these years I've sat back and watched you get into one sentimental scrape after another, saying nothing, smiling, and being what your friend Mrs. Davenport calls a 'sweet little woman'—having women pitying me; or pitying you because you were married to a stupid nonentity who didn't 'understand' you. And it has always ended with my trying to pull you out of your scrapes when you'd got in too deep to pull yourself out. All these years I've done that because I thought I knew your temperament and believed that it was the best thing to do. I thought to myself: 'He's getting older; after a while he'll be surfeited with these sugary, sticky little affairs of his.' But now I'm wondering if instead of getting surfeited you've not been getting blunted. That's the danger of such things. Well, I've reached the end of my rope. This time I'm not going to wait until you're in a mess and then pull you out. I'm going to head you off right now! Why, the very fact that you can fall for a Mrs. Davenport—the very fact that you can ask why I don't like her—that you can upbraid me for not liking her—that shows what's been happening to you! But if you have to be told why I don't like her I can tell you, and I'll tell you now: I said she made a good Diana in the tableaux, and she did. She's a new sort of Diana. She hunts men, and feeds on their admiration. I don't pretend to say where she stops or doesn't stop. That doesn't matter. She's an obvious man-hunter. That is her one business in life. A wife has to have something to take pride in. And if she has to put up with a philandering husband, about all she has left is to take pride in the kind of women he philanders with. And when he takes even that away from her——"

She left the sentence unfinished.

Wickett was stunned. Never in his wildest dreams could he have fancied Molly's giving vent to such an outburst.

"Why, dear," he gasped, "I don't seem to know you at all to-night! You've always been so—so generous; so sensible, so——"

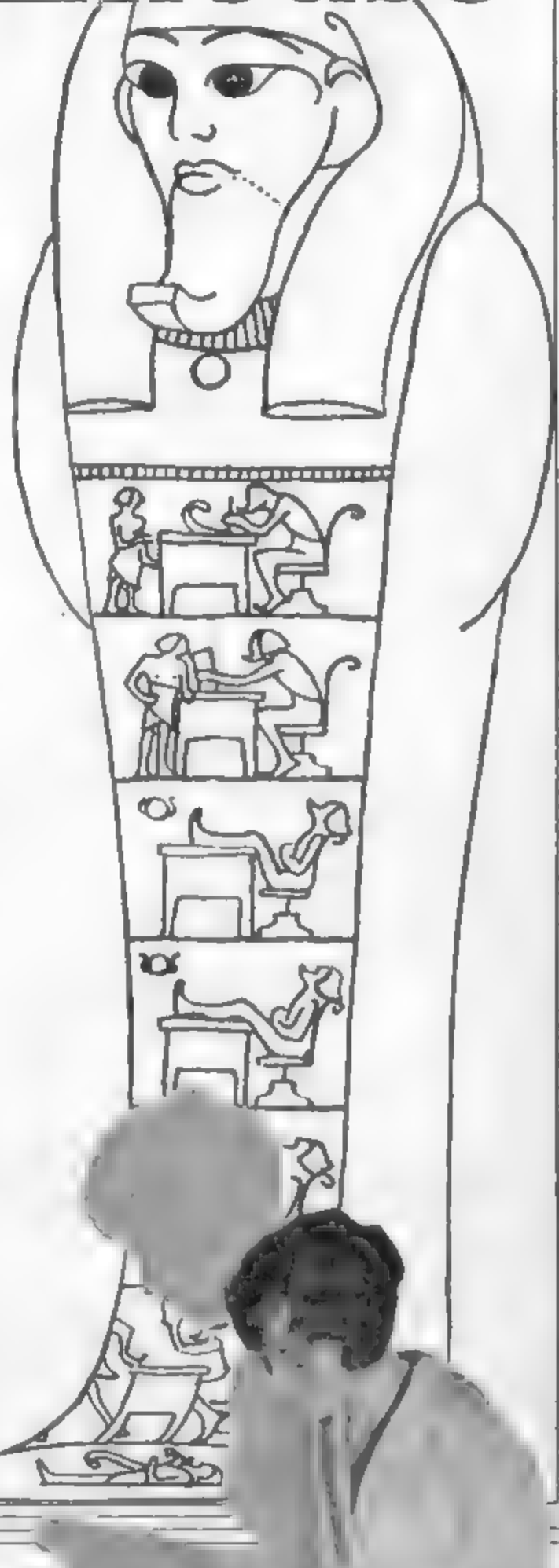
"Isn't it time, then," she threw back, "that I should be able to expect as much of you? Can't you allow me for once the luxury of *not* being generous and sensible?"

He gazed at her, dumfounded, feeling like a man whose gentle little helpmate has of a sudden swung a blackjack on him. All his preconceptions of what was fitting between a husband and a wife, of what a husband's attitude should be, of the prestige

(Continued on Page 45)

A Mummy Has a Good Excuse

for placid inactivity—for failure to adapt himself to changed conditions. He can't be blamed because he doesn't keep abreast of modern progress. He doesn't have to figure costs or study charts of sales or worry about the overhead expense of the Pyramids where his body lies. For he's been dead for some six thousand years or so, and that's a perfectly *good alibi.* And anyway he isn't walking round consuming food or occupying space that better men could use to good advantage.



But there is no living man whose blood still circulates and whose brain cells still are on the job, who can furnish any alibi for not meeting changed conditions with *CHANGED METHODS,* for not filling any gaps that may occur with other things to take their place.

There is no alibi for any man who does not use electric juice and steel, and other things that twentieth century genius has provided, to take the place of human labor to the utmost possible extent. There is no alibi for any man in charge of sales who does not make the printed word *conserve the time and energy of salesmen in the field.*

More speed and still more speed is urgently required of every man who wants to be a leader in his line—or who *even wants to hold his own*—and there is no alibi for any man who tolerates *DELAYS* or who uses methods that take *DAYS* instead of *HOURS.* There is no alibi for any man who gets his printing done by old-time methods when he could get it done at a *FRACTION of its present cost by using modern methods.*

There is no alibi for any man who doesn't at least *INVESTIGATE* the workings of the *MULTIGRAPH* to see just what it does in *releasing human labor,* in keeping private new ideas and plans, in giving *SPEED* where speed is needed most and in cutting down *UNNECESSARY COSTS.*

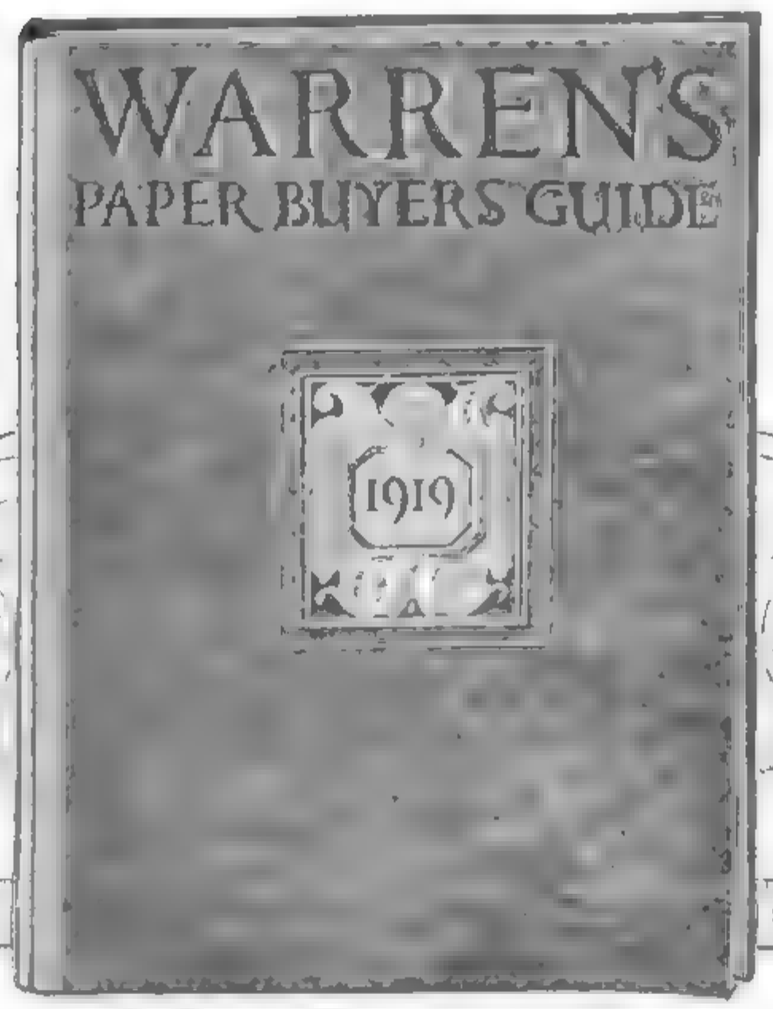
You Can't Buy a Multigraph Unless You Need It

Get a *MULTIGRAPH*

THE MULTIGRAPH
1800 E. 40th St., Cleveland, Ohio
Tell me what we could reasonably expect to accomplish with a Multigraph in our business.

Name
Official Position
Firm
Street Address
Town _____ State _____

THE Multigraph produces real printing and form typewriting in the privacy of your own establishment. Large and small equipments for any size business. Easy payments, if desired



Warren's Paper Buyer's Guide

THERE may be more beautiful books issued this year than this one. There may be books more generally useful. But for practical use to a buyer of printing, and as a specimen of craftsmanship in book-making we are willing to put forth Warren's Paper Buyer's Guide as an effort for which we have no apology and as a work by which the standards of our house may be judged.

Think of saying about a commercial book—a catalog prepared for free, if not unlimited, distribution, "We are willing that the standards of our house be judged by this piece of printing."

We might as well say we were willing to be so judged. For, willingly or unwillingly, every firm that issues a catalog or booklet is judged by the kind of printing it sends forth as its spokesman.

Once a year for several years we have issued a Suggestion Book, showing samples of the Warren Standard Printing Papers, and the way they print. Each year's book we made a little better, a little more helpful than the last. There is no presumption in calling this book a paper buyer's guide.

Doing this, we learned lots of ways to improve our specimen books, and this last one, the Warren Paper Buyer's Guide, is quite the best and most complete volume on printing papers we have ever issued.

It is made up of sheets of the twelve Warren Standard Printing Papers, with each of the twelve represented in different weights. The kinds of work that these papers are made to do is indicated not only in the text but by actual engravings printed on the paper.

The book contains large cuts and small cuts, simple cuts and complex cuts, color work in process and in flat tints. About every sort of engraving there is, is represented. Then there are pages containing a single large portrait, and other pages given over to beautiful type effects.

And on whatever paper an engraving subject is shown, the reasons why that paper is the right paper for that kind of a subject are fully given.

A man who knows very little about buying paper can buy pretty wisely if he uses this book. He doesn't have to worry about cost, because he is buying a standard product, of standard quality, at a standard price. The price of Warren Standard Printing Papers represents the intrinsic value or the actual worth of paper of fixed quality.

Because this book makes the buying of paper easier, and because it makes it easier to get better printing, it helps people buy economically. It will be mailed on request to printers; to buyers of printing, engravers and their salesmen.

S. D. WARREN COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

"Constant Excellence of Product"

Warren's STANDARD

Printing Papers

(Continued from Page 42)

to which a husband should cling as a monarchical absolutist clings to the dogma of divine right—had been knocked down over his eyes, as it were, like a battered crown. Enfeebled as he was by shock, he felt dimly that he must protest. Like an emperor being abdicated at the toe of a Bolshevist boot, he must try to maintain some last vestige of his dignity.

He strove for a note of volition as he said wanly: "You ought to have told me something of this before, my dear. But of course since you feel that way about it—why, I'll—I'll avoid Mrs. Davenport in future."

"All right," said Molly.

He considered the remark entirely inadequate to the occasion, and would have liked to tell her so, but after an instant's thought decided that the better course was to be silent.

■

THERE is no other city in the world in which a block, one way or another, makes such a difference as in the city of New York. Statistics tell us that the metropolis contains more than forty thousand men and women who belong to leading clubs, and it is safe to say that no one of these may walk the west side of Fifth Avenue in the crowded hours of the afternoon without meeting an acquaintance—or more likely a number of acquaintances. On the east side of the Avenue, where the current is not so strong, the likelihood of such encounters is materially reduced; on Madison Avenue, one block to the eastward, it is reduced still further, becoming an improbability; while on Sixth Avenue, a block to the west of Fifth, a person of the club-member class is concealed as in some uncharted city in the heart of China.

One could not expect Shelley Wickett to walk up Sixth Avenue. That would be too much to ask, for Sixth Avenue roars with its elevated railroad, its sidewalk crowds are shabby, it is flanked by untidy little shops and beset by smells from dismal bars and restaurants.

The sincerity of Wickett's resolution to avoid Mrs. Davenport was amply attested by the fact that for several days following his talk with Molly he walked uptown by way of Madison Avenue, and that even when the relative somberness of that highway palled upon him he did not resume his erstwhile course, but only ventured back as far as Fifth Avenue's eastern shore. Having decided upon renunciation he earnestly desired not to meet the lady. It seemed safer so.

Thus between good fortune and good management, a number of weeks passed without his seeing her. Spring came—balmy, hazy spring, the season he loved best. But though one side of his nature still turned a little wistfully to vivid seasonable recollections, the would-be worthy husband in him was upon the whole contented with the placid course of things.

The fact was that this year he found himself thinking a great deal about golf. All considered he was glad to be thinking about golf. It made him feel virtuous. Even a sardonic paraphrase which he discovered in the funny column of his paper one bright Saturday morning disconcerted him only momentarily:

"In the spring an old man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of golf."

Wickett resented the word "old." A man didn't have to be old to think about golf. Wasn't he thinking of it? Yes; and the more he thought the more he felt that he must go out to the club and play that very afternoon. Moreover, since fall he hadn't looked at his own summer home, which adjoined the links. Only the other day he had a letter from Joe, his caretaker, informing him of garden requirements, stating that a certain patch of English ivy had been winterkilled, and notifying him of the arrival of a litter of collie puppies. After golfing he could run over and inspect the place.

He reached his office full of the thought of telephoning immediately to a fellow golfer who lived out there the year round, and arranging a match; but as he was hanging up his coat and hat there came a ring on his desk telephone.

It was Molly, asking him to go shopping with her that afternoon.

"What good will I be?" he asked.

"I've been looking at an evening gown," she told him. "It's very pretty, but I'm afraid it may be a little bit too young for me. I'd like you to see it."

"No dress is too young for you," he assured her. "If you like it go ahead and get it."

"But I want you to like my clothes. I don't get so very many evening gowns, and you remember that rose-colored one you thought was ——"

"It was all right after they put the piece of tulle in," he said. "Those are things men don't know about, dear. I can't decide a thing like that. Your judgment in that line is lots better than mine. Besides, I've had a letter from Joe. He wants me to come out and look over the place. He needs a lot of things for the garden, and some of the ivy's dead, and—oh, well, there's no end of stuff I've got to see to out there. I was planning to go this afternoon. Of course if you really need me I'll give it up, but ——"

"Oh, no," she answered. "You go along, dear. I'll manage all right."

"That's a darling girl!" he approved cordially.

Then he rang up his friend and arranged for luncheon at the golf club.

VI

THOUGH he had trouble on the third, ninth and fifteenth holes, he won the match and came in with the comfortable feeling that for one who had not touched a club in several months he had acquitted himself well. A shower and fresh clothing served further to increase his sense of well-being, and he was in high spirits as he left the clubhouse and started to walk down the drive. There remained something more than an hour before train time. He proposed to cut across the links to his own domain, see Joe, tell him what to do, and get a hack to take him to the five-twelve.

The upper branches of the trees scattered over the links were swimming in the yellow-green of spring. Beyond one clump he presently sighted the roof of his house. It was good to see the place again. He wished they could move out earlier in the season, but the children's school prevented that. With every step the house came more into view. He began to think of improvements that he meant to make from time to time, and these thoughts so preoccupied him that he hardly noticed a closed motor car which was standing in the drive at a point near where he intended to leave the road and cut across the turf.

As he walked by the machine he was vaguely aware that the chauffeur had the front floor boards out and was reaching down within.

Then suddenly he was startled by a voice coming from behind him, calling: "Shelley! Shelley Wickett!"

It was the voice of a woman, and even before he turned he knew who the woman was.

"Is that the way you rush by your old friends when you find them stalled on a country road?" demanded Mrs. Davenport playfully as she leaned from the window of the little dark-blue landaulet.

"You!" he exclaimed, turning back.

"Yes. Where are you off to in such a hurry?"

"My house." He indicated it with a gesture.

"Have you moved out as early as this?"

"Oh, no. Not till June. I was just going to look things over. I'm going back to town on the five-twelve."

"No indeed you're not!" she exclaimed. "You're coming back to town with me."

"I have a lot of little things to see to," he said doubtfully.

"I'll wait for you."

"You're awfully kind. It's delightful to see you again."

The chauffeur began to replace the floor boards.

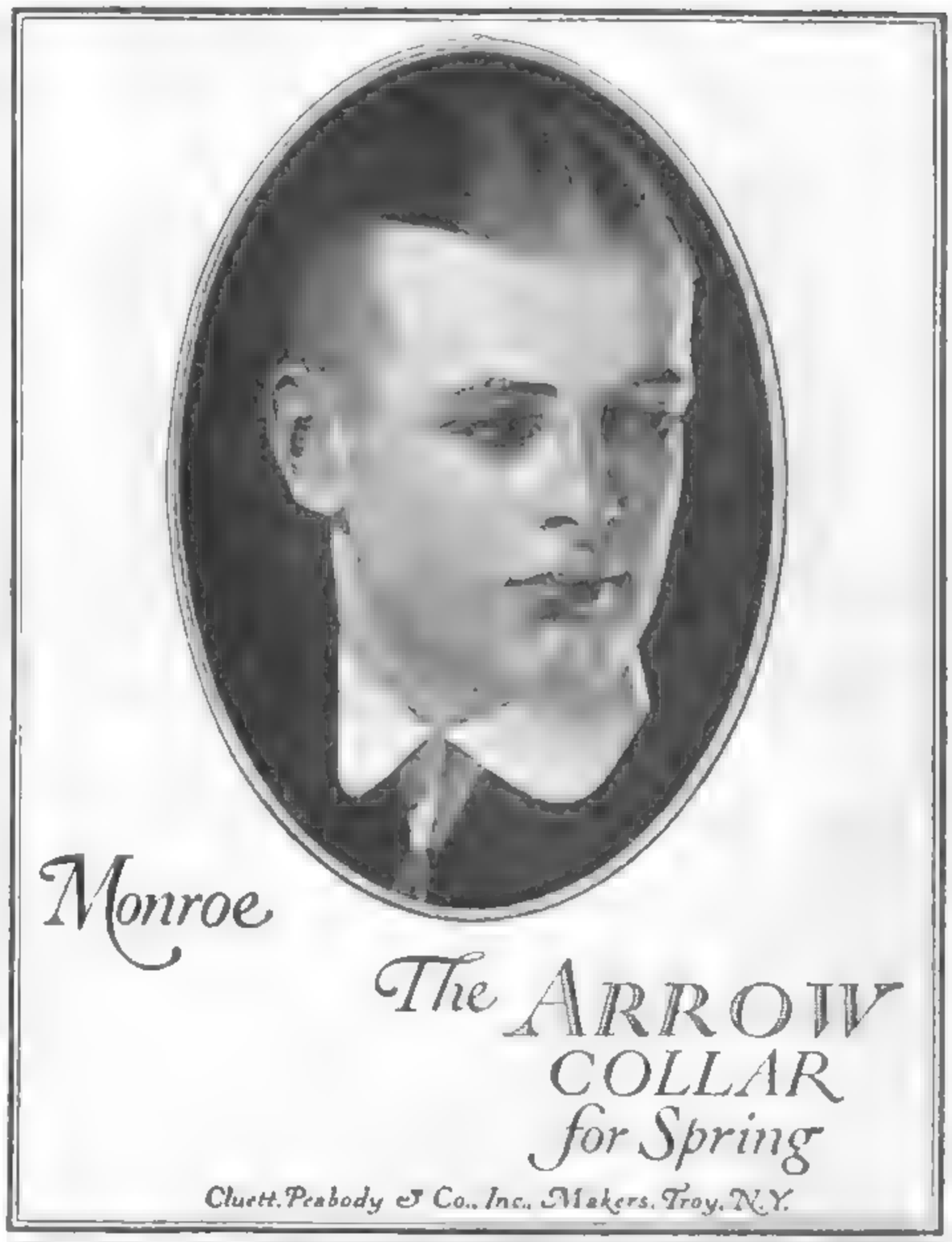
"All fixed, Wright?" asked Mrs. Davenport.

"Not quite, ma'am," the man replied; "but it will do till I get back to the garage. What the brake needs is a new lining."

She nodded. Then to Wickett: "Hop in."

He hesitated only for the briefest moment. He had not forgotten his promise to Molly. He had said that he would try to avoid Mrs. Davenport, and he had tried He would tell Molly all about it of course as soon as he got home. She couldn't blame him for this chance encounter, surely; and as for his riding back to the city with Mrs. Davenport, short of actual rudeness there was no way out of that.

"Never mind stopping at my house," he said, getting into the machine and seating himself beside her. "I'll be coming out another day."



YOUR Evinrude will take you quickly to likely spots where the big fish hide. Just a twist of the flywheel and you are gliding swiftly to the place that you alone know. Evinruding means water outings with all the rowing left out—Write for Catalog
Evinrude Motor Company
27 Evinrude Bldg. Milwaukee, Wis.
DISTRIBUTING BRANCHES
EVINRUDE Detachable Motor for Watercraft

Take home that "Colossus" Sponge!

FOR washing your car, one Colossus Automobile Sponge ("Peerless" grade) will last a full season. Soft, tough and the most durable sponge that grows. Outwears a dozen big, cheap sponges. At your dealer's—the same grade car manufacturers and garagemen buy by the bale. Colossus Chamois, too—the kind that keeps soft.

HERE'S the sponge decorators and janitors prefer above all others—the best tool money will buy for washing down walls and windows—and just as fine for your household cleaning! Try a Colossus Sponge and Colossus Chamois for window washing—a revelation of easy work! Also in Colossus-labeled bales—sold by-the-piece and guaranteed pure.

YOU don't know how delightful and invigorating a bath can be till you've used a Colossus Sanitary Bath Sponge! Soft, durable, bleached as sanitary and clean-smelling as sunshine. Each in a dust-proof glassine wrapper, bearing our "Colossus of Rhodes" trademark and printed price to you.

Why puzzle over nameless, ungraded sponges, priced by guess and culled over promiscuously? Insist on Colossus Sponges; choose for your home or your work—today! At leading paint, auto accessory, hardware and drug stores. Remember name and mark:

Colossus Sponges

TRADEMARK

James H. Rhodes & Company Dept. S

CHICAGO
BOSTON CINCINNATI
DETROIT

NEW YORK
CLEVELAND PHILADELPHIA

Pioneer Packers of sponges that are guaranteed pure, rigidly graded and quoted by the piece in bales—trademarked and nationally priced for the retail trade.

Dealers serving households, decorators, car owners, etc.,—also bale users of sponges—may obtain interesting details about the "Colossus" line by writing or calling our nearest office.

The Colossus of Rhodes on Sponges *In Lake Sterling on Silver*

She looked at her jeweled wrist watch.

"If you really don't mind," she said, "that will be better for me. I ought to be home at half past five—though I am willing to wait for you if necessary."

"Oh, it's quite all right," he said.

"Make the best time you can, Wright," she said to the chauffeur as they started. Then turning again to Shelley: "Of course you know you ought to be shot at sunrise?"

"For what, pray?"

"Deserter!" she said archly.

He began to utter a string of those excuses known to the Manhattanese. He wished to concentrate upon what he was saying, to make his excuses plausible, but the rate at which the chauffeur took the turn from the club drive into the highroad rather threw him off his line. Evidently the man was taking very literally Mrs. Davenport's request for haste.

"This seems to be a very lively little car of yours," he remarked. He did not feel that it would be polite to make the hint more concrete, but hoped that she might gather what he meant.

"Yes," she replied as they began a swift flight up the first long easy grade, "but Wright is a very safe driver."

The remark irritated him slightly. Everyone of course thinks his own chauffeur is a safe driver. He would have liked to tell her that, but refrained.

For a time he sat watching the flying road, driving, so to speak, from the back seat—pressing his feet against the footrest as though operating clutch and brake pedals.

Then seeing that she noticed this he explained: "You see I drive a good deal myself. It's funny what driving does to you. You get a technic of your own—certain ways of getting over bumps, and approaching curves, and passing other cars; and you acquire pretty definite ideas about speed. So you're always criticizing the other fellow's driving and thinking just how you'd have done this or that."

She laid her hand lightly on his arm, saying: "Don't think about the road. Just think about me."

He said the obvious thing. "That's not difficult to do!" he told her.

But it was difficult, all the same, at such a speed. No chauffeur had any right, he felt, to drive as fast as this upon the Post Road. There were too many other cars; too many crossings. Nor was it only the speed that was making him uncomfortable. In Mrs. Davenport's manner and tone there was something confidential—a hint almost of tenderness or of expected tenderness in him—that made him anxious to see the city lights ahead, impatient to be out of her car and home again.

"Will you stop in at my house for a cup of tea before going home?" she asked. "I'd like a nice old-fashioned visit with you."

They had topped the crest of a little rise and were now shooting swiftly down again. A painted canvas sign stretched across the road a hundred yards ahead informed him that the ugly concrete building on the right was the New Economy Garage.

"You're awfully kind," he replied. "I'd love to, but I can't—not to-day. You see, the fact is ——"

It was not a fact at all that he was going to tell her; but whatever it was that he had meant to say, the sentence was never completed. For suddenly without warning he saw a heavy motor truck back out of the garage and stop directly across the road in front of them. Seeing them approaching, the driver made to get out of the way again, but evidently stalled his motor. The truck gave a little jump and stood still. Their own chauffeur snatched for the emergency-brake lever. The car swerved sharply as the brakes bit upon the wheels. But the distance was too short. They must inevitably strike the heavy vehicle with great force.

"Look out for glass!" Shelley shouted, throwing an arm over her face and leaning to shield her with his body. Then in the brief electric interval of waiting a flood of thoughts went surging through his mind.

That a collision at this pace meant death he hardly doubted. But, curiously, death seemed just then a matter comparatively unimportant. The important thing, the ghastly thing, was that death should catch him in such a predicament—such an undeserved predicament—giving him no chance to explain. He had avoided going shopping with Molly. He had told her he was going out to the house. She would learn that he had not been there. It would appear to her that he had been deliberately deceitful; that when he had refused to go shopping he was already planning a clandestine meeting with Mrs. Davenport; that the final act of his life had been to lie to her! It was outrageous! Outrageous that when a man was playing straight, coincidence should place him in an evil light and then kill him, leaving his memory forever black in the eyes of the gentlest, sweetest, truest of wives!

Ah! Was it true that a soul leaving a body could carry a message? Then his soul departing must carry a last word to Molly. Before going on its final journey it must seek her out and implore her to believe. It must do that! It must!

And now like a response to his tortured prayer he felt a rending, as of the spirit casting off the bondage of the flesh; then an exquisite sensation of swift soaring, upward and away. It had happened, then! His soul was free. Down there in the world somewhere his body was lying beside a road. It meant nothing to him. It was a worn-out overcoat he had discarded—that was all. Hitherto it had hampered and held down this flying, vaporous intelligence which was the essence of his being. But he had cast it off, and now the great adventure had begun. Where it would end he could not tell. He was aware only of the immediate destination toward which he was sweeping, swift as light. He was on his way to Molly. He was approaching her. Now he could see her, waiting.

"Believe!" he cried to her in a voice that echoed to the dome of heaven. "Believe, dear! Oh, believe!"

VII

THROUGH the reaches of celestial night there came to him the reverberations of a gong, loud and clattering, yet very far away. Simultaneously his flight became less smooth and swift. The atmosphere seemed to be disturbed. He felt his spirit plunging like a boat driving into heavy head seas. His progress lessened. There came the feeling of a slow lateral drift; then of easy bumping, as though he had become a vessel and were riding the sand bar of the Milky Way. Then in the darkness he was still. He had come to anchor somewhere.

But where was Molly now? If, while he had soared illimitable space, aeons had passed—or even mere centuries of time—she was of course no longer living on the old earth. Her soul, too, must have long since taken flight. She must be here somewhere; or in some kindred realm where finer spirits dwell, between times.

Ah, if only she were indeed in this place! If only he might meet her, take her hand and be her mate once more! If only he might have another chance! Just one more chance with Molly! How different things would be! How happy he would make her!

In agony he prayed that he might have her back again. Not that he deserved her. Far from it! Measured by the record of his last life in the world his deserts were of the smallest. He had been guilty of a series of egregious follies. True, he had always loved Molly, but that was not enough. One must deserve. It was not justice that he craved of the divine tribunal—only mercy.

A great terror came over him. Somehow without seeing, without definitely hearing, without being able to move or speak, he felt that he was being tried. Unintelligible sounds filled the air. He, the prisoner, was lying on his back helpless, and being roughly handled. His arm was being twisted. They would break it if they turned it any more. The pain was hideous. He wished to shriek, but could not make a sound.

Strangely the courtroom seemed to be within his own mind, his own intelligence. And because the trial was going on within him he knew everything about it, even though no word was spoken. The case was that of his own worthiness. Was he fit for a step up in the great scheme of progressive living? Was he fit to go on—with Molly?

Out of the vagueness witnesses appeared. All of them were women. He knew them all, and they knew him. For with each he had philandered. One after another they nodded toward him without speaking, as though to say "Yes, that is he"; and as this silent evidence piled up against him he felt hope sinking, sinking, sinking.

Last of the spectral figures came Mrs. Davenport, attired as Diana. And she, instead of merely recognizing him, began to fit an arrow to her bow. She raised the bow, took aim. The arrow was for him. He was seized by an ague of terror. The courtroom trembled, tottered, then seemed to explode, its fragments flying off like flaming meteors.

(Concluded on Page 49)

Stop the Theft of Your Power

Imperfect or worn-out piston rings in a car steal power at every stroke of the piston. And, like most thieves, they work in the dark. You can't see them. Their theft of power is constant, unnecessary, expensive.

Imperfect compression, less power, sooty spark plugs and too much carbon deposit are some of the signs of this invisible theft. Stop this loss of power by equipping your car with a full set of power-producing

McQUAY-NORRIS LEAK-PROOF PISTON RINGS

Increase Power—Save Gas—Decrease Carbon

They hold the energy where it belongs. By producing uniform pressure all around the cylinder walls, they stop the escape of the power.

There is no part of your motor more vital than piston rings—you can ill afford anything but the best. Equal tension or pressure on the cylinder walls is the real foundation of piston ring performance. This ring is a two-piece ring. The two sections equalize each other and produce uniform tension. Both sections are of the same size and strength. Each closes the expansion opening of the other.

Wherever you are you can get McQuay-Norris LEAK-PROOF Piston Rings to fit any car, truck, tractor or other engine. Jobbers in over 300 distributing points carry complete stocks of sizes and oversizes. Many thousands of dealers can extend to you our service, which enables them to specify your size requirements for practically every make or model of motor without delay.

McQuay-Norris Mfg. Co., 2836 Locust St., St. Louis, U. S. A.

BRANCH OFFICES

New York Chicago Pittsburgh San Francisco Seattle
Kansas City St. Paul Atlanta Dallas
Canadian Factory: W. H. Banfield & Sons, Ltd., 372 Pape Ave., Toronto

Our book will help you know piston rings

This non-technical, illustrated handbook, "To Have and to Hold Power," will show you clearly the causes of lost compression, lost power, faulty lubrication and carbon deposits. It will save you time, worry and money. Free to you on request.

McQUAY-NORRIS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 2836 Locust Street, St. Louis, U. S. A.
Please send me your book, "To Have and to Hold Power."

Name
Street
City
State

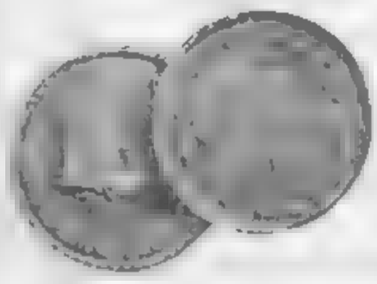
To Control Excess Oil

In some motors the flow of oil is so excessive that a special ring is required to control it.

McQUAY-NORRIS Supercyl RINGS

correct this condition. Used in the top groove of each piston. In the lower grooves McQuay-Norris LEAK-PROOF Piston Rings should always be used to obtain full compression—power.
Fully explained in the book mentioned in the coupon request opposite.

The Philosopher's Stone



ANCIENT alchemists sought the philosopher's stone, the secret of youth and wealth. They failed. Ponce de Leon, in quest of the nectar of life, roamed the wilderness now our nation. He failed. Yet where he walked great industries have sprung up. They know neither age nor decay. They have found the spirit of youth in development.

Youth, health, growth; the composition of progress, the cause and effect of commercial success. Where youth remains, health increases and growth is multiplied. These fundamentals we have proven, have helped others prove them. We have maintained the position which came first by right of leadership and then by right of growth; for this month marks the half century of youth, development, progress of the house of N. W. Ayer & Son.

Many manufacturers credit us with having shown the way to ever increasing strength. Now as never before the eternal, cumulative energy of growth gives us the means to serve commerce with peculiar effectiveness. Experience has taught us how to help in putting new life into the older industries and larger life into new concerns.

Fifty years of advertising leadership, fifty years' study of the service rendered others; this collective experience is in constant use in planning and producing the advertising of our clients.

If you who have worthy products would keep youth and gain strength through progress—this half-century of advertising experience is offered to you.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

(Concluded from Page 46)

And now once more he found himself swiftly traversing great black spaces, impelled by an awful inexorable force. This time, however, it was more like falling. He was a lost soul.

As he dived down and down, turning over, righting himself, turning over again, like a body falling from the cornice of a skyscraper, he found his voice and uttered a despairing cry: "Molly! Molly! Oh, Molly!"

And then, while the sound of that great wail still echoed in his ears, he heard oh, wonder of wonders!—the voice of Molly close beside him, and felt her hand seize his.

"Yes, Shelley. I'm here."

"Is it really you?"

"Yes, dear." He felt the reassuring pressure of her hand. "Everything is all right. Just rest quietly."

He wished to clutch her hand with both of his, but his free hand would not move.

"Don't let go! Don't leave me!"

"I won't. Don't worry, dear. I'll stay right here."

Now he was no longer plunging downward through the dark. At her touch the hideous flight had been arrested. No doubt she was a power, up here. Hand in hand they were floating easily along. Peace filled his heart.

"How did you get here?" he managed to ask her.

"Of course I came as soon as I heard."

Of course! How like her!

"Was it far to come?" he murmured.

"It seemed far," she said softly.

He wept for happiness.

"We're going to begin all over again," he told her. "They've given me another chance. You're going to be happy, dear."

"I am happy—just to be here with you."

He pressed her hand again.

"God is merciful!" he said.

"Yes, dear, He is. Now try to rest."

Still clinging to her hand he slept.

Next day he was able to hear all about it. His arm was fractured, his body bruised and his scalp had been cut by glass. Mrs. Davenport had fared better, escaping with hardly more than a severe shaking up. The chauffeur had been thrown against the steering wheel and had several broken ribs.

"It's a miracle," he said, "that nobody was killed."

"Yes," Molly replied. "Mrs. Davenport feels she owes her escape, perhaps even her life, to you."

The subject did not seem to interest him.

"You know we met by accident out there?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes. She told me."

"I couldn't very well get out of riding in with her, Molly."

"Of course you couldn't, dear." Then she added: "She wants to come and see you as soon as you feel well enough."

Two or three days later, when Molly had left to see about his broth, the floor nurse entered his neat little white-painted room, saying: "A visitor to see you, Mr. Wickett."

Simultaneously he heard voices in the corridor outside. He recognized the voices. One was Molly's. One was that of the fashionable surgeon in whose care he was. The third was Mrs. Davenport's.

He heard Molly greet the handsome lady and introduce the surgeon to her. Then he heard the surgeon say in his most ingratiating manner: "I recognized Mrs. Davenport at once. I've often seen her, though we never met before."

"Oh, I've known you by sight for a long time, doctor," Mrs. Davenport replied in a tone that made Wickett think of dripping sirup.

"I'm flattered indeed!" the surgeon answered truthfully. "The more so since you seem never to see anyone."

"Ah, but I do, though!" she answered. "For ages I've had a name of my own for you. To myself I always call you 'the man that wears such pretty scarfs.'"

Wickett closed his eyes.

"Nurse," he said hurriedly, "I don't feel well enough for visitors to-day."

THE ROOSEVELT PERIOD

(Continued from Page 10)

Theodore Roosevelt became President. There was, too, a collateral problem to be worked out; and this, though the inevitable result of the state of things that I have tried to outline, was peculiarly ugly and formidable.

In order to resist the growing demand for some sort of check upon their practices, in order to safeguard what they felt to be their privileges, and indeed to secure even greater and more unjust privileges, the great transporting, manufacturing and other industrial corporations went into politics. In a very practical way they were united. They always acted in concert, with perfect understanding, and they knew exactly what they wanted to prevent and what they wanted to get. Their agents were present at the meetings of every state legislature and every session of Congress. Expensive lobbies were maintained permanently, and a certain class of men developed who made legislative manipulation their profession. Moreover, these closely allied business concerns, acting under the old theory that they ought to do as they pleased, became, for the purposes above stated, very active and potent in the management of political parties. As is now well known they often were able to elect or defeat candidates for state legislatures and also candidates for the national House and Senate. In brief a powerful and utterly non-public influence grew up, the workings of which, though unseen, had a great deal to do with the making and execution of laws, both state and national.

The economic wrongs suffered by the people afforded an ideal opportunity for demagogic agitation. There was a strident demand that great business organizations should be dissolved. Trusts, we were told, must be abolished. Unlimited and unrestrained competition must be restored, it was said—though every student knew that this was destructive, wasteful, and at war with modern industrial and business evolution. A more difficult situation never faced a statesman. On the one hand big business organizations demanded that no control whatever should be exercised over them, and on the other hand it was asserted that they should be utterly annihilated. Both were wrong. The well-being of the nation required that great industrial units should be preserved and even strengthened, but also that they should not be permitted to exploit the people.

It was the adjustment of social and industrial America to the new order of things that constitutes what will be known in history as The Roosevelt Period. This adjustment meant the introduction as a working principle of the idea of government supervision and regulation of business organizations which had become so large that the people had to depend upon them for transportation and the necessities of life. So came the fight for various laws regulative of railroads, laws for the supervision of trusts, for the inspection of meat and food, for the abolition of child labor, for the betterment of labor conditions, for conservation laws, for a businesslike method of tariff alteration, and that whole body of legislation of which the instances given are examples.

Well for the republic that Theodore Roosevelt undertook these fundamental reforms. A President of shorter and narrower vision, colder sympathies and smaller courage would have brought on a national catastrophe; abuses had become so sharp and the public sense of injustice so keen that the country was fast reaching a point where explosion surely would have occurred. Had the demands of the people been denied much longer either a Bolshevist party would have arisen and a recklessly radical President been elected or an extreme and obstinate conservative Administration would have been chosen by a combination of all elements who saw and dreaded the coming upheaval. In the former case the country would have been plunged into economic chaos and financial disaster; in the latter case a bloody collision could hardly have been avoided, brought on, as such conflicts always have been produced, by blind and pig-headed denial, backed by force, of the reasonable and just demands of the public. After all, history is the wisest of counselors, since human nature and the order of the universe do not yet appear to have been abolished.

Though it was but yesterday, historically speaking, that the United States was thus transformed to modern conceptions and practices of business and life, the world

STETSON HATS

RIGHT in line with the happy feeling this Easter—here is one of the new Stetson Derbies now being featured by hatters and haberdashers the country over.

It may be news to you that there are more Stetson Soft and Derby Hats sold in New York City every year than those of any other makes of high-grade hats in the world.

It is not alone the *style* and *quality*. There is the *lightness* and *comfort* that experience has taught us so well how to embody in a derby.

You cannot buy better than Stetson *style*, and you cannot afford to accept less than Stetson *quality*—each hat signed with the *Stetson Quality-Mark*.

We shall be glad to send you the little book, "The Making of a Stetson Hat"—and with it "A Little Journey to the Home of John B. Stetson," by Elbert Hubbard. Just send in your request on a post card.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

VITALIC
(Trade Mark Registered)
Bicycle Tires

Some Inside Information

All Vitalic Tires are made with an extra-strong 14½-ounce fabric. The strongest fabric used in any other bicycle tire is 12-ounce—and most bicycle-tire fabrics are even lighter. Here is a magnified cross-section of 14½-ounce Vitalic fabric compared with an equally magnified cross-section of 12-ounce fabric.

"Tougher Than Elephant Hide"

For Puncture-Free Peace of Mind

Buy cheap tires and borrow trouble.

That's a true word. About the most extravagant, exasperating things you can buy are cheap tires.

It's better to pay the price of Vitalic quality in the beginning and get the genuine economy of Vitalic durability on the road.

Vitalics cost a little more to buy, but much less to ride when you figure it out on a mileage basis.

And you'll ride in peace and comfort on sturdy non-skid Vitalic treads for many a thousand mile with never a fear of puncture or blow-out.

Vitalic Tires will put new pleasure into your riding, and the more miles you ride the less they cost per mile.

CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS - - ERIE, PA.

has moved forward so rapidly that the struggle to effect that transformation already seems to be a thing of the distant past. The wisdom, justice and utility of all those reforms begun during the Presidency of Theodore Roosevelt and mostly accomplished during the Roosevelt Period—for that period embraces succeeding Administrations as well as his own—are already conceded by everybody, even by those who fought them most bitterly.

Recent as this great political and legislative conflict was, it is even now hard for us to realize the ferocity of it. So great was the power of the influences that resisted those reforms, so able, courageous and experienced were the men who opposed them, so unorganized was public opinion on the one hand and so perfectly disciplined the forces which wished to keep things as they were on the other hand that it seemed a hopeless task to attempt to accomplish anything.

The interplay within the two great political parties of the allied reactionary forces made any effort to secure liberal legislation infinitely more difficult; and this difficulty was increased by demagogic resistance to any measures, however scientific and approved, that so much as recognized the legal existence of great corporations. Absurd as it now appears it nevertheless was a fact that the extremists of reaction and the extremists of radicalism worked together, without intending to do so, for the defeat of every common-sense and up-to-date reform that conditions imperatively demanded. True statesmanship—the moderate, the reasonable and the just—sometimes has had hard sledding even in a republic.

It was in waging this long-continued warfare that the character, strength and personality of Theodore Roosevelt were most fully revealed. He was a very able politician and understood from experience in New York the working of political organizations and the methods employed by those who then controlled them. He knew that to accomplish anything really practical, at that particular time, he must work with the political system as he found it, bring the leaders to agreement with him as far as possible, and hold over organizations and leaders alike that appeal to public opinion, of the art of making which he was so great a master.

A Man of Broad Sympathies

In short he had to act as a statesman. He could not, therefore, become what one might term a professional crusader—could not engage in the business of a civic evangelist. He went to the people only when it was necessary to arouse them and to crystallize their will upon specific and practical purposes.

So in dealing with the strong men of Congress, who, generally speaking, were against him and his policies, he did not, except in a very few instances, close and bolt the door against them. Most of them always could enter and work with him when, no matter for what reason, they were ready to help him with any measure the enactment of which, at the moment, happened to be the particular task he had in hand. Only a man of catholic sympathies and the gift of liking the most widely different types of men and appreciating good qualities in them could be capable of this. And just that in preëminent degree was the kind of man Theodore Roosevelt was.

For example, no two men could possibly be more unlike in make-up and views of life than Senator Matthew Quay, of Pennsylvania, and William Allen White, of Kansas. Yet, as is well known, though Colonel Roosevelt cherished an ardent affection for the younger man and trusted him implicitly he was also fond of Senator Quay personally. He liked Quay's audacity and frankness and he admired the genius of the Pennsylvania boss, who in addition to being one of the greatest politicians in American history was also one of the most intellectual and widely read men in the political life of that time. The feeling was reciprocated and whenever he could do so without interfering with his own plans or the interests of those who supported him Quay would help Roosevelt; and often did so.

"I must confess," President Roosevelt said to me one day, "that I have a personal liking for Quay. He stands for nearly everything that I am against, but he is straightforward about it and never tries to fool me."

In his management of the Presidency and of his party while he was at the head of it Colonel Roosevelt consulted freely with other men. The late Senator Eugene Hale, of Maine, who during the two Roosevelt Administrations was the real leader of the Senate whenever he saw fit to take the trouble, and who sincerely and stubbornly opposed nearly all the Roosevelt reforms, once told me that in all his very long experience in public life he had never known a man who sought counsel so much as did President Roosevelt.

"And yet," said Senator Hale, "most people think that he is impulsive and won't even listen to advice, much less take it. I can't imagine," said he, "how such an idea got out."

This erroneous public conception of Colonel Roosevelt was undoubtedly due to his quick and emphatic manner of speaking, to his strenuous physical habits and actions, and to his apparently abrupt decisions. Also of course, by methods so well known to the politician, his enemies in both parties, his own party as well as the opposition party, spread reports of his "impulsiveness." It is one of the small defects of democracies that a totally false idea can be planted in the minds of the people concerning one who is fighting the people's battles.

Personal Characteristics

As a matter of fact Colonel Roosevelt never took an important step until he had asked for the opinion and collected the judgment of a large number of men. While in the White House his consultations were almost incessant. Sometimes he asked several men to gather about him at the same time and compare views; sometimes he would ask one man to come to the White House and go over thoroughly the matter to be decided. Often these conferences would last for hours. What he required on such occasions was clear, cold, practical thinking. A display of emotion usually made a bad impression upon him. Many men whom Colonel Roosevelt liked and trusted were dropped from his list of advisers after two or three interviews because their comment had more heat than light.

This unemotional quality of Theodore Roosevelt was also well illustrated in controversies over patronage. When senators, representatives and influential politicians would urge a certain appointment chiefly on grounds of political expediency or factional favoritism, on the one hand, or as a means of conciliating opposition with veiled threats of retaliation if the President did not yield, President Roosevelt reacted strongly against both such pleas—especially if they were presented with fervor.

I have known of instances in more than one state where he rebuked an entire Congressional delegation who demanded appointments as matters of political right or rather as matters of political pull, and instead appointed a man whose friends did no more than coldly lay before the President the candidate's superior qualifications for the office. And I have known of many cases where supporters failed because enthusiasm instead of facts was advanced. Unemotional argument based on proof was the surest road to his approval.

In consultation as to measures which he wished Congress to pass or policies which he was formulating or political steps to be taken he was the easiest man to talk to I ever knew. If he was convinced of your sincerity you could say anything to him you liked. You could even criticize him personally. His close friends often thought he actually invited personal criticism. He would argue the subject out with the greatest possible frankness and without the slightest trace of resentment or irritation. On the contrary no man could be more wary than he, no man could fence with more skill if he suspected that the person with whom he was talking was unfriendly, insincere or even subtle. If he detected falsehood or sharp practices his anger instantly was aroused.

He usually accepted the judgment of the majority of his advisers. While he was President he had about him a number of men who were sound counselors and fearless friends, and no man could have more generously acknowledged indebtedness to others than President Roosevelt to these men. He was very fortunate in his secretary, Mr. William Loeb, Jr., who had

(Continued on Page 53)

A Symbol of Service

Whenever you see the Paige name plate on a passenger car or truck, we want you to remember that it is a symbol of fair dealing and honest manufacturing. That car or that truck is deserving of your fullest confidence. It has satisfied our own exacting requirements as a quality product and, because it has not failed us, it *cannot* fail you.

In brief, we ask you to place your faith in the reputation of a manufacturer—rather than a painted body and four wheels. Believe in the Paige because the nation believes in it. Buy it because it is worthy of your confidence and respect. On this basis we very gladly assume our full share of the responsibility.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY :: :: DETROIT, Michigan

Write for free Hammermill Portfolio, which will give you printed forms of value to you, and will show you Hammermill's 12 colors and white, its three finishes—bond, ripple and linen. If you are a printer, ask for full set of 30 portfolios.

The Room that's Overlooked

YOU know how it pleases the head of the business to show a customer "through the works." They glance into every room—except, probably one. This small room the president may not have noticed. Yet the carrying on of the business is absolutely dependent on the contents of this "stock room"—paper and printed forms.

Where forms are carefully and intelligently designed, you will usually find that they are printed on one standard paper. Hammermill Bond is made in a mill which was built twenty years ago to produce just what it is producing today—"The Utility Business Paper." Hammermill is the lowest priced standard bond paper in the world. It is uniform in quality, and it is readily obtainable anywhere in the United States.

The man who feels, tears and breaks a dozen samples of paper when he places a printing order may happen to pick the one that is best for his need, in quality and price. More often he doesn't. Standardizing on Hammermill Bond assures right quality and right price for every order.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"

(Continued from Page 50)

been his secretary while governor of New York and continued in that capacity while Colonel Roosevelt was President.

Much of his success was due to his open-mindedness. He had a boundless hospitality for ideas. He welcomed thought from whatever source, especially constructive thought. He was quick to adopt the ideas of others, but he did not fail to give them the credit. For example, the originator of the policy of conservation was Gifford Pinchot. Mr. Pinchot first thought out that whole scheme of statesmanship, tested it by discussion with friends, and then laid the perfected plan before the President. Mr. Roosevelt promptly accepted it, but gladly proclaimed Mr. Pinchot's authorship.

There was something chivalrous about his generosity. Friends and even enemies were frequently surprised by the most unexpected exhibitions of this quality. An instance in my own experience—one of many—will illustrate how vigilant Colonel Roosevelt was in this respect. After the meat-inspection bill had become a law—the fight over that measure had been one of the most desperate in our legislative history—stories were sent out that the President himself had conceived the idea, had ordered the measure drawn and had handed it to me to be introduced. Obviously I could say nothing; and it was all right any way, since that important reform never would have had the slightest chance of accomplishment had not President Roosevelt thrown himself into the fight with every ounce of his personal power and all the resources of the Administration. The real credit was justly his.

Yet on July 1, 1906, I received from President Roosevelt the following letter:

"*My dear Senator Beveridge:* I send you herewith the pen with which I signed the Agricultural bill containing the meat inspection clauses. You were the man who first called my attention to the abuses in the packing houses. You were the legislator who drafted the bill which in its substance now appears in the amendment to the Agricultural bill, and which will enable us to put a complete stop to the wrongdoing complained of. The pen is worth nothing in itself, but I am glad to send it to you as the expression of my acknowledgment of your services.

"With all good wishes, believe me,

"Faithfully yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

I was as surprised as I was pleased and telephoned my thanks to Secretary Loeb. "Have you given it to the press?" asked Mr. Loeb.

"Why no, of course not. It's a private letter," I answered.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Loeb; "give it out—that's what it was written for."

The Colonel's Friends

Stupidity disgusted him—even when one who was his friend would do or say anything stupid he could be very harsh. And dullness irritated him. It was hard for him not to show his impatience with the pallid and the commonplace. He abhorred banal conversation as much as he delighted in bright, witty, thoughtful and informed talk. His particular delight was in conversation with brilliant writers. A mere list of the names of his literary friends would fill several pages. Owen Wister was an especial favorite. He had an unbounded admiration for William Roscoe Thayer. At first Mr. Thayer was not one of his advocates, though later he became an enthusiastic and resourceful champion. Being a superconscientious man Mr. Thayer once told President Roosevelt in the presence of several hearers that he had not voted for him.

"Bill," said Colonel Roosevelt, "the man who can write the Life of Cavour can vote for anybody he pleases so far as I am concerned. What has your politics to do with my appreciation of your great book? You can't shut me out of your host of admirers by voting against me."

Their mutual love of literature was one of the many bonds between Colonel Roosevelt and Senator Lodge. "I should talk to Lodge about books if we disagreed on the Ten Commandments," he said to a too fervid supporter who was protesting against the President's intimacy with the Massachusetts senator when the latter, with fine independence, was opposing some measure of the Administration.

Few men ever lived who had so many and such attractive phases of mind and character. It seemed impossible that one person could have read so much, so variously and with such understanding. On one long campaign trip I found him reading, between stops, Moreau's Memoirs in French. He never went anywhere without taking several books with him. While his extensive reading gave him an immense fund of that knowledge which books afford, his experience with men and the world had been so manifold, vivid and intense that he knew life at first hand from many angles.

He liked to talk of literature, of sport, of science, of travel, and especially of history, more than of politics or business in the narrow sense of those terms. It is not possible to imagine one more attractive and engaging in social intercourse. Misused as the word "charm" is, there is no other term that describes the effect of his personality on others. His talk and manner were as easy and as casual as they were sparkling and vital.

It is not difficult to bore a man so widely cultured, and this was true of Colonel Roosevelt. When even a supporter who had nothing in common with him except the politics of the day would insist on unnecessary conferences Colonel Roosevelt, though appreciating that friend's fidelity and assistance, was nevertheless frequently ill at ease with him. Sometimes such a person would lose favor because of the incessant monotony of the topics brought up and the conversations about them.

The Shooting in 1912

The movement Colonel Roosevelt led was to him a sacred cause. The spirit with which he led it was that of a soldier. His leadership was marked by a terrible fervor and also by an august dignity. He was absolutely unselfish and profoundly sincere about it. Indeed his sincerity and unselfishness had a kind of exaltation. This is proved by the message he sent to the people just after he was shot in the campaign of 1912, and at an hour when it was not certain whether he would live or die.

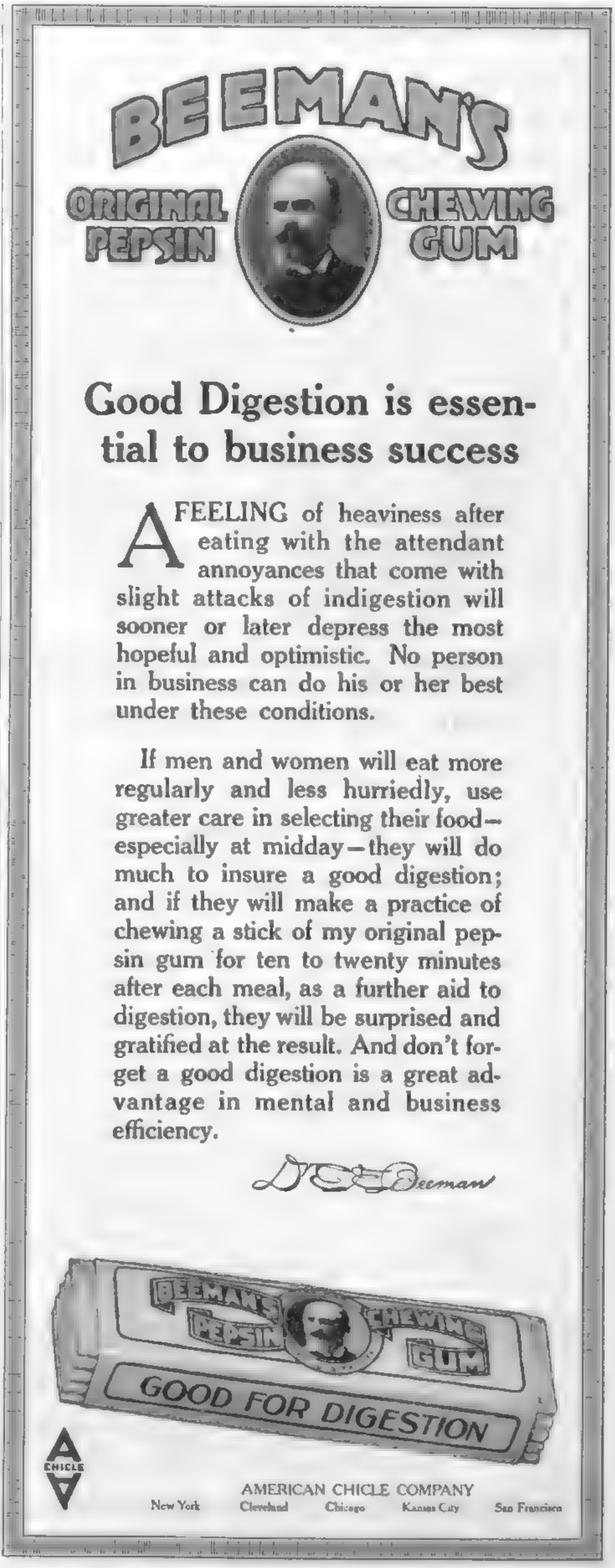
As soon as Colonel Roosevelt had been taken from Milwaukee to the hospital in Chicago the secretary of the National Committee, Mr. Oscar King Davis, who was with him, telephoned to me in the southern part of my state, where I was speaking, to cancel all engagements and come to Chicago immediately. When I arrived at the hospital I asked Doctor Murphy, the surgeon in charge, what were the prospects of recovery. He answered that nothing certain could be predicted at that time, but that he believed Colonel Roosevelt would survive. When I went to his bedside he greeted me as though nothing had happened, and then said:

"The meeting at Louisville, Kentucky, to-morrow night, where I was to have spoken, must not be abandoned. One of my written speeches was to have been made there. I have sent for you to ask you to fill that engagement. You ought not, of course, to read my prepared speech. But I want you to give a certain part of it. Principally, however, I wish you to give a message from me to the people. I am not strong enough to dictate it, but I can outline the general idea."

I took his manuscript and that night and the next day wrote the speech he asked me to deliver, including in it the paragraphs from his written address which he had requested to be given out. I drafted the message he sent to the people, telephoned it to Mr. Davis, who submitted it to Colonel Roosevelt, and received his approval; and that night I delivered it.

It was in such fashion that the wounded leader in Chicago thus spoke to the nation from the platform of Phœnix Hall, Louisville, Kentucky, on the night of October 17, 1912. I quote from the report in the Louisville Herald of the following day:

"It matters little about me, but it matters all about the cause we fight for. If one soldier who happens to carry the flag is stricken another will take it from his hands and carry it on. One after another the standard bearers may be laid low, but the standard itself will never fall. You know that personally I did not want ever again to be a candidate for office. And you know that only the call that came to the men of the Sixties made me answer it in our day as they did more nobly in their day. And now, as then, it is not important whether one leader lives or dies. It is important


BEEMAN'S
ORIGINAL PEPSIN
CHEWING GUM
Good Digestion is essential to business success
A FEELING of heaviness after eating with the attendant annoyances that come with slight attacks of indigestion will sooner or later depress the most hopeful and optimistic. No person in business can do his or her best under these conditions.
If men and women will eat more regularly and less hurriedly, use greater care in selecting their food—especially at midday—they will do much to insure a good digestion; and if they will make a practice of chewing a stick of my original pepsin gum for ten to twenty minutes after each meal, as a further aid to digestion, they will be surprised and gratified at the result. And don't forget a good digestion is a great advantage in mental and business efficiency.
D. C. Beeman
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN CHEWING GUM
GOOD FOR DIGESTION
CHICLE
AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY
New York Cleveland Chicago Kansas City San Francisco

If the business end of the Extinguisher looks like this —buy it!

Johns-Manville
FIRE EXTINGUISHER

THIS is the end that you aim at the fire. Be sure that the extinguisher you select looks like this, then you will know that it has the exclusive features necessary to extinguisher protection.

Note and see that the nozzle on the machine you select is in-set. Then no damage can come to it if the extinguisher is accidentally dropped, or roughly handled, as is so apt to happen in the haste of fire fighting—particularly in tight places. And here the Johns-Manville Extinguisher is supreme.

For by air pressure stored up while you are getting to the fire it is only necessary to push the lever and a strong, non-pulsating, pressure-thrown stream goes right to the base of the flame.

You can operate the extinguisher by hand pumping and still get the same steady stream—but where there is no room to pump or where it is dangerously awkward to do so, the pressure-thrown method makes you still the master of the fire. The Johns-Manville Fire Extinguisher gives you maximum protection and secures 15% reduction in automobile fire insurance premiums.

Price in U. S. East of Colorado, $10.00, $10.50 Colorado and West Dominion of Canada: $12.00 East of Calgary, $12.50 Calgary and West.

To the Trade—If you are a dealer and not handling the Johns Manville Fire Extinguisher, talk about its sales possibilities with your Jobber. Let him tell you about the Dealer policy that protects you against indiscriminate competition.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 63 Large Cities

Can be operated by anybody, in any position, anywhere

And also through—
Asbestos
and its allied products
JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

only that the cause shall live and win. Tell the people not to worry about me; for if I go down another will take my place. Always the army is there. Always the cause is there; and it is the cause for which the people should care, for it is the people's cause."

These sentences from a man who had no assurance that he would be alive when they were spoken prove his deep sincerity and reveal his conception of that great American advance movement of which he was the captain.

Colonel Roosevelt was infinitely proud of the fact that the new party which he tried to establish polled a great majority of the Republican votes of the country, and a large number of Democratic votes. Earnest as he was to found a liberal party in America, just as Jefferson may be said to have founded the original Republican Party, Jackson the Democratic Party, and Lincoln the new Republican Party, and keen as was his disappointment that his efforts were not successful, he did not think that they had been in vain.

He was convinced that the historic movement of which he was the supreme exponent saved the Republican Party from the doom that overtook the Federalist and Whig parties. He believed that but for the great liberal advance of which he was the standard bearer the Republican Party would have become hopelessly reactionary, just as was the case with the Federalist and Whig parties, and just as has been the case with old political parties in other free countries.

Since the spirit of the whole world was distinctly liberal, since indeed the very elements of our industrial and social development required that political parties keep pace with that development, Colonel Roosevelt believed that for any political party to resist the transition which the American people were undergoing meant the inevitable decline and early extinction of that party.

"We have put life into our party," meaning the Republican Party, he remarked to me not long before his last illness. "We have made it a party of to-day—a party that young men and women can come into with good heart. So our work has borne sound fruit."

He felt indeed that his labors during the Roosevelt Period had permanently ended outworn political methods and liberalized the Democratic as well as the Republican Party. He believed that he had destroyed reactionary influences in American life for a long time to come.

That part of his work accomplished, he again became the most active of Republicans and soon was accorded by common consent the leadership of the rejuvenated and reunited party. Had he lived there can be little doubt that in 1920 the Republican Party would have nominated him by acclamation for the Presidency.

Foreign Policies

Only second in importance to his achievement of liberalizing American politics and effecting the great economic and social transition already described was what he proposed and accomplished in foreign affairs.

Theodore Roosevelt stopped the Russo-Japanese War. His direct appeal to the Czar and to the Mikado—an appeal that had in it a faint trace of command—was as brilliant a display of genius as history records. Of course the head of no other government could have made that appeal. Because of America's peculiar situation on the globe and freedom from the embarrassments that hampered all other nations the Government of the United States was the only one that could ask both Russia and Japan to stop fighting. But, even so, very few American Presidents would have hazarded the bold step that President Roosevelt took.

His foreign statesmanship was singularly clear and simple. It was based on two principles: First that of nationalism—"the most intense American nationalism," as he put it; and second that our particular province is the Western Hemisphere. From these conceptions of America's place and mission in the world flowed the Roosevelt South American policy, the Roosevelt Cuban policy, the Roosevelt Canal policy, the Roosevelt Mexican policy—that American world policy, in short, which grew naturally out of our history and our geographical situation, and of which Colonel Roosevelt was the latest champion.

A proper treatment of this subject would require an article by itself. In this paper the foreign statesmanship of Theodore Roosevelt cannot, for obvious reasons, be enlarged upon. This much, however, may be said here without impropriety: If he could have had his way our relations with Mexico would long since have been established on a basis as solid and advantageous to both countries, at the very least, as that upon which our relations with Cuba are grounded.

His crowning achievement was his Herculean labor to compel the United States to take part in the European War. Strenuous as was his whole life, he put more energy into his appeals to the people during the two years preceding our entrance into that conflict than he displayed at any other period of his career. During that time he did indeed become a crusader. At no time in his life was he ever so passionate, so brilliant, so clear, so powerful.

A Flame of Righteousness

Though his illness and death may be traced to the effects of his South American exploration, it seems reasonable that the prodigious exertions of his last three years made such drafts on his vitality as to hasten the end. So probable does this appear that friends like to think that his life went up in a great flame of righteousness.

However opponents may have misjudged him and ascribed other motives to him in the various phases of his career, those who were near Colonel Roosevelt knew and know that every determinative step he took during his busy life was at bottom inspired by profound moral purpose. The motive power within him was always ethical conviction.

In the matter of the recent war he did not take sides as early as some, but he did take his stand sooner than most. Seemingly many months passed before he fully grasped the real issue involved. But when that issue became clear to him he gave every power of mind, body and soul to convince the people that this nation ought to and must enter the war on the side of the Allies. He believed that the survival of liberty throughout the world required the defeat of the Central Powers. This conviction was so intense and exalted that it had all the ardor of religious faith.

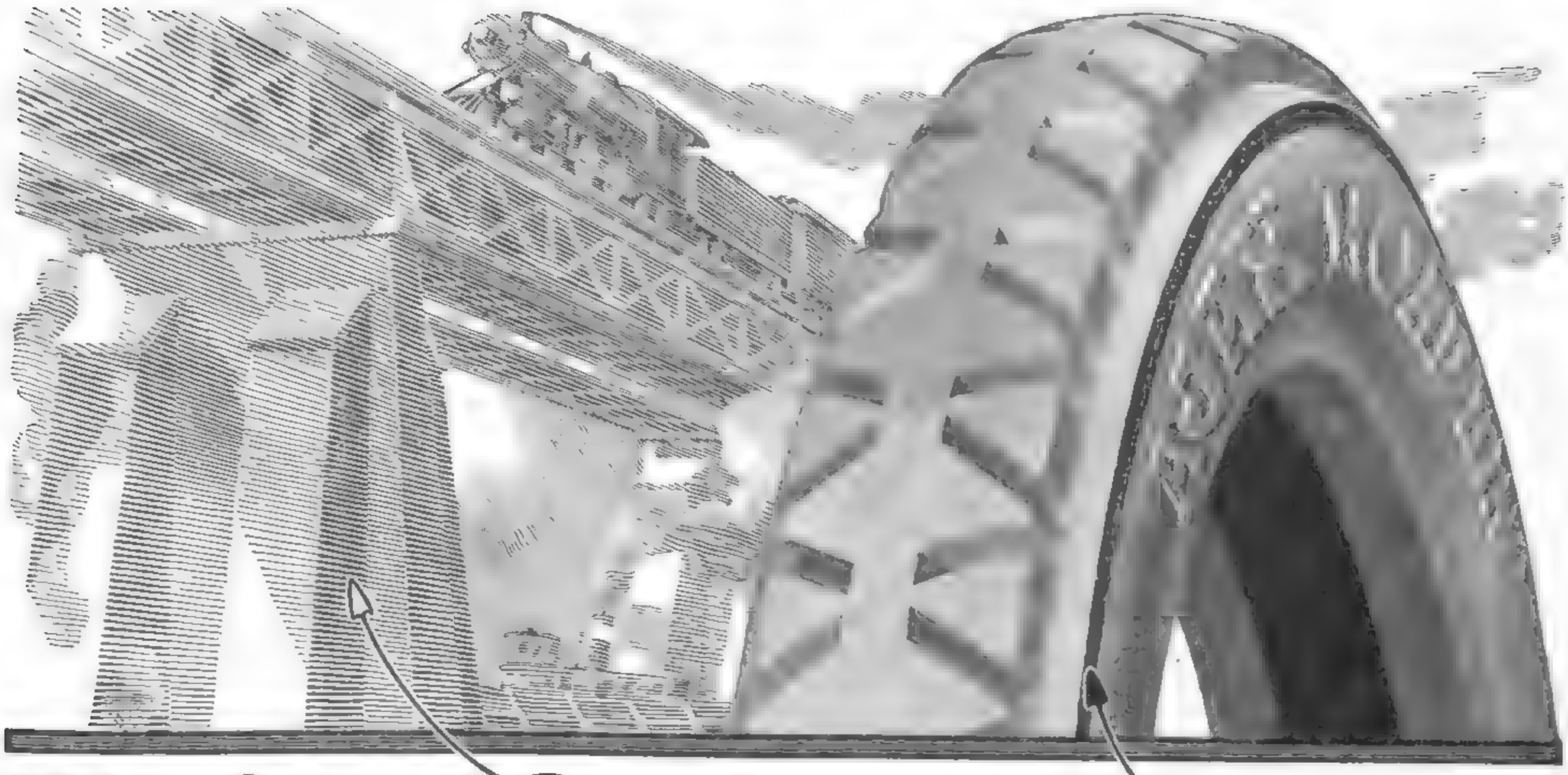
After we declared war Colonel Roosevelt was all anxiety that we should strike with all our might. He became very impatient as the months of preparation passed, and denounced with bitterness our failure to make ready for the struggle, our participation in which he believed inevitable.

From the time we entered the war he was sure that Germany would be defeated ultimately—he knew that this country never would stop until it was victorious. But from the Battle of Château-Thierry he knew that the triumphant end was in sight.

Characteristically he then turned his mind to the conditions in which the country will find itself within two or three years from the ending of the war. He considered that the period through which the country will pass during the next Administration, and perhaps the next two Administrations, will be of the very gravest character—more serious than any since the Civil War—and that we ought to get ready for that period not only by devising practical measures and methods to deal with the conditions that will soon confront us but also by putting ourselves into the proper state of mind to endure the trials we must undergo.

I do not think that his mind ever worked with greater precision than in differentiating that species of anarchism which we popularly term "Bolshevism" from that form of normal progress called liberalism. On this point he had great fear that the protest against Bolshevism would throw liberal men into the ranks of reaction—a result that, in turn, would surely strengthen the very Bolshevism it was intended to defeat. He believed that the road ahead of us is perilous and that only by exercise of steady common sense and self-restraint can we travel it without disaster.

As has always been true of men of the first class, the stature of Theodore Roosevelt as a historic character will grow in magnitude as time passes. Even in four or five years we shall realize more fully than we now do how great a man he was; we shall then be better able to appreciate how much the American nation lost when Theodore Roosevelt died.



The Same "Shoulders of Strength"

MEN who build big bridges know the need of "shoulders of strength". On any great bridge, mark the massive buttresses that brace and re-inforce—that give greatest strength where strength is needed.

Ajax, and Ajax alone, has brought the buttress into automobile tire construction. We call them Ajax Shoulders of Strength. That's exactly what they are—Shoulders of Strength that give far greater wear to Ajax Tires.

AJAX ROAD KING

MORE TREAD ON THE ROAD

Note the section of the mighty Ajax Road King. See that supporting shoulder; on both sides of the tread, these Shoulders of Strength brace and re-inforce the wearing surface. They mean more tread on the road—greater strength where strength is needed.

Shoulders of Strength are an exclusive Ajax feature. They are a feature the tire buyer can see. He can feel the greater strength they give to every tire that bears the Ajax name.

The Ajax Road King deserves the great popularity it has won. The Road King is 97% Owners' Choice. By this we mean that 97% of our annual output is chosen by individual car owners to replace other tires that came on their cars.

On the heavy car, the medium weight or the lightest one, Ajax Tires have greater strength that means greater, longer wear. Buy Ajax Tires and Tubes from your nearest Ajax Tire Supply Depot. Write for booklet "Ajax Shoulders of Strength".

Ajax Tires Are Guaranteed In Writing 5000 Miles

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
NEW YORK
Factories: TRENTON, N. J. BRANCHES IN LEADING CITIES

AJAX TIRES

A Razor Blade
Like Your Barber's—Made to Strop

THE RAZOR that shaves you as willingly and smoothly the hundredth time as the first, must be made to strop.

To strop perfectly, a razor blade must be built right. It needs the broad, strong back shown in the illustration; it needs also the concave grind swelling into that slight bevel just behind the edge which furnishes backbone for that edge. A razor built in this way—as GENCO Razors are—lays its blade against the strop at just the correct angle to regain quickly and certainly its ideal shaving edge.

Anybody Can Strop a Genco Razor

GENCO Razors are professional razors of the type all barbers use. When barbers who shave 9 Million Americans a day abandon this single type of razor, it will be when they can find something better. For men somewhat timid about shaving with an unguarded blade, we make the Safege. That is simply a GENCO professional razor with a guard.

Drop in on the nearest dealer and test the famous GENCO edge. Examine the Safege. All you need to do is look at it and flip its guard around and lay it against your face to know that here is a real razor you can use.

"GENCO Razors Must Make Good or We Will"

Geneva Cutlery Corporation

230 Gates Avenue **Geneva, N. Y.**

Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of High Grade Razors in the World

RED FRIDAY

(Continued from Page 4)

adapted to the waste of capital. Without central authority for expenditure, without a national budget, without any central means of checking the national outflow. Full of holes as a sieve. But at bottom this great waste came certainly because it was popular—as it will be always—this general division of capital in war to all in a democracy—the small bourgeois as well as the large, the farmer, the proletariat—by wages, great profits, steady work for the workers. All voters, naturally, in a democracy—ninety-five per cent at least—will encourage the appropriation of property to their own use in war—when war is once started. And so, naturally, the growth of the great national debt!

"All that was wonderful, even during war," said Plangonev—"your national success in destroying capital by war. But since then the demonstration has been still more hopeful for our cause. Since then you do not stop war, so far as national waste is calculated. Your cost of war during the year before this was approximately twenty billion dollars. This year of 1919, and 1920, without war your costs will be ten billions at the least."

"Twelve now, at least, I am told by some who know," I said; "at least."

"Why not," said Plangonev, "if popular with all? So waste keeps on; so debt increases. It is beautiful to see—like a fine experiment in chemistry."

It was the real man who spoke now, using a favorite simile. I could see even then the scientist who witnessed in society agent and reagent acting like elements in a chemist's brew.

"No," he said. "Our problem and yours are still the same—but your means of solving it are pleasanter and more sure. With us when capital is gone we must seize the government—by violence if required. With you, who now control your Government by popular vote, the ninety-five per cent who benefit destroy the capital by government expenditure and debt; and then the proletariat resume it."

"By repudiating the national debt?" I cried.

"Not at all," said Plangonev. "By taxing the bourgeois and their corporations—who advanced the capital to the Government—till they take it all. You see it, do you not," he asked me—"our plan of debt?"

"I think so," I said, my eyes kindling; "yes."

"The bourgeois advanced the capital—the money—to their government."

"Yes," I said.

"Then certainly we should make them pay it back to themselves once more—entirely."

"Yes."

"By the new taxes of this war—the income, the inheritance, the corporation tax; those new and happy taxes for the worker, which the bourgeois cannot, as in their former taxes, load back again upon the proletariat."

"I see," I said.

"So then," summed up Plangonev, "they spend their capital in this war; they pay it back to themselves. It cancels—does it not?"

"So it would seem," I said.

"So in the end they have no capital. It is gone."

"And the capitalistic era," I said, my eyes lighting with a great hope, "is gone, without violence!"

"Certainly. Yes."

"A revolution in peace, of perfect peace," I cried joyfully.

"Why not?" asked Plangonev.

"But there will be powerful opposition. There is now," I objected.

"From the great capitalists—certainly. The few of the great bourgeois in the center who can see."

"They are very strong," I said; "they are raising heaven and earth just now in Congress to prevent the passage of the railroads into the people's hands—the government ownership of our railroads. But can they do it?" I said, arguing—for I was greatly roused by the struggle in our Congress. "At least ninety per cent of the people of the country desire it," I claimed. "The farmers want anything but private ownership of the railroads, which they always fought. The railroad employees want it—government ownership—almost entirely. The railroad stockholders want it as a whole—to be assured of their dividends. Then why do they not get it?" I asked, rising more and more to my theme. "Wall Street, simply. It is simply that small per cent, with their financial hold both direct and indirect upon the Government—upon Congress—upon that eternally reactionary body the United States Senate. It is this alone that prevents it. An outrage!" I exclaimed.

Plangonev sat watching me now in his chair.

"I agree with you," he said finally. "That is why I have come to see you now."

"Oh," I said, surprised—and waited.

"You are the only man we know to help us now."

"I!" I cried, astounded. "Help you! In what way?"

"Break up this old ring of capital which still holds by its throat your Government."

"How can I assist," I asked, now absolutely wondering, "in any way? I am no financier."

"Eventually," said Plangonev, moving on his way, "they will break—your great bourgeois—so we believe. But now—in this fight—they should be attacked, too, and broken from within."

I waited for him to elaborate his idea.

"They have a ticklish task at best, the capitalists," he went on. "I do not think they could solve it with their greatest skill. But now to be precisely sure for us we should have help and pressure from both sides—from us and them. We should have one man—the greatest possible—from within, who will betray them, for his own interests, to aid us in the new freedom. So then I come to you."

"To me!" I repeated, in doubt now whether I should laugh or stare.

"Yes," said Plangonev. "You must introduce me to Stephen Black!"

"Stephen Black!" I said, drawing back.

"Yes; certainly," said the Russian. "You, as a man of peace, vouch for me—my safety from violence. The violence which he fears so much!"

I gazed and started. How did he know that, I wondered, of Stephen Black?

"Introduce me," he was going on; "that is all I ask. I will do then the remainder."

"With Stephen Black?" I said, still skeptical. "How?"

"I shall offer to him," said Plangonev, "the greatest stake yet offered to a great bourgeois plunderer in the world!"

He explained to me briefly his bait for Stephen Black. I listened, drawing in my breath as I saw the thing growing to its full magnitude.

"Is it enough?" he asked me finally, with a small and acrid smile upon his face.

"Enough!" I burst out in answer. "There has been nothing like it in the history of the world! Beside it El Dorado is the gilt upon a child's toy. It is," I said, "the looting of a continent, the richest on earth, with the latest improvements of science."

"Why not?" said the Russian imperturbably. "The loot should certainly be great at the breakdown of an era. Will you do it then?" he inquired. "Will you then take me to Stephen Black?"

"No violence!" I stipulated. "Absolutely none." For I still was disquieted by the man—his past, his principles.

"How should there be violence to him now?" asked Plangonev. "With the use we now have for him?"

"There could not be!" I said, convinced. "When shall we go?"

"The sooner the better," said Plangonev.

I took out my watch and caught the hour.

"We could," I said, "go now. It is but a step from here to his house on Fifth Avenue. We should find him there now, I believe. It is his usual custom."

"Let us go and see," said Plangonev, and took up his dingy derby hat.

"

I COULD not but marvel as I drew on my greatcoat at the precision and accuracy of the man's knowledge. That the Russian Bolsheviki, so called, were close students of this country, as of others, I knew well; that they had their agents constantly among us was in a sense common knowledge, even then; but how was it that this man—this stranger in a most strange land—should be informed with such precise exactness of a matter so few of my own

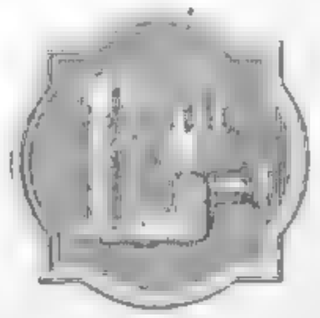
ATWATER KENT

SCIENTIFIC IGNITION

IT IS NOT SURPRISING THAT OWNERS OF *ATWATER KENT* EQUIPPED CARS ARE SO ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT PERFORMANCE

THE REASON IS OBVIOUS

THE SYSTEM IS SO SIMPLE MECHANICALLY AND ITS PERFORMANCE IS SO UNFAILING & EFFICIENT THAT ITS PRESENCE UPON YOUR CAR ADDS GREATLY TO THE PRIDE OF OWNERSHIP



ATWATER KENT MFG. WORKS

Philadelphia

Carey ROOFINGS

meet all the conditions of the most unusual plants

BECAUSE Carey Roofing is made mainly of an acid resisting mineral—the purest asphalt—it is used on a building of the Carborundum Company where poisonous Sulphuric Acid is handled.

Because it is flexible, elastic and waterproof, it is used on the buildings with flat surfaces and resists the northern cold and winter ice action—maintaining tight joints around chimneys, skylights, ventilators, etc.

Because neither extreme inside heat nor outside sun can melt it, or cause it to dry out—and because it is adapted to steep as well as flat surfaces—it is used over the smelting furnaces.

The roofing that can meet every unusual manufacturing, engineering and climatic condition here encountered will meet all your needs.

Write the distributors listed below for particulars.

Carey Building Materials

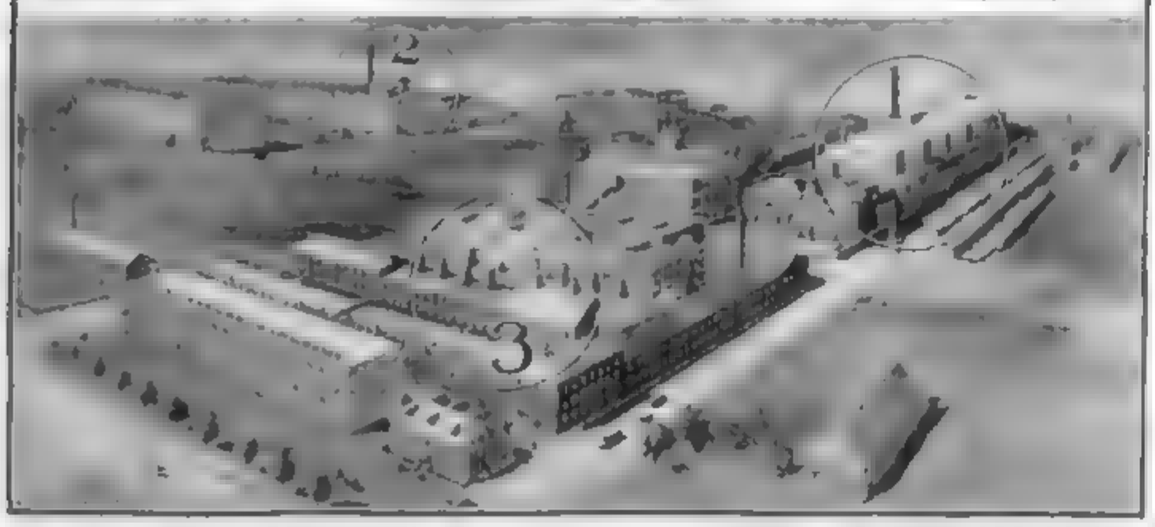
Carried in stock by the Distributors listed below

Asbestos Built-Up Roofs	Manco Asphalt	Asphalt Built-Up Roofs	Fiberock Asbestos Felts
Feltex Asphalt Felts	Wallboard	Asfaltslate Shingles	Asbestos Materials
Elastite Expansion Joint	Roofing Paints	Carey Flexible Cm't Rfg.	Rubber Roofings
85% Magnesia Coverings	Insulat'g Papers	Fibre Coating for Roofs	Damp-Proofing Comp'ds

THE PHILIP CAREY CO., 500-520 Wayne Ave., Lockland, Cincinnati, O.

DISTRIBUTORS

Atlanta	R. O. Campbell Coal Co.	Montreal	Wm. Rutherford & Sons Co.
Baltimore	The Philip Carey Co.	Nashville	T. L. Herbert & Sons
Birmingham	Young & [illegible] Supply Co.	New Orleans	Woodward, Wight & Co
Boston	The Philip Carey Co	New York	Robert A. Keasbey Co.
Buffalo	The Carey Co	New York (Export)	The K[illegible] Co
Charlotte	Charlotte Supply Co.	New York	The Philip Carey C
Chattanooga	James Supply Co.	Oklahoma City	A. M. DeBolt
Chicago	The Philip Carey Co.	Omaha	Sunderland Mach'ry & Supply Co.
Cincinnati	The Breese Bros. Co.	Philadelphia	American Insulation Co
Columbus	R. B. Kramm & Co	Pittsburgh	American Insulation Co
Cleveland	The Carey Co	Pittsburgh	The Philip Carey Co
Dallas	Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.	Portland, Oregon	Pacific Asbestos & Supply Co.
Denver	H. W. Moore & Co	St. Louis	The Philip Carey Co
Detroit	The Carey Co	Salt Lake City	Gallgher Mach'ry Co.
Havana	The Kellogh Co	San Antonio	Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co
Houston	Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.	San Francisco	Western Asbestos Magnesia Co
Jacksonville	Cameron & Barkley Co.	Seattle	Savage, Scofield Co
Kansas City	The Philip Carey Co	Spokane	Nott-Atwater Co
Knoxville	W. W. Woodruff Hardware Co.	Toledo	Savage, Scofield Co.
Little Rock	Fisher Lime & Cement Co	Tampa	Cameron & Barkley Co
Los Angeles	Warren & [illegible] Co	Toledo	The Carey Co
Louisville	R. B. Tyler Co	Toronto	The Philip Carey Co
Memphis	Fisher Lime & Cement Co	Washington	Asbestos Covering Co
Minneapolis	W. S. [illegible] Co	Wheeling	The Philip Carey Co



countrymen would know, the one particular service I could render the new freedom, and I perhaps alone? How could he know of my personal relations with the house of Stephen Black?

In my earlier career, ere I became convinced that the essentials of socialism were inherent in the first unaltered Christian faith, I was a ministrant of religion in what has been termed the wealthiest church in Manhattan and in America. As such I saw much of the Christian rich, as a spiritual and in a way a social intimate. And so it was that I went often into the house of Stephen Black, as a friend and religious comforter in the last days to that aristocratic, and once most beautiful woman, his late wife. From then on, partly from the kindness of memory; partly, I may perhaps flatter myself, because, even after my change of social faith, of a certain tolerant confidence in my motives; and partly, I am sure, because of a faint lingering sunset hope in the mind of Stephen Black of the possible triumph of our faith over death, I still retained entrée to that great dark Fifth Avenue house of his—"that family vault of Stephen Black," as some vivacious gentleman of the daily press had named it—to which, as his years advanced and his habit of secrecy grew upon that great secret speculator, fewer and still fewer had admittance.

I was recalling this quite naturally, wondering at our chances of success, as I drew on my outer clothing and we passed out together from my lodging into the blue sickly mist—two emissaries of the new freedom upon our extraordinary mission—and started on to take the few short steps that separated at that time the very rich, the great bourgeois of America, from the proletariat on the east side of Central Park.

The farther we went the more I grew doubtful about it. That we should see and trade with Stephen Black—that most secret of all men, that mysterious secret influence which capital itself knew only as a misty menacing power always over Wall Street—struck me, as we advanced toward our goal, as more and more unlikely. I voiced my doubts in half apology to my companion, but he seemed now in no way disturbed.

"He will see us only too gladly," he replied. "With you at hand to tell him I am safe, there is no fear!"

I glanced sharply at him once again. How was it that he knew Black's fear of death?

We kept our silence and our thoughts then as we went on, and the next word spoken was by Plangonev when as we turned the corner of Fifth Avenue I heard him say: "There they sit—your last words in your American freedom. The damned two per cent!"

"The two per cent?" I echoed him, much puzzled.

"You have read your own Professor King," he said to me. "Then you should know," he said, when I remembered, "the two per cent of the population that now already own three-fifths of all the property in your United States—and soon will have the rest.

"The damned two per cent," he said once again—"the kings of the bourgeois—sucking at the jugular vein of the continent—and always drawing more. A spectacle for future time! It is fortunate for us," he concluded, then, "that now in turn we can use their own machinery to destroy them—the blood-sucking apparatus they used through Wall Street."

And then we passed on together up the street of the great bourgeois. At that time of course the wealth of the American continent was drawn here—into the dwellings of its corporate masters. They lived in a strange variety and assortment of structures—cut in various periods and styles, according to the fashion which chanced at the moment of their building to be uppermost in the favor of those dressmakers of the metropolis, the famous architects. A solid line of quasi castles drawn from the great resources of the nation—this from one Western railroad, this from another in the Southwest, and this from steel or oil or copper.

They rose beside us as we went—in stark, irregular, dimly lighted masses upon our left—the mansions of the dark and then, at least, forbidding street of the great bourgeois. And as we went my companion cursed them, with great and bitter hate—figuring the bones and blood of starving children that had gone into them.

"Mausoleums built on the bodies of the proletariat," he said. "Cases for their ridiculous bourgeois art collections—and their women! The women of the great bourgeois," he said; "like the women of the Egyptians, who bathed their feet for beauty in the blood of slaves."

I could only keep silence before his outbreak as we passed along, and listen with a shock I could not at last repress to his arraignment of the beauty and folly and cruelty of the women of the very rich—a baneful growth, living at ease upon the misery of the poor like a hectic orchid upon the ruins of a great tree.

I watched him, listened to his outbreak, and was silent with him in his final silence as we approached at last the house of Stephen Black—the man beside me, it now seemed to me, knowing as well as I did his destination. I held back a little, trying him, and I saw him without hesitancy turn upon the steps of the house that we were seeking. The Russian knew it, I saw now, as well as I!

When I saw this thing I had myself a sharp moment of misgiving and alarm. I saw now that he knew—much! There was every sign of it. And what, after all, did I know of the intentions of this man beyond what he himself had told me? Was I deceived—to be an accomplice of some violence upon Stephen Black? All this flashed over me. But then again came back to me the memory of the plan of debt—the simplicity and logic of his desire to meet the great speculator face to face. And I went on. It was too late now at any rate to stop, with our feet upon the threshold of the man to whom in the name of our great common cause I had pledged myself to take him.

It was of red brick with brownstone trimmings, the so-called family vault of Stephen Black, one of the oldest houses of the upper Avenue, dull and inconspicuous among its newer neighbors, in strict accord with the principles of reticence and withdrawal always present in the mind of its owner. We passed up the dull-brown stone steps, pressed the bell, and stood there waiting at the lace-curtained door.

We must have been—he in his dull workingman's uniform and I in my semi-clerical garb—a curious and unaccustomed spectacle to the eyes of the big door man who opened for us the great black-rimmed front door. Indeed the servant hesitated for a moment. But then recognizing me—one of the few eccentrics allowed the house—he let me in, and with me my still stranger-looking follower. Even with him I became the guaranty and passport Plangonev had desired.

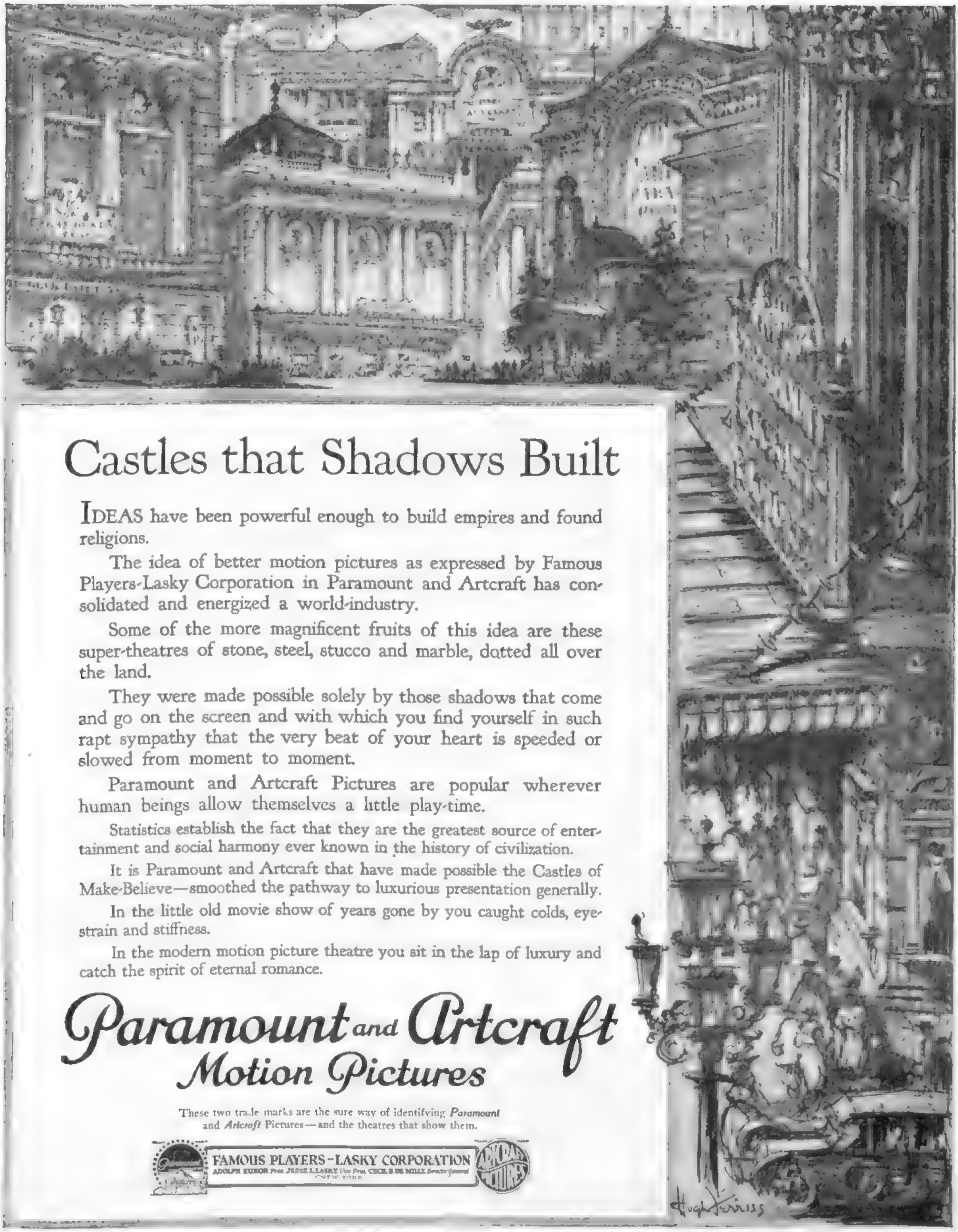
"The Rev. J. Appleton Todd," I heard the man announcing in the rigid waiting silence of the place, for I had asked first, in accordance with my custom, for Miss Black rather than her father.

I heard the sibilance of a woman's skirt approaching across the muffled floors of the interior of the house, and in a moment Charlotte Black appeared to greet us. She was—as is familiar now to every reader of the Sunday press—an exceptionally handsome woman; an example such as I have never since seen of the concentration of the personal elegance which limitless wealth secures. She was a woman even then, not a girl; but still in the first bright flood of the incoming tide of youth. Yet even then there was a hard brilliance in that beauty; and a definiteness and assurance in her manner, natural enough to the social head of that great fortune, no doubt, but which marked her—more in degree perhaps than in kind—from any other woman I have ever known.

On the other hand, in this man in the worker's overcoat, in Plangonev, she met with an assurance, not to say a mental arrogance, that in no way yielded to her own. I reflected even then that I could have searched the world over and not found two creatures more different in their deepest texture. What he could have signified to her at that time—besides instinctive class repulsion—I could not see. Curiosity, perhaps, to a degree. He spoke no tongue she could understand, from first to last. But she on her part spoke a language all men understand, young and old, poor and rich, wise as well as foolish—the language of unusual woman's beauty.

Her father, she told us, was not in, and would not be in immediately; and though she rather ceremoniously offered us the immensely costly discomfort of two great black medieval chairs we both remained standing, I somewhat surprised at not

(Continued on Page 61)



Castles that Shadows Built

IDEAS have been powerful enough to build empires and found religions.

The idea of better motion pictures as expressed by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation in Paramount and Artcraft has consolidated and energized a world-industry.

Some of the more magnificent fruits of this idea are these super-theatres of stone, steel, stucco and marble, dotted all over the land.

They were made possible solely by those shadows that come and go on the screen and with which you find yourself in such rapt sympathy that the very beat of your heart is speeded or slowed from moment to moment.

Paramount and Artcraft Pictures are popular wherever human beings allow themselves a little play-time.

Statistics establish the fact that they are the greatest source of entertainment and social harmony ever known in the history of civilization.

It is Paramount and Artcraft that have made possible the Castles of Make-Believe—smoothed the pathway to luxurious presentation generally.

In the little old movie show of years gone by you caught colds, eye-strain and stiffness.

In the modern motion picture theatre you sit in the lap of luxury and catch the spirit of eternal romance.

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount* and *Artcraft* Pictures—and the theatres that show them.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Service Supervisor*
NEW YORK

BOSCH
"The Eagle's Brood
American supremacy in automotive fields is no longer merely a boast or a conjecture. It is an established international fact. And it is significant that the supreme expression of engineering skill in each field depends upon Bosch, America's supreme ignition system, for its life-giving stream of fire.
American Bosch Magneto Corporation
AMERICA'S SUPREME IGNITION SYSTEM
Motor Trucks Tractors Airplanes Motor Cars Motor Boats Motor Cycles Gas Engines
Main Offices and Works Springfield Mass.
Branches—New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco
Service Stations in Two Hundred Cities

(Continued from Page 58)

finding the master of the house home then, as I had confidently thought he would be, and endeavoring to learn just when we could hope to secure a personal appointment with him.

"That," she said, laughing, "is more than any human being knows; including, I believe, himself."

"Especially now," Plangonev said calmly.

"Yes," she conceded, slightly surprised, "that is true—especially now."

"It is his railroads his conferences with his members of the national Senate," continued the Russian with the same calm confidence.

"Indeed!" she said, her color rising slightly. "I did not know."

"Yes," said Plangonev. "You will give him this please—if you will." He passed her a small card. "He will know of us, and me. And will you then tell him," he added—and unexpectedly he bowed—"that I hope that in this matter—and all the others now—we should be allies, not enemies. For it is much more wise. He will understand," said the Russian, closing. "And as for the rest, my friend your Mr. Todd—will speak for me."

"It is indeed a wonderful offer," I affirmed, "that my friend brings to your father. The most wonderful, I should say, in the history of finance."

She looked from one to the other of us—puzzled naturally, if not convinced that we were there on some fantastic social and philanthropic errand.

"It is business—pure business," I said, reassuring her.

"He will know," said Plangonev. "Tell him merely—for me—to act before it is too late."

A greater surprise than mine was written on the face of Charlotte Black as my companion left this message. Who was this man, her expression asked, with not the slightest touch of the self-depreciation or diffidence that goes with poor clothing the world over, wherever man is man, who left this confident and almost arrogant word for her to carry to her father?

"Very well," she said after a slight hesitation; "I will do so."

Immediately thereafter we left—our going not impeded certainly by any warmth in her manner; and soon we found ourselves in the still street of the great bourgeois again.

I have been asked often by curiosity seekers, and others with more legitimate call to know, just how—in what possible way—these two such opposite creatures first came together. This then was the way of it. I myself introduced them; and I saw their acquaintance from the initial expression on their faces when they met—hers of scorn, or, at most, hostile curiosity; his, I believe I can recall, the immediate dawn of that æsthetic and physical interest, let us designate it, which he displayed in her immediately, from the first closing of the great front door behind us.

"A wonderful thing," he said to me while we were still on the outside stairs. "In many ways the most attractive form of property they possess."

"What?" I asked him to explain.

"The women of the great bourgeois."

"Property!" I said again.

"What else?" he asked. "The favorite female slave, who spends all her life, who concentrates all the modern arts on what is wanted—physical elegance and beauty. Is any organic thing in more abject economic slavery and uselessness—except for the production of those desired qualities?"

He spoke dispassionately at first—as a biologist upon a butterfly. But there was still that in his voice I did not like.

"We shall set them free," I said—"the women of all the bourgeois, with the real economic emancipation of the new freedom."

And he laughed now—that jarring cynic's laugh again.

"You may not find them of your mind," he said; "desirous of your freedom."

"If they are slaves ——" I said, objecting.

"Since when," he asked, "has the pampered idle slave, fed with the economic struggles of the slave worker, been anxious for the comparative hardship of equality? They will be free at last," he went on, "willing or not. But not till many other changes have preceded—not really of their own will. The woman of the bourgeois—no matter how wildly you may hear them talk of freedom—is a special social creature, set apart. A form of property—like the house serfs before our Russian emancipation or your Civil War—least of all adaptable to economic freedom, because most domesticated for their present use. No doubt it is best," he added. "No doubt any creature is most fit for the uses for which it was created."

I drew back from him a little. I remember it quite clearly. His tone grew repellent to me—almost physically.

"This one," he said, "we have just seen, for example. Work? No. It would interfere with the perfection of the things she exists for—mere physical elegance and beauty."

And I caught then as he said it, that first night, outside there in the dimness of the lights in the street of the great bourgeois—that sudden hardness of desire in his voice; that sudden light in his eyes, that evil light which starts, I presume, in the eyes of the expectant pillager of cities in a victorious war.

I saw it, yes—his purpose, if it can be called such—even at that time. But, naturally, under the circumstances I attached no practical importance to it then. To my mind, and to his, came back our consideration of the first steps in our plot of debt—of our access to the great secret speculator, Stephen Black; of which, I confess, I was still skeptical.

But the Russian was now all at ease. "He will see me," said Plangonev. "He will come out of his secrecy now that you are with me—in the time-honored mission of the priest—to exorcise the fear of sudden death."

I watched him sharply once again—disregarding, as I knew I must for the common cause, his unpleasant slurring outburst against my cloth. But what was it that he really knew about the policy of secrecy—the fear of Stephen Black; the fear and secrecy in which the great bourgeois always lived?

III

MUCH has been written—both at that time and since—of the secrecy of mind and habit of Stephen Black and of the class, the great bourgeois of America, which he to the last degree personified. To this secrecy and almost stealth in the life of this class, even about their own personal mansions on Fifth Avenue, I myself can testify. And I know whereof I speak. My feet have been upon their secret entrances and stairs, my hands upon their false-paneled doors; and my ears have heard the passwords to the liveried guardians of their secret gates.

And as I came to know them more I recognized that aside from personal fear of the proletariat—which some of them did have—secrecy of movement was inherent in their situation. They were operators and often manipulators of great corporate properties; and that man was rare indeed who did not have his formula for profiting by the manipulation, or investment, if you prefer the word, in the properties he controlled or shared control in. Some of these operations took the form of long-term manipulations—profits by means of favored securities, of controlled properties, extending over a series of years; some of the mere buying and selling on a great scale of special corporation stocks in the stock market.

This being the case it is evident that the movements of this class called in their very essence for secrecy. They held in their possessions great secrets of wealth, which other men by the thousands, round the financial district of Wall Street in particular, were continually stalking with the assiduity and cunning of skilled hunters of great game. And in the very nature of profit taking in stocks, if they themselves were to secure to their personal advantage the great gains they were cultivating in their corporations, not only their plans and thoughts but even their physical movements must be scrupulously concealed.

But of all these men—this group of, let us say, twenty-five great bourgeois at the center of the wealth of the continent—none, as has been amply shown since, practiced or required absolute secrecy of plan and movement to the same extent as Stephen Black. He was not even known at that time, but by the very few, as the wealthiest man in America, his cousin overtopping him in that reputation in the popular mind. But it was within my knowledge, and that of others, that even then Stephen Black was a still wealthier man than Benjamin, and that it was the very habit of close secrecy which had kept him from popular knowledge that had made him so.

A Fresh Clean Towel for Any Hour of the Day

'Round about ten in the morning comes the real washroom test. Even the ordinary towel equipment holds up fairly well until then.

But after the "earlybirds" have gone, there are no more clean towels anywhere. And personal hygiene rebels at using damp towels of doubtful cleanliness.

ScotTissue Towels

"for use once by one user"

Clean ScotTissue Towels are always ready for use. At closing time, or any other time, you find *new* ones in the pile or cabinet.

ScotTissue Towels are for use once by one user—the only towels that economically combine the *real* needs of cleanliness with *all* the comforts of a good towel—soft and absorbent.

ScotTissue is the sensible towel for the office, store, hotel, school, club or factory, where high standards of personal hygiene are maintained.

Let us prove our statements by a test in your washroom

Scott Paper Company

Chester, Pennsylvania

Manufacturers of ScotTissue Towels and Toilet Paper

NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO

Scottissue

ScotTissue Products for Personal Hygiene

A Dish A Day

For a Month—15c

One-Tenth the Cost of Meat

Nature's supreme food, both in flavor and nutrition, is the oat. A pound of Quaker Oats supplies 1810 calories of energy. A pound of round steak only 890.

5 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

57 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

60 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

54 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

75 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

Thirty big dishes of Quaker Oats are served for 15c. That's a dish a day for a month. Note how little that 15c will buy in other necessary foods at this writing

What 15c Buys—In Calories

In Quaker Oats	3000 Cal.
In Round Steak	440 "
In Fish About	250 "
In Veal Cutlets	275 "
In Dried Beef	215 "
In Squash	200 "

Measure your foods by energy value—by calories. You will find that each dollar spent for Quaker Oats buys as much as $10 in meats.

You will find that Quaker Oats, in calory value, is six times as rich as potatoes.

You will find that Quaker Oats breakfasts will immensely reduce your food cost.

And they will supply you the greatest food that grows. The oat is almost the ideal food.

As a vim-food and a food for growth it has an age-old fame.

Yet the best oat food that was ever served costs only one-half cent per dish.

Quaker Oats

With Exquisite Flavor

This is rolled oats flaked from queen grains only—just the big, rich, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel

This selection means delightful flavor, yet it costs you no extra price

Prices Reduced to 12c and 30c a Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

(3051)

He was in fact, so carefully was the real man hidden, even in the financial district more a name than a man—a myth, an unknown and menacing power, working in the dark, coming and going and taking his profits with him, from great stealthy unseen forays upon the stock market, known only through their results. "The Great Silence," someone had called him; the speculator who could never lose—a thing impossible of course, but in his case as nearly possible as could be. He had at that time, perhaps, six hundred million dollars of his own, besides the resources of banks with which he was affiliated. He had access to the secret knowledge—upon which the great bourgeois as a class operated—of a very large percentage of great American corporations; and he had the inestimable advantage of secrecy—cultivated to its last possible point.

This habit of secrecy—formed for obvious business purposes after the fashion of his kind—grew more and more upon him as habit will with age, until it reached, some said, almost the proportions of a disease. It was heightened now, as I could see, by a growing fear of death. Stephen Black, it was known even then, was haunted by some mysterious and menacing disease. A young and very talented doctor—a specialist in his trouble—followed and watched him continually, in a service more close and exacting than that of any personal attendant. The fear of death, as I interpreted then, was continually on Stephen Black, alternating with his singular acquisitiveness, not to say avarice, in furnishing the main impulses to his life.

It was the allusion to this fear by Plangonev that had three times arrested my attention. It seemed strange that he should know and count upon this little-known personal characteristic of that secret mind; and it seemed stranger still when that next morning his expectation was fulfilled to the letter, and early after breakfast I was called by the ringing of my telephone, and had for the first time the distinction of listening to Stephen Black's own voice over the wire.

"This man," he said with his customary economy of words, "who was here with you last night—is he safe for me to see?"

"Physically?" I asked; and I could not but smile to myself, remembering the Russian's prediction, as I said it.

"Yes"

"I would guarantee it with my life," I said.

"All right," he said succinctly, "you shall. Provided," he added, "you have the gift of silence—as I guess you have."

"It is supposed to be," I said with some dignity, "a primary qualification of the priest."

"At nine o'clock then," he said, "tonight—at the Sixty-fifth Street entrance."

"Very well," I said; and we closed the wire.

I sat down suddenly then and strove to realize what had happened. One thing was clear—the plot of debt was advancing exactly as the Russian had predicted. Stephen Black had known already, I believed, of Plangonev and his possible uses; he had known, I conjectured, something already of his proposal; and as for myself I fitted in exactly at the place assigned to me—a sponsor against violence, a hostage; one chosen to play the part of the taster of the wine at the potentially poisoned banquets of the medievals; and, if any violence or death were threatened, to be there in person to avert or share it—a friend of both parties, trusted by both at the essential point of difference.

So then the miracle had happened; the seemingly impossible had been made possible through me, and we were there at the Sixty-fifth Street entrance of the Blacks at five minutes before nine.

The arrangements of the secret entrances of the house of Stephen Black were as simple as they were complete. The house, it will be remembered, stood in the middle of a block on Fifth Avenue, facing Central Park. In the rear—property held in other names—Black owned two houses partly used for his domestic economy, but primarily to afford him entrances on either side street at the rear. The houses were both of the most commonplace appearance, and it was characteristic of the man and his operations that both these more devious ways led more directly to his great working office at the rear of his house than the front and public one did.

We went up—Plangonev and I—by the secret staircase, ostensibly an inclosed stone fire escape, passed the sturdy liveried ex-policeman who was stationed at the door, and came in the second story to the great dark full-paneled office—moved bodily from some old noble's dwelling in northern Italy. The door slid back into the wall; we passed in, and found there Stephen Black with his doctor, waiting to receive us.

He shook hands with us—giving the soft, lax-fleshed hand of a sedentary old man.

"My doctor says I can have twenty minutes with you," he stated. "Is that right?" he asked, looking across the great room.

A lean-cheeked, saturnine-faced young man with the essential pessimism of a skilled modern doctor written in his face bowed, partly answering him, partly recognizing us, and then went out the door beside which he had been waiting.

It was Doctor Tideway, the specialist; known in these recent days in the press as the Master of Black.

Then we sat down about a marvelous old dragon-infested carved table.

"Now what is it you have to say?" demanded Black abruptly.

"Will you do it?" Plangonev asked back. "Will you change the vote of your senators on the railroad-ownership matter?"

I could see now that my suspicion was correct—that they had been in touch with one another by correspondence. They came face to face now with a perfect understanding of the matter they were about to discuss.

"But why should I?" asked Stephen Black. "Even if I could?" he hastened to add.

He sat well down in his chair—a face not precisely like the familiar face of his cousin Benjamin—more virile, but not less, let us call it, shrewd. An oaken purpose, burned a little into the ashes of life; cheeks cross-hatched with the lines of those who plan and plot; a type of the great bourgeois—the soft bodied, cold handed men in the swivel chairs who ruled America at that time by the force of thought and eye strain. I sat and watched them—those two secret masters of capital and labor—those two great manipulators of the main simple wires which set the puppet man to dancing. Of the two Plangonev was stronger physically, as might be expected of the younger man—carrying, too, the blood of peasants in his veins. The great bourgeois was older, colder, with the physical habit of his blood and kind, soft fleshed and cold, but with an eye out of his wrinkles at once bright and inscrutable—an eye, I have often thought, with the strange wisdom of an old, old turtle in a park. And yet, even then, with that strange look lurking in them, curiously peering out—that look of fear.

"Why," he asked the Russian, "should we change now, when we have what we want?"

"Only for now," the other answered, "if at all! We should change the members of the Senate if need is."

"You haven't changed them yet," said Black, unmoved.

But Plangonev merely laughed.

"Why speak thus? Why waste our time," he said calmly, "when we have so little? You are too wise for this. You know as well as I do. The agrarians, the farmers, the small stockholders, the laborers—are all against you; for the government ownership. They will outvote you at the last."

"The organized laborers," responded Black, his face not changing, "are certainly not with you."

And I saw of course that he recognized and was deprecating the share that Plangonev was to contribute to their alliance.

"Organized labor, what is that?" inquired the Russian. "Not twenty per cent. Unorganized labor that we shall control is what will count. And all, at the end! But why talk? You know us already. Not the tame labor, but the free which we control."

He laughed again, and his laugh and the validity of his argument had power, it seemed, to rouse Black at last.

"What do you take me for?" said the American, straightening up a little in his high Italian chair. "Vote for you—no! In railroads or in anything." And he sat back—remembering now no doubt his physician and his disease.

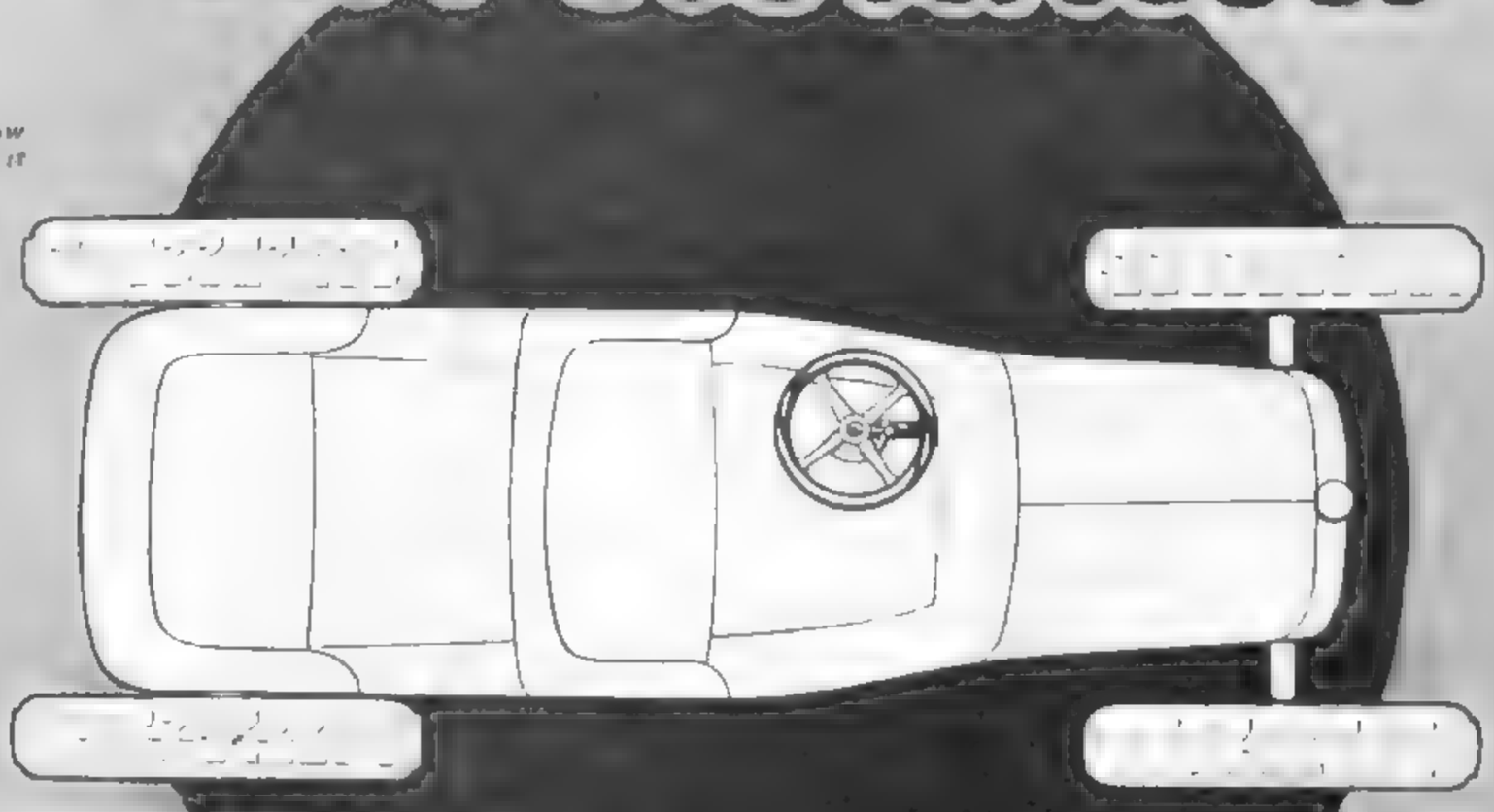
Plangonev merely waited—with an outward gesture of his hand.

"Do you think," said Black then, clearly now with the air of a man on the failing side of an argument—"do you think we shall stand and let this thing run over us—this

(Continued on Page 65)

MICHELIN

Tire Rotation



When fitting a new tire, always put it on a rear wheel

When a replacement is necessary on a front wheel, don't fit a new tire, but move up a worn tire from the rear

Do the tires you use enable you to apply this principle which cuts tire bills by 20%?

Tire rotation is practicable only when fully interchangeable tires like Michelin Universal Tread Casings are used on both front and rear wheels.

Many non-skids, while perhaps satisfactory on the rear wheels, cannot be used to advantage in front because their small sharp projections make steering difficult. Recognizing this fault, many tire manufacturers are now recommending smooth tread "driving tires" for front wheel equipment

Michelin Universals are equally satisfactory for all four wheels because of their broad, flat treads. Use Michelins and secure all the economical advantages of tire rotation. Protect yourself against dangerous front skids and obviate the necessity of carrying two types of spares.

MICHELIN TIRE CO., Milltown, N. J.

Michelin Tire Co. of Canada, Ltd., 782 St. Catherine St W., Montreal

Dealers in all parts of the world

NOTEWORTHY SPRING OFFERING

DUBBELBILT

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"Cravenette" Finished **Suits For Boys** "Cravenette" Finished

Amoskeag All-Wool Blue Serge Dubbelbilt Suit

No. 7180

On sale everywhere at

$15.75

Backed by the Dubbelbilt Guarantee to Repair Free, any Rip, Hole or Tear that Shows within Six Months.

If your Clothier hasn't Dubbelbilt, send us money order and size desired. We will ship the suit to you prepaid.

Dubbelbilt Suits are shown in a host of bright new patterns, colors and fabrics. Priced at $15.75, $19.75 and our

Special Economy Grade at $12.75

Sizes: 6 to 18 years

Sewn into them are the 20 unique points of strength and service listed below. They have made Dubbelbilt a synonym for wear and value.

Dubbelbilt Boys' Clothes, Inc.

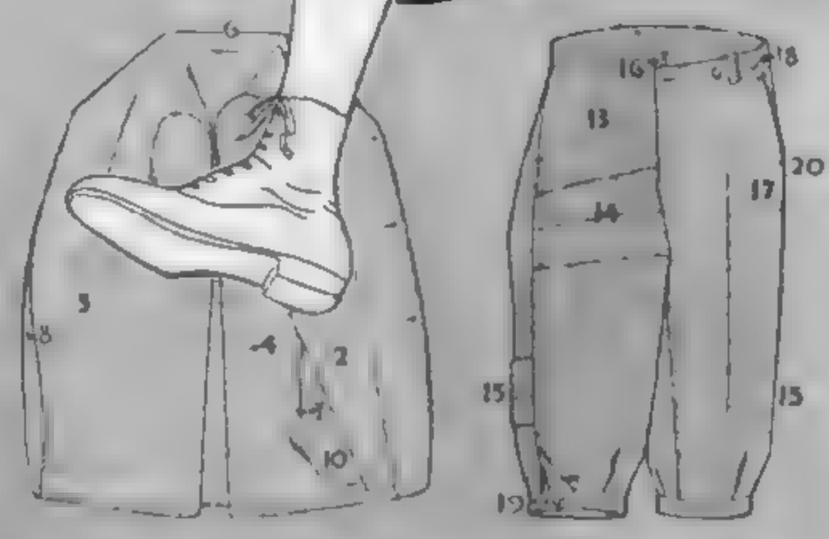
DEPT. W.

Broadway at 11th St. New York

GUARANTEED FOR 6 MONTHS SERVICE

Coat

1. "Cravenette" finished — *resists water*
2. Specially shrunk canvas — *retains shape*
3. Special hair cloth — *non breakable front*
4. Double interlocking seams — *prevent ripping*
5. Extra reinforced elbow — *protects against wear*
6. Hand felled collar — *hugs the neck*
7. Specially secured pockets — *rip proof*
8. Mechanically sewn buttons — *can't come off*
9. "Watcloth" special fabrics — *insure wear*
10. Double sewn pockets — *double strength*
11. Repair kit — *for making patches etc.*



Knickers

12. "Cravenette" Finished — *resists water*
13. Specially constructed lining — *with finished seams — sanitary*
14. Reinforced double seat — *proof against wear*
15. Reinforced double knee — *proof against wear*
16. Specially interlocking seams — *prevent ripping*
17. Double sewn pockets — *proof against holes*
18. Specially riveted buttons — *can't come off*
19. "Governor Fastener" — *insures fit at knee*
20. Double bar-tacked pockets — *rip-proof*

DUBBELBILT

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

GUARANTEED SUITS FOR BOYS

FLATO

(Continued from Page 62.

program of public debt of yours? Do you think that we are fools—to fall into that?" And I saw then, I thought, that odd look of fear increasing in his eyes.

"How will you avoid it?" Plangonev interjected.

"That trap!" Black passed on. "Those pincers! Do you think we do not see that pair of pincers? On the one hand you put the spending of the money in government hands. You pay labor more than it can earn. You raise the wages, you raise the prices of material; and keep them raised. Every corporation also pays your prices."

"Precisely so," said Plangonev.

"That raises the costs of every corporation in the country above what it earns," said Black. "There is one side of the thing. On the other side you gouge every dollar you spend and waste for the Government out of the corporations themselves—or the men who run them—by these damned things—these new war taxes."

"Precisely," said the Russian.

"If we let go," said Black, his eyes now almost protruding in his excitement, "if this thing grows—this waste, this public debt—as it is now growing since this war, in ten years there won't be a private corporation left standing in this country. Nor a dollar for the owner of a stock."

I had never dreamed the man had so much power of excitement left in him. It was evidently a flare-up of strength from a great nervous pressure. "Not one dollar," he said. "No!"

"That is exactly," said Plangonev, "why I am here."

"Here!" returned Black, and for the moment I feared his anger might endanger his health. But he caught himself in time. "Here!" he said and sat back, exhausted by emotion, to give his tiring powers a rest.

"Precisely," said Plangonev, profiting by his silence to explain. "I am here to see you realize that; and if you do, that you will make an alliance with us."

At this Stephen Black made a motion to sit up in his high chair, but stopped again, remembering.

"One thing you can do—and one only—for your personal interest!" said the Russian. "And I am bringing it to you. Allow this process to go as it goes on now—drift, drift down by degrees out of your hands in the corporations, and you will go down like the rest of them, of all your class—to nothing. On the other hand you and I together—you and I," he said, now raising his voice, "by joining forces can make more money than any two men since the world began."

I could see the answering flash of interest start in the great speculator's eyes.

"You, with your financial and legislative machinery; I and my associates to excite labor—the free labor, not the tame. To bar at once any movement to reduce the present rate of wages."

"Well?" said Black, rousing slightly.

"Pressure," continued Plangonev, "on either end—from capital and labor. No concession absolutely, on either side!"

"How much?" asked Black abruptly. "What is your price for this—if it should work?"

"We must have our ten per cent."

"Of what?"

"Of what you make from our agitation, for our propaganda. I cannot carry it on for less—to get the benefit of the plan, worked out to the end, after the Government takes the railroads."

"What is the plan you talk about after the Government takes the railroads?" said Black, interested now, quite evidently. "Tell it to me now yourself. Go over it in detail."

And the Russian told him then, holding him with his one bright eye. Part after part he elaborated the operation of the machinery of the plot of debt—Black watching him with cold eyes and still face.

"The working of the pincers, in short, as you have described it," he said to Black. "On the one hand the cost of every private corporation raised in every last particular—by government competition for labor and materials."

Black nodded, considering.

"And on the other hand making the corporations pay that cost a second time—the Government's costs—by their taxes, at every possible point."

Black's body started rising slowly in its chair.

"What will be left," asked the Russian, "of corporations after two years—especially for the common stock?"

"And in the meanwhile," said Stephen Black, continuing, "I sell the market short on everything in turn?"

"Except when it seems best that your Government take over any industry for a special reason—like the railroads."

"Certainly," said Black, and stopped, staring at the richly paneled walls across from him.

"By God!" he burst out suddenly then, as if against his will. "General ruin. Sell America short from top to bottom!"

"Why not?" asked Plangonev.

Then the door reopened and the ascetic-faced young specialist—the keeper of Black—appeared again.

"Time's up," he said briefly.

"Will you do this, then?" asked Plangonev, rising.

"Why not?" said Stephen Black, borrowing for the moment the Russian's own idiom.

And so, on the evening of December 18, 1919, the plot of debt was virtually agreed upon in my presence. The working out of details and the enlisting of the others needed took place, of course, later.

IV

IN ORDER to understand the plot of debt it is well that the reader bear in mind the very simple machinery by which it was carried out.

Our first step, then, was to create what Stephen Black had so aptly called the great pincers, in which the private capital in corporations was to be crushed. To do this we must first, so to say, establish one jaw of the pincers immovably, by stimulating in every possible way the competition of the Government against the private corporations for labor, material and credit.

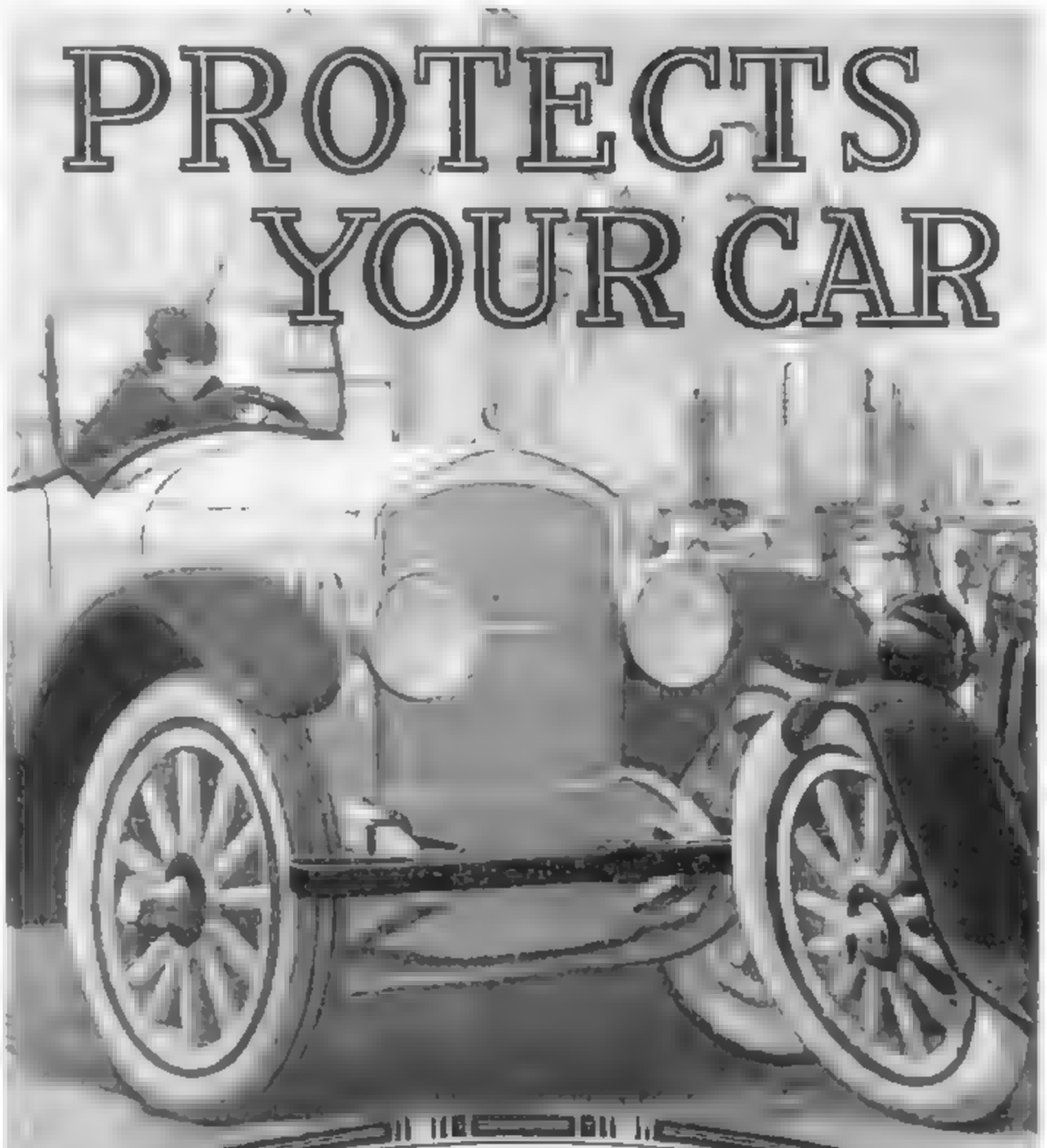
This done, we reasoned, the other jaw—of ruinous taxation to pay the Government's bills—would necessarily, of its own motion, as it were, close upon private corporate capital and cause the end of it. That was our theory—which we hastened to carry out in practice in the following way:

By the division of labor in our scheme Black naturally would have the financial power. As stocks of corporations declined in value this master of Wall Street speculation, we conceived, would profit in an enormous sum by so-called short selling—that is to say, by profiting by the fall of stock prices upon the stock exchange. He would then become in effect our treasurer for the new freedom; a fixed percentage of his winnings would be set aside and always held by him available for our freedom fund; and meanwhile Plangonev on his side would be in touch with all radical elements or leaders of labor or politics to whom the expenditure of enormous funds would be of interest, and through them see that the temper of the proletariat was kept at the proper pitch; that labor made absolutely no concession; that the Government's high war scale of wages was used by labor always as a fixed measure; and that any lapse below that would be met by the vigorous and violent opposition of Plangonev's so-called free labor—the great excitable unorganized mass, quite often of foreign origin, where Plangonev and his associates were most influential.

"No concession on either side!" that was to be our battle cry. By this simple and effective device of Plangonev we hoped to accomplish the early and progressive ruin of capitalism in the United States, and by the most ingenious irony to finance the new freedom entirely by the ruins of its antagonist, particularly by turning upon it its own chief machinery for gathering the wealth of continents—the common stock of corporations.

The success of the opening campaign is far too familiar for me to detail. The taking over of the railroads by the national Government—with the opposition of any notable party of the great central capitalists in Wall Street removed—was a foregone conclusion. The government taking of the railroads was agreeable to the great and influential agrarian vote; it was desired by the proletariat, by the employees of the railroads, and by a great body of smaller stockholders, who feared loss of dividends through the persisting high operating costs of wartime. The politicians also were not unmindful of the advantages that might come to them through the change. So with the secret turning of Black's influence at the center of opposition, the taking over of the railroads by Congress became a matter of course, and the huge and still increasing government debt was again increased by

PROTECTS YOUR CAR



THERE'S always the chance that you'll nose your car into another at the turn of a corner—or be bumped into. When this happens, something must give way. Visible damage inevitably results to the car unprotected with bumpers. Unless the bumper is the kind that also *absorbs the shock* the car gets a jarring that may show serious injury later on.

The New Era "Better" *Spring* Bumper **$10**

The Better Bumper that Absorbs Shocks

Protects your car. The sweeping curve of the highly tempered steel *spring* bars of this bumper is proof against all impacts of whatever force. The *spring* is what cushions the shocks. Rigid bumpers do not offer this protection. The attaching arms make attaching and adjusting quick and easy. Being of semi-tempered steel, they will bend before breaking. If damaged, they will be replaced free of charge. It is a part of our permanent bumper insurance.

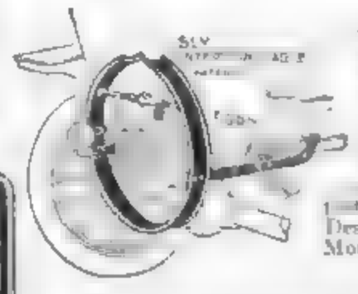
New Era "Better" Spring Bumpers are adapted for use on all makes of cars, front and rear. They are guaranteed without reservation. Your dealer can supply you promptly, or we will ship prepaid, direct, on receipt of price.

The Price

All black, is **$10.00** *For Fords, black* **$ 9.00**
With nickel front **12.00** *For Fords, with nickel front* **11.00**

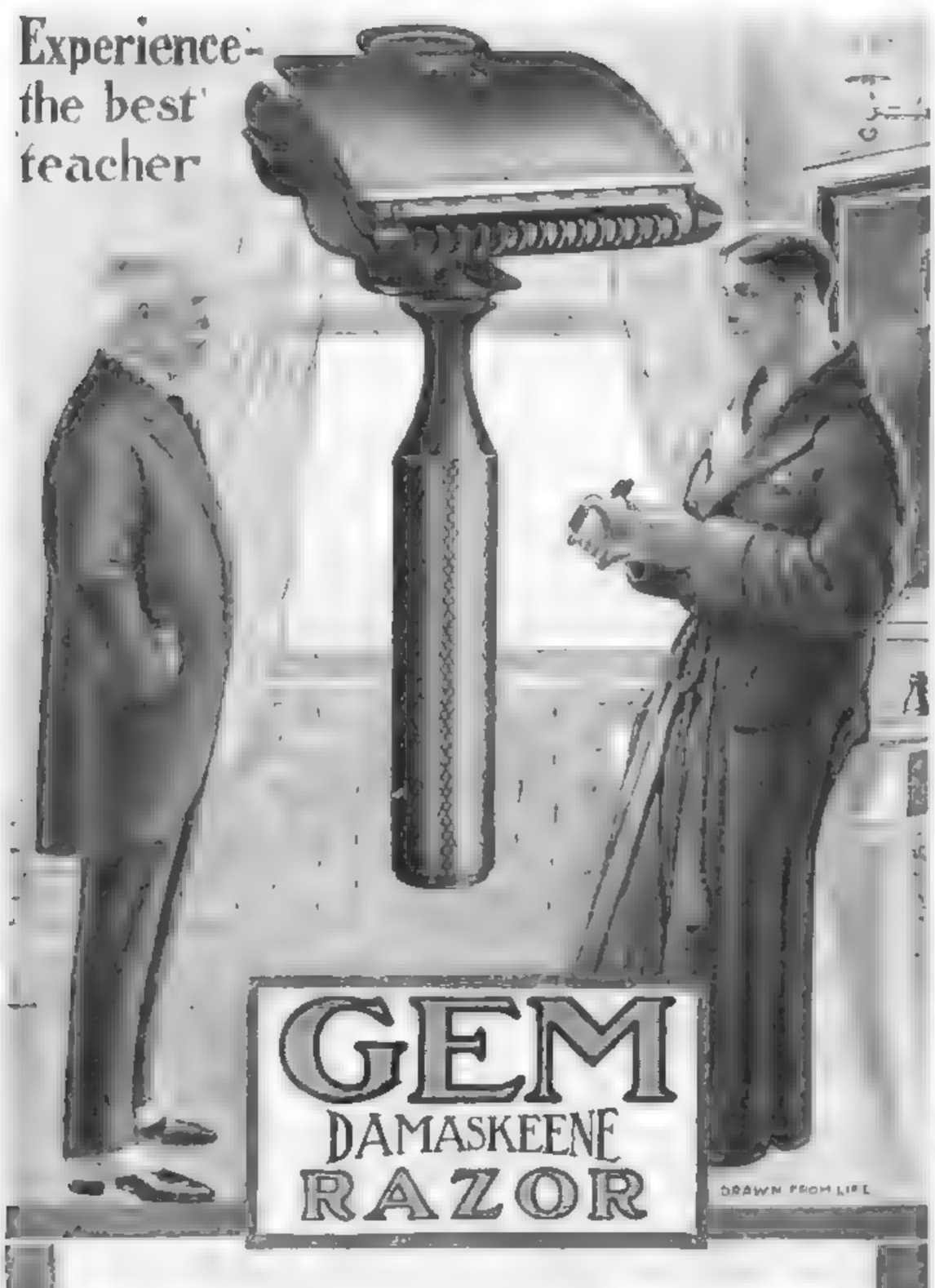
Either Front or Rear

NEW ERA SPRING & SPECIALTY CO.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN



every make of car, are known the

Dealers write for catalogue of New Era better Motor Requisites.



The universal endorsement given the **GEM Razor** by the hundreds of thousands of its users throughout the world, for over 25 years, has been its best salesman—men who have had actual experience, who have given the **GEM** the severest tests, are the first to recommend it—millions of **GEMS** now in use.

All beards look alike to a ***GEM Blade*** *—no pulling, no scraping, no skipping, but a clean, smooth shave—and it's the same story blade after blade.*

The separate parts as included in outfit are shown in illustration both inside and outside of case.

$1.00 GEM Outfit Complete

Includes frame, shaving and stropping handles, and seven **Gem Blades** in handsome case as illustrated, or in Khaki case for travelling.

Add 50c to above price for Canada

Gem Cutlery Company, Inc., New York

Canadian Branch, 591 St. Catherine St., W., Montreal

some eighteen billion dollars of securities issued for the country railroads—thus reaching altogether the almost incredible figure of approximately fifty billion dollars.

On the whole this was generally acceptable to the nation; high prices were continued, the farmer and the small bourgeoisie profited, the laborer had a high scale of wages. Only at the financial centers, the banks and corporation offices about Wall Street, was there apprehension and, it would not be too much to say, despair over corporate earnings; especially upon common stock, for which earnings were now, in fact, largely gone. But on the face of affairs, from the standpoint of the great mass of population, matters were quite satisfactory; and it was to the general surprise of the uninformed public that the great strikes of the winter of 1920-21 took place.

In that connection I recall of course the sinister and to me always repellent figure of Honest John Hodman, so-called—the chief agitator in this episode of those great strikes, and at that time in the sympathy of and almost universally popular among the great mass of the workers in the cities.

I met him again at the room which Plangonev had taken for himself in an old half-ruined tenement in the nearer East Side—not far east from that great crossroads of the proletariat, Chatham Square. An old woman, with the usual wig, had ostensible charge, during daytime only, of the floor on which he lived, received various agents, produced his correspondence, and carried on by day that private newspaper-clipping agency with which he kept himself in touch with the general temper of the American people.

It was there I again experienced the rough handshake and alcoholic warmth of greeting of this man. Honest John, the leader of rough labor—the rednecks, as they were sometimes designated. He was at that time working out the details of the great teamsters' strike, which was the start of the other great troubles of that memorable year.

"We have got them with us—everywhere," he said, cursing plentifully, according to his custom, as an evidence of manly faith and sincerity. "We have got the public—if for nothing else but because so many of our men have just come back from over there. We have got the general public asking," he went on, "why it is, when the United States Government can pay decent living wages, these damned fat crooked corporations here in New York won't give their men decent hours and pay."

That was roughly true of course. Men who had risked their lives for the republic and had come home and retired from government to private employ were not pleased to find themselves securing lower wages and longer hours than men similarly employed in government work had been and were still enjoying—not in the railroads only, but in shipbuilding and telephone and telegraph and public works, all matters which the Government with its great credit was still maintaining, for the express purpose of course of taking care, to its last ability, of the returned soldiers, and with them, of the war worker, who had been paid to meet war costs of living.

At the same time, in spite of his apparent popularity, I personally distrusted then, as always, Honest John Hodman. His smiles and handshake and back slapping were all lost on me. I knew his past. A heartier more cordial murderer never slapped the back of the laboring man; nor a greater coward, I will add, in my personal opinion. And I was far from pleased to see him on my occasional calls as one of the chief agents and associates of Plangonev.

I almost wished when I saw him I had no part in the movement. And I took the first possible opportunity to warn the Russian against him—thinking that naturally he might not in this case be familiar with this American agitator's record.

"He comes," I said, "in the first place from an aristocracy of labor; a peculiarly American class, I sometimes think, rough men, independent by nature and occupation, at intervals highly paid, and resentful in proportion to their greater wages. A class indeed much increased by our late war. And his use of dynamite and wholesale murder, in entire disregard of possible loss of any lives, has been particularly uncalled-for."

Plangonev only smiled.

"In my opinion," I said, rousing myself, "he is not only dangerous to the cause—if you are not moved by that—but he is both an untrustworthy agent and a dangerous partner. A more unscrupulous ruffian never shook a horny hand or smiled across the bar of an old-time workingman's saloon. And in the end you will be lucky, if you cross him, to come through with your own life."

"Do not be alarmed," Plangonev reassured me. "We shall have no dynamite here."

"How can you be sure?" I returned.

"We have a saying," said Plangonev, "in Russia: 'When the Cossack meets the Jew it is not always the Jew that suffers.'"

"How can you assure me," I insisted, "against his customary violence?"

"Very simply," said Plangonev. "It is I who hold the purse strings."

He smiled again at me—his slow, scornful, fatalistic Asiatic smile.

In his statement of course Plangonev alluded to his arrangement with Stephen Black for handling by himself that immensely ingenious and powerful instrument for our propaganda of the new social freedom—the celebrated fund of freedom. For now the well-remembered panic of the millionaires of 1921 was well started and under way—with Stephen Black gathering in his most extraordinary profits.

Just how much Stephen Black cleared during this period no one can be sure beyond himself—and Plangonev, probably, who took his percentage for our fund of freedom. I myself purposely avoided learning. But the final loss on the general and more public listed stock, outside of government securities, as I recall it roughly, was figured at from seven hundred million to a billion dollars; and playing in and out the market continually with his tremendous resources Black's profits were certainly immensely great. The pincers of which Black had spoken to Plangonev were at work—in good earnest.

On the one hand the prices of labor and materials were held up, with the applause of the great majority—the laboring classes and farmers who profited. On the other hand the taxes to pay for new government expenditures and interest on debt were fastened on the corporations and the very rich with every ingenuity which politicians, sure of the great majority's approval, were able to invent. The new taxes, framed first by the "Agrarian Administration during the war," were, as Plangonev said, the happiest popular taxes ever devised by man, because aimed against such a small minority in the population—corporations and the corporations' owners and the very rich—an almost negligible element numerically in a popular vote.

The corporations were, in fact, caught in a vise. They could not stop, in many instances, because their very essence required operation. A closed plant is a fast-decaying plant; and closing too, especially at a time of ill feeling such as Plangonev had instigated, might easily result in still further loss from violence. The companies must operate if expenses were covered, and even operate at a considerable loss. And in some cases at least—especially in those of public utilities, such as street railways and lighting companies—the equity of the common stock was now gone; and the leaders of city politics were beginning—in fact had even before begun—to take over the properties into public ownership.

The whole movement—the first great plutocrats' panic of 1921—was, in fact, too successful. It was not only advisable, it was essential for the parties who were profiting most to call a halt in it. From the standpoint of Stephen Black it was fatal policy to kill the goose that laid the golden eggs, for the suspension of the Wall Street stock exchange was now under consideration. And from the standpoint of Plangonev it would be almost as suicidal, so he held, to the great purpose for which he was working—the leading by degrees of the American people—without their own knowledge, but through their natural tendencies—into the general rule of the proletariat.

So the acute pressure, financial and economic, was eased off. Such provocative agencies as Honest John Hodman were for the moment called off, before credit really broke down and the great bulk of securities belonging to the small American owner—the bonds and other underlying claims in the hands of savings banks and insurance companies—had suffered any very serious depreciation. The American people—in Plangonev's opinion and in mine—would not have patiently endured that at this time without reaction.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HOOSIER

— the Kitchen Cabinet that saves miles of steps

"I now have time for needed rest"

A HOOSIER will double your leisure time and remove much of the fatigue that follows working hours. It will turn an otherwise cheerless room into an attractive home spot. For in Hoosier kitchens, utensils and supplies are centralized and in order. And when mealtime comes, you sit restfully at your work with every needed thing close at hand.

The Hoosier is the roomiest cabinet made. Hence it saves the greatest amount of work. Its scientific arrangement is a vital factor that greatly increases this saving. And its 40 exclusive conveniences and labor-saving inventions add a completeness that has won the place of preferment for the Hoosier in a million and a half homes.

Conservation did not die with the signing of the armistice. It still lives—and always will. To aid you in conserving, the nearest Hoosier dealer will gladly show you how the Hoosier will make your kitchen convenient, and save time, labor and foods. If you don't know his name, write us direct.

Also send for "New Kitchen Short Cuts"—a book full of helpful suggestions.

The Hoosier Manufacturing Company, *Main Office*, 419 Maple Street, New Castle, Ind.

BRANCHES:
THE HOOSIER STORE, Mezzanine Floor, Pacific Building, San Francisco, California
THE ADAMS FURNITURE COMPANY, Limited, Toronto, Canada
THE HOOSIER STORE, 368 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Canada

(514)

Those who expect to build or remodel their homes will find it advantageous to include this work-saver. Write for "The Hoosier Book for Home Builders."

You can bank on that Durable-DURHAM Trade Mark

If the ticket says Durable-DURHAM the stockings are good. That name stands for value. There's the right kind of organization behind it. You can be sure there's extra wearing quality in every pair.

The strongest boosters for Durable-DURHAM are the people who have worn this hosiery. They know from experience. It is giving them comfort, saving them money.

And any one of the tens of thousands of dealers selling Durable-DURHAM Hosiery will tell you that it always gives satisfaction. It is the right hosiery to sell because it is the right hosiery for people to buy.

Prices, 20c to 50c a pair. Ask your dealer particularly for

DURABLE DURHAM HOSIERY

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Made Strongest Where the Wear is Hardest

There are styles for every season of the year, for work, dress or play, and the same honest wearing value is woven into every pair. The tops are wide and elastic; legs are full length; sizes are accurately marked; soles and toes are smooth, seamless and even, and the genuine Durham dyes prevent fading under hardest wearing or washing conditions.

You should be able to buy Durable-DURHAM Hosiery at any dealer's. If you do not find it, write to our Sales Department at 88 Leonard Street, New York, and we will see that you are supplied.

A free Catalog showing the many Durable-DURHAM styles will be mailed upon request

DURHAM HOSIERY MILLS, Durham, N. C.

88 Leonard Street, New York

Durable-DURHAM Hosiery is not a product of child labor. No person under 14 years is employed. Industrial conditions under supervision of experts trained in U. S. Government courses on employment management. Average working day is 8 hours and 15 minutes.

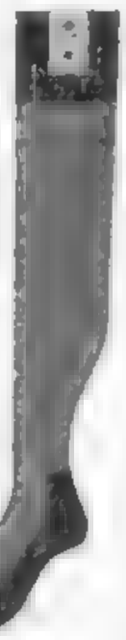
DURABLE

DURHAM

HOSIERY

Trade Mark

Four of the many fine values in Durable-DURHAM Hosiery



CARROLINA

A silk-mercerized stocking of very fine appearance and wearing quality. Regular and out-sizes. Anti-run stitch to prevent thread running down leg, high spliced heels, special stitch knit in foot and ankle to hold shape, extra toe-guard splicing. Black, white, brown and gray

Price 50c pair

TAR HEEL

A medium weight sock with 3-thread, strongly reinforced heels and toes. Elastic ribbed top securely knit on. Feet and toes are smooth, seamless and even. Black, tan and white

Price 20c pair

BO-PEEP

A serviceable stocking for women. Made from soft hale-finished yarn. Medium weight. Wide elastic top. Double reinforced heels and toes

Black, 20c pair
White, 25c pair

CAVALIER

A splendid durable and long-wearing sock for dress or work. Light weight, silk-mercerized, strongly reinforced. Black, white, brown, gray, Palm Beach, and Navy Blue

Price 50c pair

A WIRE ENTANGLEMENT

(Continued from Page 14)

"You understand, of course, that Captain Allenby cannot get in the materials for his warehouse construction till you give him a track to run them in over and ——"

"But I'm organizing my gangs now and arranging my material supply," explained the astonished young man, "and ——"

"That should have been done yesterday afternoon—and last night," said the voice, pleasant enough but yielding no whit of its firm peremptoriness.

"But I—I was otherwise engaged last night," ventured the lieutenant.

"You should not have been," answered the crisp voice. "Colonel Kemper expects that first line of track to go down this afternoon."

Lieutenant Marsh hung on, gasping. "Say!" he demanded after a moment as a sense of exasperation grew at being browbeaten thus by a woman—any woman. "Who is this speaking?"

"Colonel Kemper's telephone secretary."

"His telephone secretary?" The young man was more perplexed. "Didn't know he had one."

"Well, he has; and I am it," came back with mirthful emphasis, for it was evident that Miss Helen Crosby of Chicago was enjoying the young man's discomfiture. "Good-by!" She said it sweetly enough.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" prophesied Lieutenant Marsh, and sat staring at the receiver, which he held in his hand after the connection had been broken at the other end. As he reflected, perplexity and exasperation gave way to despair. She—she had deserted him had joined the number of his hecklers. At least, that was the way he found himself forced to look at it.

Yet Miss Crosby being a military cog in a military organization was merely proceeding in the line of duty, marching right up to the guns, as it were—with quaking, mayhap with aching, heart, but doing with her might what was given her to do. What had happened so suddenly was merely this: The base commander had found himself wasting too much time in telephone conversations. At the same time he was being vexed by the stupidity of orderlies and the meticulous carefulness of too conscientious second lieutenants when they undertook to handle his calls, through their stopping four times in the midst of each conversation to tiptoe in and ask their superior this or consult him concerning that. In the midst of all this ensuing irritation the colonel bethought him of a radiant idea and called for the chief supervisor of the telephone exchange, who in industrial life was Miss Varennes, of Butte, Montana.

"There's a bright-voiced girl down there, Miss Varennes," he said, "who frequently handles my long-distance calls. She has got more sense than half the second lieutenants and all the orderlies in France. I want you to detail her for exchange service here. Then I'll put her to handle my wire exclusively."

Miss Varennes gasped slightly at losing her best operator, but the A. E. F. is, as has been remarked, a military organization, and in half an hour Miss Crosby was mounting to the third story of that ugly, rather modern pile—being no more than sixty years old perhaps—in which the base commander had his lair. The colonel required but one look at Miss Crosby in order to experience a sudden reassuring sense of the freshness and goodness of this world. The young lady was installed in a little room opening off from his, and before she had handled half a dozen calls the colonel knew that he had acquired a treasure—a cheerful, attractive young woman who was at once discreet, shrewd and instinctively competent. Her presence was like a ray of sunshine and a bouquet of beautiful flowers. Her voice soothed and stimulated him. Purposely he bade her leave the door ajar so that he might observe her method.

He heard her take the message from Allenby, and chuckled when, without even a word from her chief, she got Bouvron on the wire and flung the barbs into young Marsh.

"That's the stuff, young lady!" the base commander called out, rubbing his hands gleefully. "Keep him humping!"

For just a moment the expression on Miss Crosby's face was peculiar. It was as if she did not exactly enjoy seeing the colonel take pleasure in what she had said to Lieutenant Marsh. As to Lieutenant Marsh himself, it was astonishing what an effect this speech had already had upon him. For one thing it put a sudden end to his love dreaming; it maddened, it irritated and aroused him.

"No woman can talk to me like that!" he snorted. "No woman!" Yet he knew instinctively that this woman would talk to him exactly like that to-morrow morning and every morning if he gave her the slightest occasion for doing so. The only defense against the possibility was to give her no occasion.

He turned fuming to his work. That afternoon the first line of track in the A Sector went down, and at four o'clock Allenby had cars of cement and steel going in over it while Marsh's four gangs of track layers, each with its separate train—consisting of a locomotive, of cars of sand for track ballast, and of cars of ties and steel for the track itself—were beginning to lace the rest of Sector A with webs of glistening steel.

Thereafter day by day mile on mile of railway went down and row on row of warehouses was springing up, while the rivalry between the two sets of crews grew keener and extended to the humblest workingman in each. Gradually, however, the warehousemen began to creep up and bump the heels of the track layers. Difficulties, misfortunes, accidents dogged the efforts of young Lieutenant Marsh.

The most persistent of his embarrassments had to do with a shortage of empty flat cars. The dockyard gangs were forever seizing all empty flats in sight and loading them for the long haul toward the Front. Yet obviously Lieutenant Marsh had to have empties wherewith to haul his daily supply of rails and sand and ties. An empty flat car therefore became to him a treasure dearer than a galleon with gold. Hence along toward afternoon of each day, wherever in that great stretch of yards rolled trains with empty flat cars in them there would be Lieutenant Marsh, commanding, beseeching, wheedling, and in the end always getting his desire, often to the complete disruption of the plans of other enterprises; for no train crew seemed able to resist his blandishments. Finally there were so many complaints that the yardmaster in chief—alias the *chef-de-gare* as the French have it—took action in the matter.

"Don't let Lieutenant Marsh have any more empty flats out of trains," he ordered, "unless they are definitely billed to him."

But the effect of this was only that the young man shifted his attack from the masters of train crews to the master of the yards himself, and stood there looking into the railroad man's weather-beaten countenance, the amiable lips pleading, the persuasive brown eyes coaxing, with that now generally familiar expression of doglike devotion to duty in them. The captain endured this for only a few minutes.

"What can you do?" he exclaimed to the foreman of the crew, and threw up his hands while Lieutenant Marsh directed the cutting out of three gondolas, five flats and a box car from a string every one of which was promised two times over to someone down the line.

Naturally complaints of the young man's high-handed performances in this line turned up at G-4; but at first the base commander heard them with an indifferent air. Lieutenant Marsh was doing the job. He was breaking the heart of old Allenby by keeping out of his way, wherefore the colonel smiled ruthlessly, for Allenby's heart was tough and had been broken over and over again. Between the two of them they were getting the tracks down and the warehouses up.

But the number of the complaints began to multiply and perhaps the colonel fell to wondering if all this trouble making was necessary—if it wasn't a matter of lack of forethought rather than the result of headlong determination to do. Besides, the track-laying crews were actually beginning to lag. Allenby was on their heels daily now and emitting loud yips and yells in consequence.

Then along came the matter of the sand. This was something different again, and the colonel with difficulty kept his own hand back from the telephone. He allowed Miss Crosby to handle it, however, and noted that her tones were doubly cutting through a suggestion that the reproof was more in sorrow than in anger.

Seen under a powerful magnifying glass, a dull razor blade looks like a saw edge

Stropping keeps these tiny teeth in perfect alignment, provides a smooth, keen edge for every shave

The after-smart of shaving —its remedy

STRETCHING the skin over the face or shaving up represent the attempt to make a dull blade cut through the beard.

After-smart inevitably results.

The remedy lies in using a razor that provides a keen edge for every shave.

The AutoStrop Razor gives you a cool, comfortable shave every time; irrespective of coarse beard or tender skin. Its sharp, rightly tempered blades cut clean.

You don't need to use a *new* blade each time to insure a *keen* blade. To give you maximum service from every dozen blades, the razor is made self-stropping.

This patented stropping feature enables you to keep a keen edge on your blade for every shave.

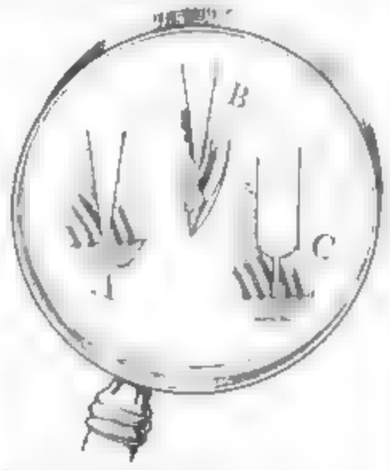
The AutoStrop Razor is the only safety razor that sharpens itself, shaves and cleans without removing the blade.

AutoStrop Razor

On sale all over the world

The AutoStrop Razor set includes a silver-plated self-stropping razor, 12 blades, and a strop, in a compact, convenient case

Preserve Your Phonograph Records!



A—Ordinary Steel Needle, new.
B—As the ordinary needle wears down, *wearing to its taper form*, it can no longer fit the record groove perfectly and has a tendency to wear the record.
C—Sonora Needle having *parallel sides*. ALWAYS fits record groove exactly and lengthens the record life.

Sonora
CLEAR AS A BELL

Semi-Permanent Silvered NEEDLES
Replace steel needles!
They play 50 to 100 times
Use Sonora Needles for mellower tone, greater economy, convenience and for longer record life.
Loud—Medium—Soft
30c. per card of 5
(45c in Canada)
Sample needle FREE, write for it!

Sonora Phonograph Sales Company, Inc.
GEORGE E. BRIGHTSON, President
Executive Offices
279 Broadway, Dept. A New York
Toronto: Ryrie Building

Use Sonora Needles on *all* makes of steel needle records

CAUTION! Beware of similarly constructed needles of inferior quality.

RESET DOOR KNOBS-STOP LEAKS WITH
SMOOTH-ON IRON CEMENT No. 1

Dozens of little household and motor repairs easily made by anyone at small cost. Save dollars—the free SMOOTH-ON Book tells how.
6 oz. 25c 1 lb. 50c
Get SMOOTH-ON today at your hardware or auto supply store
SMOOTH-ON MFG. CO.
Jersey City, N. J., U. S. A.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK

FACTORY-TO-RIDER
SAVES YOU MONEY

Buy direct at factory prices $11 to $40 on a variety of RANGER BICYCLES now ready in 44 styles and sizes and wide range of attractive prices, including Ranger Electric Lighted models also. WE DELIVER FREE to your door *on approval* and 10 days' free riding test. Our big FREE catalog shows everything new in bicycles and sundries. Write for it.
TIRES, lamps, wheels, parts and equipment at half usual prices. Do not buy a bicycle or tires or sundries from anyone at any price until you get our catalog and our unheard of prices and liberal terms. A postal brings everything.
Ranger Electric Lighted Motorbike
MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. L-55, Chicago

CUT ME OUT

and mail me, with your name and address, to The Curtis Publishing Company, 953 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. I will bring you full details about how you can make $5 or $10 a week *extra* in your *spare* time!

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ *State* _____

"Colonel Kemper is very much displeased," she said. "You laid a track, put in steam shovels and began to take this man's hill right out from under his farm before the notice that you desired to purchase the sand had even time to reach him through the mails."

"But—but Miss Secretary," expostulated Lieutenant Marsh, making the mistake of trying to be jocular about a serious matter, "we had to have the sand, didn't we? The French Government wants to win the war, doesn't it? And that man's a patriotic citizen, isn't he?"

"International complications are resulting," said the voice of Miss Helen, full of cold reproof. "The French Ministry of War has taken the matter up from Paris. Colonel Kemper is quite exasperated. You must get the track down on time and you must avoid these rash and reckless methods. You are to come in here to-morrow and meet a representative of the French Ministry and the owner of the land and try to mollify them."

"I'm a great little mollifier!" retorted Lieutenant Marsh, feeling rotten but refusing to seem depressed. "Say, Miss Helen! How about the first dance to-night."

"Business matters in business hours!" said Miss Crosby, and concluded the conversation. The young lady did not make this speech unkindly nor even snippishly, but it plunged the iron into the heart of Lieutenant Marsh.

"She—she's against me," he confessed hollowly. "There's something the matter with me all right," he went on, talking to himself. "I know there is. My method's wrong somewhere."

With a lumpy feeling in his throat he got up from the chair in the little four-by-six shack out in the yards where the telephone message had been received and stood in the doorway watching gloomily while one of his track-laying locomotives trundled out onto a siding, preparatory to backing in on the next line of new track.

"Hold her!" screamed a switchman suddenly. "Hold her!" he bellowed again hoarsely and made frantic gestures with his hands; but it was too late. As the giant wheels took the switch the rails had begun to spread, and they went on spreading, letting the great drivers down into the loose sand, where they revolved futilely, with the engine sinking to the hubs amid the churning wreckage of the track. As the locomotive came to rest the driver, who had closed the throttle at the first sign of something wrong, swung down upon the ground and stood looking at the drunken lurch of his engine, with a smudge of smoke coming up from where the firebox squatted on the splintered ties, while a bent rail stuck up from beneath one of the drivers at an angle of forty-five degrees like a giant policeman's club.

"Up to her knees! The old camel!" ejaculated the engineer.

"Feed lines blocked for six hours!" growled the foreman.

"And in half an hour there won't be a spike driving," muttered Lieutenant Marsh, making a hasty computation. "By—by heck! It's just one darned thing after another."

And he turned back into his little office to put in a hurry call for the wrecking crew.

Late that afternoon he heard something else disheartening. It was only a rumor but—it showed at least what people were thinking. The rumor was that Captain Barns was to be put in charge of the track-laying—young Marsh was all right, no doubt, but—he was having too much trouble; the job wasn't getting on as well as it should; and perhaps—probably, in fact—the job was too heavy for him. This was the form in which a friend conveyed the rumor to the young lieutenant. Marsh gritted his teeth.

"By golly, they'll take the job away from me, then! I'll never quit till they do."

Grimly he made his dispositions for to-morrow's work, a day in which he would begin with the warehousemen on his heels, but in which he expected to make up for the time lost to-day. Grimly, too, with his buttons gleaming and his Sam Browne polished till it shone like bronze, while a determined smile adorned his features, he went that night to the weekly dance at the hostess house. He said to himself that it was a kind of defiance to Fate. As a matter of fact, he went because in all his depression he was doubly hungry for a sight of Helen Crosby.

These brief and all too hurried sharings of her presence with many others had meant more and more to him, and each contact had but confirmed his earlier impressions. There had also been other meetings, occasional droppings in for tea, and once or twice a dinner out, though always with third and fourth parties present, for rules permitted that lady members of the A. E. F. might go out only in couples. So though these occasions afforded no opportunity for a declaration of himself they abundantly strengthened his intention to make that declaration soon. Nor were such personal relations altogether barren of suggestion that he had excited something more than Miss Crosby's sympathetic interest, though how much more her sex's coquettish instincts kept her skillfully from betraying.

Of one thing for to-night, however, he could be certain—at the dance business and business cares would be numbered with the bygones. Even if she knew of this last impending blow, the rumor of his removal, she would meet him with the old cheering smile. And he would smile back again, for he wanted her to see how brave he was. O woman, woman, how much of heroism is merely staged for thy admiring eye!

But Miss Crosby was not at the dance. Lieutenant Marsh put in a most miserable hour, hopping over floors with this one and that one, pretending to talk, trying to appear interested, determined to avoid betraying questions, yet revealing himself continually by peering glances toward the door and forlorn expressions when these glances went unrewarded. But eventually he heard quite casually that the sympathetic Helen was doing the five to nine o'clock trick for a sick girl at the main exchange to-night and would therefore be in later.

When she came his eyes scanned her face quickly for any sign of that bad news which he had heard. The first glance gave confirmation. She wore an anxious look, but her face brightened at sight of him, and almost immediately she contrived to be alone with him in a corner. The expression of sympathy upon her face was worth a million to him, cold. While she looked at him like that he cared not for armies or for colonels. It told him something—something that he wanted to know. Instinctively he reached out both hands to hers; but she only touched his fingers and pushed them back.

"Your cars for steel for to-morrow!" she ejaculated breathlessly. "I have just come from the office. I overheard somebody on Dock Fifteen planning to take those cars to load lumber."

"Lumber?" With her looking at him like this, so gravely interested in his business problem for to-morrow, it suddenly seemed that there was nothing else in the world that must be done to-morrow but that single job of his. "Lumber?" he murmured hoarsely. "Why—why, Miss Helen, I've got to have the rails—got to or I'm out! Maybe I'm out anyway; but I've got to have the rails!"

"They're taking your cars for lumber. Hurry, Richard! Hurry!"

Somehow Lieutenant Marsh got out of the house. Everything else faded away from round him—the people, the walls, Miss Crosby, even. He only knew that she—she had called him Richard, and she was concerned, tremendously concerned.

"She wants me to put this thing over," he gloated; "above everything to put this thing over. And I will!"

That was what he had said to her at the door, he remembered now: "I will!"

And she had laid her hand upon his arm for a moment. "Yes, but Richard—don't do anything rash. Promise me that. Don't do something now that will get you into worse trouble."

For all he knew, as he hurried toward the docks, he had made that silly promise—as if there could be anything worse than failing on a job that had been given one to do—a job that was necessary in order to get the Army set to finally and everlastingly licking the bastings out of the boche. Striding forward in the semi-darkness; stumbling over railroad tracks, snubbing posts and mooring lines; picking his way amid stacks of freight of a thousand miscellaneous kinds—huge gun carriages, piles of artillery wheels, half-crated tanks and rolling kitchens; past busy cranes and toiling, sweating thousands of negro stevedores, chanting as they worked—his wrath rose at the thought that anybody would steal his cars. A car thief, he decided in his heart of hearts, was the most miserable, despicable, diabolical scoundrel in the entire S. O. S. And, to prove that the car thief had been at work, here were the rail piles silent, and the stevedores who usually at this hour would be loading his steel were huddled in groups shooting craps beneath the arc lights.

"Haven't you had any cars for loading?" demanded the lieutenant, singling out a foreman with his eye.

"Fohteen cars done been loaded by de day gang dis atternoon," was the response. "No mo' cyars ain't come in, sah."

"Fourteen!" reflected the lieutenant, considering possibilities.

"Dey dess been pulled out," explained the stevedore, "billed to de advance sector."

Billed to the advance sector? Obviously then they were not his, and the lieutenant began a frantic search for his own empties. Knowing where to look he found them quickly, and as Helen had warned him the last of them was just being completely loaded with lumber. But the lieutenant's rage was futile. No one knew anything about how the cars got there, and there was no one about on whom he could wreak his wrath.

But he did locate the fourteen cars of loaded rails. They were in train ready to go to the make-up track. They were billed to the advance sector right enough, and they were labeled "Rush Priority." Now Rush Priority was the most sacred brace of words known to the transportation world in the S. O. S. He who laid a profane hand upon Rush Priority desecrated the very flag itself. He made himself liable to all the penalties that a court-martial may impose, from simple cashiering to being shot at sunrise.

In his sane moments Richard Marsh would have frankly stopped and held off his freebooting spirit before Rush Priority. But perhaps he was not quite sane to-night.

She—she had looked at him and said, "Don't let them beat you!" And he—he had promised her something, but what was it anyway?

"Captain," he proposed boldly to the yardmaster, "I must have ten of those fourteen cars of steel."

"Lieutenant!" said the captain, as indulging the proposal of a crazy man, "you couldn't any more have those ten cars of steel than you could have guns for the Front for crossties."

The captain turned on his heel as if the matter were settled, and Lieutenant Marsh, tramping up and down the yards and docks for hours, knew it was settled too. Nevertheless, when at four o'clock next morning he found those fourteen cars of rails snugly enlinked in a train on the departure track that only waited for daylight to go rattling off toward the advance sector—when he found this the temptation proved too much for him. And there were men about that yard, it will be remembered, men in grease-and-smoke-stained army campaign hats and union-made blue overalls, who would do anything in the world that Lieutenant Marsh asked them to do.

Some of these men, roused hastily from slumber, were soon listening to him now while they struggled excitedly into their clothes and hurried out to the roundhouse. There they unstabled a big black animal that, with headlight dimmed and almost human stealth, crept out into the yards, rumbled cautiously through the town and along the bay to a convenient spur, where it waited till the last switch engine had departed from the make-up yard, and then when all was still and ghostly and waiting for the coming of day this engine, with Lieutenant Marsh riding on the bumper, slipped down to the depart track and for a few minutes was rather busy.

The train crew asleep in the waycar already attached to the train were accustomed to being bumped about as they slumbered and knew not that this last bumping was extra and superfluous; nor that when they rolled out in the morning ten cars of their load were missing and at the moment being sprinkled over some fan-shaped lines out on the warehouse flat of Bouvron. Indeed, the conductor did take the usual precaution to glance over his waybills and to note that he had his customary load—fourteen cars of steel, a vast quantity of ties, some splices, spikes and other fastenings, together with many cars of baled hay and a lot of other of the miscellaneous junk of war. But he did not also take occasion to glance over his train.

It was two and a half days later, when he had long given up this personally conducted string of cars to others who had in

(Continued on Page 73)

CREME OIL
THE CREAM OF OLIVE OIL SOAPS
Refinement
—has certain marks of identity. The one most apparent is a clear, healthy skin—an instant revelation of thought and care in retaining nature's endowment.
CREMEOIL—the Cream of Olive Oil Soaps, is made of nature's choicest oils. It is preferred by persons of discrimination because it not only cleanses thoroughly but soothes and refreshes; also because of its attested efficiency in attaining a clear and healthy skin.
PEET BROS. MFG. CO.
KANSAS CITY
SAN FRANCISCO
CREME OIL
THE CREAM OF
OLIVE OIL SOAPS

LYKNU POLISH

Lyknu—the "one-cloth" polish—not only saves time, labor and money and restores the original beauty of your furniture, but also keeps its surface in thoroughly sanitary condition.

Lyknu, the ingredients of which are of a germicidal character, leaves the furniture absolutely clean, hard and dry without the least suggestion of dust and germ-attracting stickiness.

Lyknu accomplishes its fine results by reason of its remarkable cleansing properties—and dries almost instantly.

A little Lyknu goes a long way.

Do not waste Lyknu by saturating a cloth with it. A bottle will last twice as long and you will get best results if you shake bottle well, and then simply moisten a piece of cheesecloth by holding it to mouth of bottle.

With this dampened end of cloth, go over your furniture, rubbing until surface is dry. No need to go over your furniture again with the dry end or with a second cloth! Only a single operation is necessary—and you save more than half the usual time and labor of polishing.

Get a bottle of Lyknu today!

Three Sizes:—25c, 50c, $1.00

If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name and 25c for bottle mailed postpaid.

Lyknu Polish Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

(Continued from Page 70)

succession shepherded it clear across France almost to the fighting Front, that the switchmen who broke up the loads and shunted them this way and that found only four cars of rails instead of fourteen.

For a moment there was scratching of heads and rethumbing of dirty waybills; and then with their usual sang-froid the switchmen ceased to concern themselves about the missing ten but kicked the four cars up to where the railhead was hourly hitching forward, caterpillarlike, behind the Army.

But there were others than switchmen who missed the ten cars of steel, and from these a mighty storm of protest rose. The neutrality of sacred Rush Priority had been violated. Who was the guilty man? He had committed high treason against an Army. He must be found and brought to justice. Rapidly the investigation pursued its way backward, back to a conductor who had bills for cars that were not in his train and did not know it, back to the foreman of a yard engine who looked up from reading the Erie Railroad Employees' Magazine to aver by all that was holy and some things that were righteous that he had put fourteen cars of steel in the train—back to the empty cars found kicking about the yards and traced as having come that day from the track-laying sector where Lieutenant Marsh was busy. The little indicator stopped directly before the young lieutenant. It pointed its finger at him as persistently as Uncle Sam's finger is pointed in the Liberty Loan poster.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Lieutenant Marsh, for this was one of his happy mornings. He was a full two miles ahead of the warehouse gang and puffed up with joy in consequence. But in the midst of his happiness there came the tinkle of the telephone bell in his little field office.

"Richard!" said a voice whose distress scorned all disguise. "Richard! Something awful has happened!"

"Awful? Awful?" echoed the young lieutenant incredulously, for what that was awful could happen since he had read what he had read in her eyes the other night, and since she called him Richard now so ingenuously. "You haven't ceased to love me, have you?"

"Oh, Richard, do be serious! Richard, have you—did you steal ten cars of rails from the departure track?"

"Um!" said Lieutenant Marsh, thinking back. The incident was so far in the past he had forgotten it almost. The rails themselves were all spiked down hard, with cars standing on them loaded with cement and steel for Allenby's gangs.

"Commandeered them, would be a nicer word," reflected the lieutenant after a moment.

"Did you—take them?" The voice was accusing and it trembled slightly. There was a note of reproach in it also.

"I stole them, yes," he decided to admit frankly. "But it was an honorable theft. It was for a good cause. Besides, some bandit stole my empties and—and so——"

"Richard!" Helen all but sobbed. "Those were General Crawley's rails; and he is wild—simply wild! He has ordered a general court for whoever is guilty, and they've pinned it on you."

Despite the feigned lightness of his air Lieutenant Marsh felt a sudden sinking sense of hopelessness.

"Yes, they'll pin it on me all right!" he murmured sarcastically. "They pin everything on me but decorations for duty done. Say, Helen, sometimes, you know, I wish the war was over. I do really."

"Good-by!" said a voice with a choke in it, and the telephone was hung up abruptly.

"Dog-gone!" said Lieutenant Marsh, and sat winking hard, because he knew the sunshine girl on the other end was feeling very badly and had ended the conversation because she couldn't carry it on. The lieutenant was feeling badly for her sake, too, and now that he had time to reflect he began to feel badly upon his own account, realizing just what an abused young man he was.

When Helen had regained a very fine control of herself she went again into the private office of Colonel Kemper.

"Did you give it to him hard?" demanded the colonel.

"Very!" answered Miss Helen soberly.

"What are we going to do with that young man anyway, I wonder," soliloquized the colonel. "Not a bad sort of a fellow at all, that young Marsh. Should you say so? I ask you now, Miss Crosby, you're not a bad judge of a man, you know."

"I should not say so. No."

"A rattling fine young man, he is now," declared the colonel, and leaned back drumming idly upon his desk, while he glanced occasionally at a telegram that had just come into his hand.

"I am sure he did not mean to do anything wrong when he took the cars," Helen ventured to urge.

"Very bad judgment; very bad judgment though," said the colonel, shaking his head.

"And yet," Helen was lured on to suggest, "it was done out of a sense of duty to you. He could think of nothing but that you wanted the steel down on time."

"Yes, yes, I know; but he gets me in bad that way, you see. These young whippersnappers must learn to use judgment. Hello! Four o'clock. Will you order the car round? I must go to the depot and meet Crawley."

"General Crawley? So soon?" exclaimed Helen in something almost like alarm, for in her mind General Crawley figured as an avenging Nemesis.

The colonel noted her surprised manner and noted also that she was slightly shaken by the fate which was about to overtake young Marsh. He would have thought the less of her womanliness if she had not been.

"Oh, this is just his usual inspection tour," the B. C. explained. "He had nothing to do with ordering that court for young Marsh. That would be his chief of staff most likely. The general will be about here for a day or two, prying into everything, and then go away and leave us in peace for another month."

And so for two days the general made the office of the base commander his office, and the facilities of that office his facilities. Among those facilities was Miss Helen Crosby, telephone secretary. She rendered a good many services for the general. He liked her. There was something about the freshness of that voice, the brightness of that eye that softened the doughty old general in the midst of the stern duties of war. It is just possible that the old battler created commissions for her to execute just to have the occasion to speak to her and for her to speak to him. It is possible that Miss Helen, with the best intentions in the world, encouraged him to speak.

It is certain that he did speak, and that to her as to others he confided that the main difficulty in his department, which had to do, as everybody knew, with transportation, was to get the right kind of executives. There were men in this Army who knew tactics and knew strategy, but there were not enough who could command men, who could get things done. And where there were such men they were always sending them into the fighting line and getting them killed off. As for him, General Crawley, what he asked at this minute was a half dozen bright particular stars in the way of executives; especially did he need one of pronounced manhandling type who could rush construction up at the railhead or who could all but push the rails ahead of the Army. He had men up there who did—well, they did their best but their best was not good enough. They were always falling down. Only yesterday there was a four-mile failure in rail construction. Four miles! Did she realize what that meant to an advancing Army. And all because some steel had failed to get up. Judging by the general's indignation a real good brand of executive would have made steel out of barbed wire.

To these confidences of the general, imparted jerkily and in snatches during two days, Miss Helen listened sympathetically, and being of a helpful turn of mind she communicated to the supreme master of transportation some opinions and observations of her own as to the qualities and capabilities of certain officers in the base who had come under her observation. One of these observations which amounted almost to a suggestion was received by the visitor with manifestations of particular interest.

But in the meantime, and while Miss Crosby communed pleasantly with generals, Lieutenant Marsh communed bitterly with himself, for on this identical afternoon a notice in very official form was handed to the young Napoleon of railroad construction relieving him from duty and ordering him to confinement in barracks pending the convocation of a general court-martial to deal with him for violation of certain well-known sections of the Articles of War.

Having had two days to reflect upon what was coming the young man was keenly alive to the harsh injustice of the blow that had been struck at him.

He sat in his room and looked about him. It was a mere rough wooden box stall among other box stalls, euphemistically denominated officers' quarters. All its fixtures, appurtenances, hereditaments were hastily contrived and crude. For lack of sash cord and weights the window slid to and fro horizontally. For lack of glass a sheet of semiopaque composition turned the brightest sunshine into gloom. The table was of boards unevenly nailed together. The armchair was an angular construction from broken boxes. A shuck mat emphasized rather than relieved the hardness of its seat.

In one end a collapsible rubber washbasin was supported by a nail keg. In the other was a folding cot, while a trench mirror graced a nail, and on the table a stump of candle squatted toadlike in a heap of its own gutterings. The whole purview spelled discomfort and distaste.

"Wish I was up at the Front!" the lieutenant groaned. "I'd a lot rather be knocked over by a shell than flattened out by a conspiracy of ill luck."

It was some time after these final despairs had overtaken the lieutenant that General Crawley, reflecting on those things which his sharp eyes had discerned and his keen ears had heard while prowling round the port, fell in rallying mood upon the base commander.

"Look here, Kemper!" he charged. "You've been covering up on me."

"How's that?" inquired the colonel in a mystified way.

"You tell me all about Allenby, that gray-haired old dog who is putting up warehouses faster than a cyclone could blow 'em down; but you never slip me a word about this young fellow, Marsh."

"Marsh?"

"Yes, that rare young college chap who's made such a record in throwing down track. I hear he's a horse for work, shoulders like an elephant, born fighter, with a capacity for handling men that amounts to genius; that you can hitch him to a load and he'll pull it or break his heart. Never been known to fail down on a commission—all that sort of stuff." The general was grinning cannily. "Thought you'd keep him away from me, huh?"

"Who's been telling you that?" demanded the colonel warily.

"Is it true?" insisted the general.

"Except your intimations, yes; every word of it."

The general tossed his head with satisfaction. "That very remarkable young woman, Miss Crosby, was mentioning him to me," he now vouchsafed.

"Indeed!" observed the colonel, feeling possibly a trifle miffed that Miss Helen should have taken it upon herself to volunteer information to the general.

"Oh, I—I rather drew it out of her," assured the other quickly.

"And did you draw out of her," inquired the colonel dryly, "that this phenomenal young man has just been relieved from duty and is now a prisoner in barracks awaiting a general court for disobedience of orders, the demand for the said court coming from your own office and ostensibly over your signature?"

The general's blue eyes, somewhat ambushed in fat, grew large and round and indignant.

"She did not!" he declared with emphasis, as feeling that his confidence had to that extent been abused. "She did not!"

But the general's interest in the party under discussion had nevertheless been quickened to where it would not be abated easily.

"What was the nature of the offense?" he inquired.

The colonel told him swiftly, palliating nothing.

"He—he did that?" The general coughed like an exploding whizz-bang and rose straight up out of his chair with an expression of very great wrath on his features. "So he is the impertinent upstart who slowed up our railhead advance by four miles the other day! Court-martialed? Why, he ought to be shot!"

"Exactly!" agreed the colonel, rubbing his hands with an expectant air as if preparing next to ask: "When, my dear general, will you have the shooting done?"

But the general was now settling slowly down in his chair with an expression of thoughtfulness upon his features, for it was

How I Keep My Garden Healthy

REALLY, it's easy to have a thriving, productive garden like mine. You can—I know you can. The whole secret is to take proper care of the soil. Give it regular attention—keep it well stirred, and weeded, right from seed time to when the plants mature.

It isn't hard work—not when you use a PULL-EASY Adjustable Cultivator. It's really fun, with just enough exercise to keep you as healthy as your garden.

After spading, the PULL EASY is the only tool you need. You see it's adjustable so it can be instantly set to cultivate between rows of plants from 7 to 18 inches wide.

If you go in for gardening this spring—and don't you think you ought to?—get one of the Pull Easies described here and use it regularly.

Probably your dealer has it. If not write your name and your dealer's name on this ad, tear out and mail it with price (see below), and you will receive your PULL EASY by Parcel Post, prepaid. *Literature on request.*

The Pull-Easy Mfg. Company
403 Barstow St., Waukesha, Wis.
Canadian Branch: 35 Colborne Street, Toronto

5 Prong model 6 in. to 12 in. adjustment, $1.50, Canada $1.50.
9 Tooth [illegible] 6 in. to 12 in. adjustment, $1.50, Canada $1.50.
4-Tooth Junior 3 in. to 6 in. adjustment, $1.00, Canada, 80 cents.
Wheeled Model for bigger gardens, $4.00, Canada, $5.00.

PULL-EASY ADJUSTABLE
Garden Cultivators

MR. ERNEST SCHULTZ

Earned $1000 *Without Experience* in Three Months

Mr. Ernest Schultz earned $1000.00 in his first three months with us.

He had no previous experience with our work.

But the Curtis publications are so popular, and the margin of profit on each subscription is so liberal, that large profits are easily earned.

EASY BIG MONEY

In fact, to earn $1000.00 in three months, it is necessary to average only two sales per hour each working day.

The same average for one hour a day *of spare time* brings about $30.00 a month extra—more than *a Dollar an Hour profit*.

Two sales per hour would be a very high average with an unknown proposition, but *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* are known everywhere and are liked everywhere.

The way to success is paved.

PERMANENT POSITIONS

And the business is permanent. Renewals pay the same as new orders. A steadily growing income is certain.

If you want a permanent position paying you $1000.00 for three months—$4000.00 a year—for your full time or a Dollar an Hour for your spare time, clip out and mail coupon today. There's no obligation.

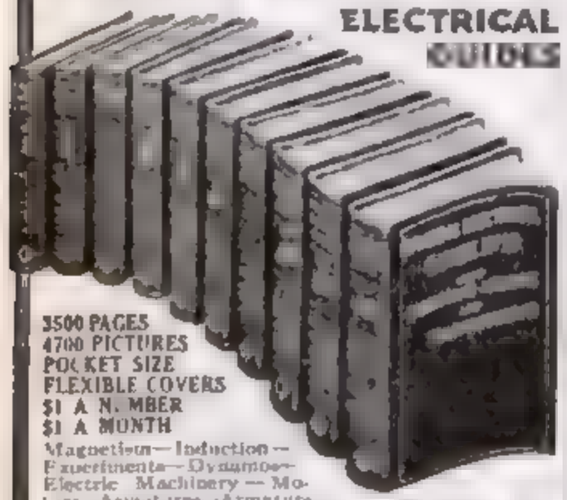
A three-cent stamp may bring you $300.00 before the end of next month!

The Curtis Publishing Company 394 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

Experts in ELECTRICITY are getting BIG PAY

You will find in HAWKINS ELECTRICAL GUIDES a ready reference to everything about electricity. In plain every-day language complete explanations of the subject. Each subject is arranged alphabetically and cross-referenced so that you can find what you want to know in a minute. Every rule, every formula, every direction is made clear by hundreds of illustrations. Nothing is left out that will help you in your work. Send for your set today to look over.

HAWKINS ELECTRICAL GUIDES



3500 PAGES
4700 PICTURES
POCKET SIZE
FLEXIBLE COVERS
$1 A NUMBER
$1 A MONTH

Magnetism—Induction—Experiments—Dynamos—Electric Machinery—Motors—Armatures—Armature Windings—Installing of Dynamos—Electrical Instrument Testing—Practical Management of Dynamos—Motors—Transformers—Converters—Storage Batteries—Power Stations—Testing—Lighting—Railways. Also many modern Practical Applications of Electricity and Ready Reference Index of the 10 numbers.

Shipped to you FREE. Not a cent to pay until you see the books. No obligation to buy unless you are satisfied.

Send coupon now—today—and get this great help library and see if it is not worth $100 to you—you pay $1.00 a month for 10 months or return it.

SEND NO MONEY

THEO. AUDEL & CO., 72 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Send me Hawkins Electrical Guides (Price $1 each). Send set prepaid. If satisfactory I agree to send you $1.00 within 5 days and $1.00 monthly until the $10 is paid. Otherwise I will notify you within 5 days and hold the books subject to your order.

Signature

Occupation

Employed by

Residence

TRY The Florsheim Shoe—know it by actual wear as well as by reputation and you will find there's a big difference in shoes. It pays to get Florsheim superior style, fit and service.

Ten Dollars and up

Consider the wear, not the price per pair. Look for the quality mark "Florsheim."

The Florsheim Shoe Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Write for booklet "Styles of the Times"

The Saranac—

evident that he experienced a certain revulsion at the contrast between a blindfolded khaki body bleeding at the foot of a wall and that very fine figure of a man whom Miss Crosby's warm but subtle enthusiasms had painted for him.

"It—it seems a pity—a man with fine qualities like that too!" murmured the ex-cavalry man, biting viciously at his mustaches.

"It does!" agreed the colonel, again craftily and emphatically. "It does."

"Why—why"—and the general broke out loudly with the sudden force of a new thought—"that's just the kind of young men we need most of in the Army now—men who can get things done."

"Marsh has more capacity for getting things done than any man driver I know," broke in the colonel. "Men work like dogs for him and they love him while he drives them. I should hate to lose him, of course, but ——"

The Base Commander's voice trailed off into nothingness with the tang of a very subtle suggestion in its dying tones, a suggestion which the general bit at readily.

"The very idea, Kemper!" he responded with a rapid change of mood. "Violated Rush Priority, did he? Not afraid to take a slash at a little red tape, hey?" The general threw back his head and laughed. "Why, he's just the man I need to put in charge of railhead construction up there! A fellow like that would build right on into Germany. If the rails didn't come up he'd go over the other side and snitch 'em. *N'est-ce-pas?*"

And the general in his exuberance aired a little of the French every soldier was picking up.

"*Absolument!*" the colonel responded in kind. "We've never seen him beaten out here yet when he started to do a thing."

"*Alors! Alors!*" chuckled the general, clearing his throat loudly. "Hum, Kemper! It's well I looked into this matter. Just have an order prepared revoking that demand for a court and I'll sign it. Send for the young man, too, and we'll have a look at him."

The colonel touched the button that should call Miss Crosby to him, but the pressure met with no immediate response, and the base commander looking round noticed that the door leading to her office was slightly ajar and that from it proceeded a queer cooing sound such as is naturally produced by two voices rather than one. One of these voices was quite obviously masculine.

"Miss Crosby!" called the colonel, wishing to summon the young woman to a remembrance of her duties by the note of slight reproof in his tone. At the same time he rose and moved toward the door. She met him almost on the threshold.

"Telephone to Lieutenant Marsh to report here immediately."

Miss Crosby's face was flushed, her eyes were shining, and behind her there loomed another figure in the outer room. The colonel's glance leaped naturally to that other presence, and he was astonished to identify it as the lieutenant in question.

"I—I thought you would be wanting him," stammered Miss Helen, "and I telephoned an order for him to come in half an hour ago."

The colonel was slightly taken back.

"Oh, you did?" he inquired tartly. "Well, Miss Crosby, I must say that you have taken considerable liberties with a prisoner; but again I must confess that your rather remarkable intuitions have proved correct."

While this conversation was going on the young man though slightly dazed and very dubious was, nevertheless, with a fighting man's instinct to face the front, advancing through the open door and saluting the general, who stood stiffly.

"Lieutenant Marsh," announced the general, "I have been hearing about you—first from Miss Crosby, who, though I did not suspect it then, I take it now is rather a friend of yours."

"R-rather!" stuttered the lieutenant.

"I have also heard of you from Colonel Kemper, the same sort of thing, with the addition of another circumstance which it appears Miss Crosby did not think it worth while to mention."

The general shot a look of mild reproach at Helen, whose interested face paled at the glance as she lingered in the doorway behind the stalwart figure of her lover.

"I must tell you, lieutenant," continued the general, "that I consider your action in disregarding a rush-priority order as reprehensible—very reprehensible, not to say dangerous. We must have discipline! But"—the general hemmed and hurried on—"we must also have young men who can accomplish things, who let no obstacle stand in the way of the successful discharge of their duty. For that reason I have revoked the order for your court, and directed your detachment for service in the advanced sector in charge of railhead construction. You will need more rank for that job and your commission as a cap—no, a major! By George, we will make you a major—will be issued by the time you reach your post of duty."

"A major? Oh, Richard!"

The telephone secretary seemed suddenly to forget the restraints which military service impose, and threw up her arms convulsively with a glad little cry.

The lieutenant, overlooking his obligations to his colonel and his general, heard only that summons to duty sounding in his rear. Ignoring all else he turned and took the girl into his arms, holding her close, looking down into adoring eyes and reverently touching his lips to hers, noting as his cheeks caressed the loose braids of her hair that it was as soft and silky as imagination had conceived.

Upon the two innocent bystanders there fell a moment of acute embarrassment, together with a sense of their utter superfluousness.

"Did you—did you know anything about this, Kemper?" demanded the general with a gesture toward the embracing lovers.

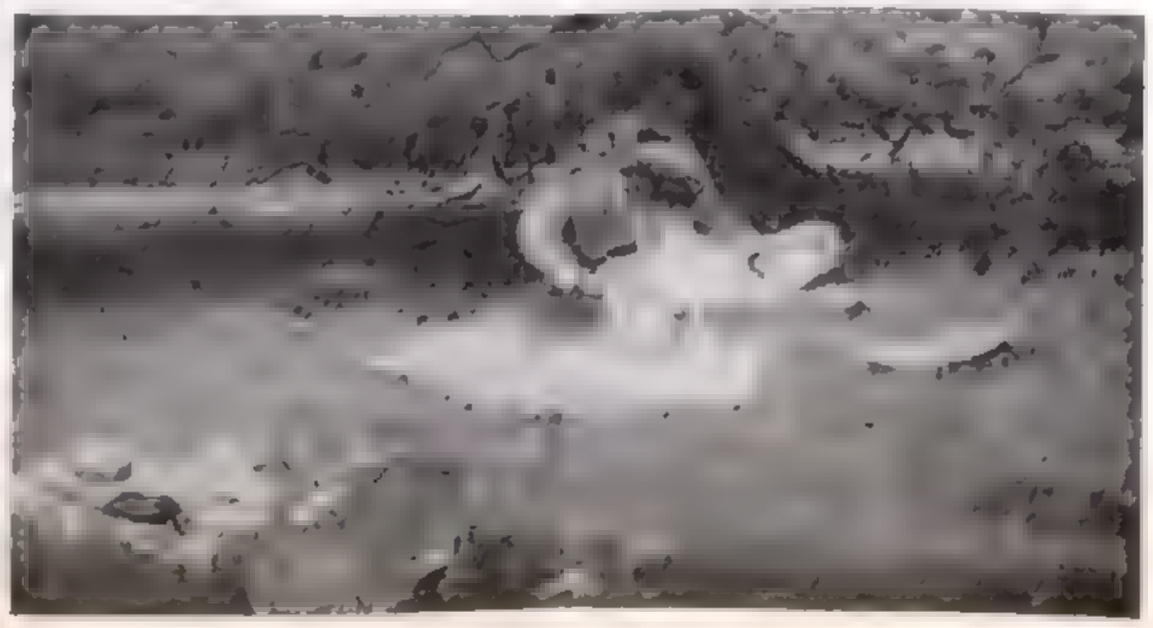
"Not a thing!" murmured the colonel, helpless with surprise. "It looks as if the young lady has put one over on me."

"On us!" amended the general nobly. "But at that, we are indebted to her. Kemper, I still must reproach you with not having told me about the qualities of this young man."

"It was a part of my plan to do so," averred the colonel unblushingly. "The young woman beat me to it, that's all. I knew Marsh was too good to waste out here, and I thought you would appreciate his talent. You are just as shrewd, general, as I thought you were."

About this time a pair of gray eyes, glistening with happy moisture, lifted themselves over a khaki shoulder and shot a look of gratitude first at the colonel and then at the general.

"I guess, Kemper," said the general, as if in acknowledgment of the glance—"I guess we had better make him a lieutenant colonel. He'll not be the youngest one in the Army, at that."



1,444,882,194 gallons of kerosene oil were consumed throughout the United States in 1918, the greater part of which went into individual homes; a striking example of the service motor trucks are rendering transportation in the wide-spread distribution of necessities

INTERRUPTION AND DELAY of delivery schedules are serious matters.

HEAVY DUTY TRUCKS can hold to their schedules only when their tires are dependable.

FISK SOLID TIRES are built to wear—to meet the ever-changing road conditions.

THEY ARE DEPENDABLE. They do their part to keep the truck running on schedule. Next time—buy Fisk.

FISK TRUCK TIRES

The BRUNSWICK Method of Reproduction

Tones Hitherto Rare Now Ever-Present

HERE are the secrets of The Brunswick Method of Reproduction. Learn how we gained that wonderfully pure tone which has given The Brunswick Phonograph such prestige.

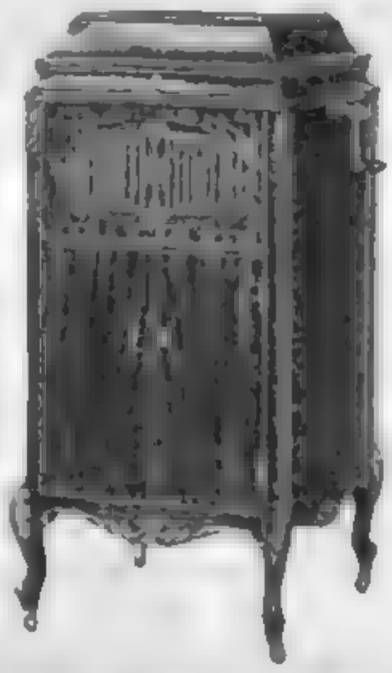
Experts in acoustics have long agreed that superior reproduction depends chiefly upon the reproducer and the way in which tone is amplified.

Until the coming of The Brunswick, many experts thought it impossible to overcome "spotty" reproduction, that is, alternate good and bad tones. Yet all were striving to increase the good tones and decrease the bad.

What We Found

The fault, we found, after hundreds of tests, was largely due to the use of metal in the amplifier or sound chamber. Metal, having no elasticity, prevented the sound waves from expanding properly. Strident noises resulted.

So we chose wood, developing the now famous Brunswick Amplifier, built *entirely* of wood. We tested dozens of different woods, arranging them in numerous shapes. Finally we attained the proper acoustic values.



Brunswick tone is infinitely better, for tones considered rare a few years ago are ever-present in this super-instrument. No one can remain unappreciative of its fullness, richness and clarity. And all appreciate the banishment of metallic sounds. Once you hear The Brunswick, your own ear will confirm these statements.

Plays All Records

Another great feature of The Brunswick Method of Reproduction is the Ultona, our all-record reproducer. At a turn of the hand, it presents to each type of record the proper needle and diaphragm. Each make of record can now be heard at its best, played exactly as it should be. Thus you are not limited in your selection of records to one make.

Before you buy, or even if you already have a phonograph, hear The Brunswick. Put it to any tone test you wish. Ask that the most difficult records be played. Make comparisons. Then let sheer merit decide.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company

General Offices: CHICAGO and NEW YORK

Branch Houses in Principal Cities of United States, Mexico and Canada

Canadian Distributors
Musical Merchandise Sales Co
Excelsior Life Bldg., Toronto

The Brunswick

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Continued from Page 26)

thus: There arrived on the scene of current events and affairs what was called a Shakspere Day. It appears that a person by the name of William Shakspere was born on April 23, 1564, at Stratford-on-Avon and died there April 23, 1616—very little else being known of record about him; and on the warrant that this person's name appears upon the title page of certain popular dramas the highbrows of the stage, led by Percy MacKaye, not to be outdone by the movie people, got up a Shakspere Day and a Shakspere play; and the boys of the City Editor's Room, not to be outdone by the highbrows of the stage, took up the wondrous tale with a hoop-la. Before such a bugle call what was an old cavalry horse, a little cranky in wind and legs, but still in the ring, as it were, to do but fall into line? Sure!

Still, disdaining the universal, the obvious, the commonplace—seeking, so to say, the elusive scoop—I took a line of my own. When I was growing up at Washington and passing much time in the Library of Congress, earning my living as an amusement writer—they called us "dramatic critics" in those days—I made a rather close study of the Elizabethan period, with the purpose to compose a volume to be entitled A Biography of the British Drama. I had actually made a contract with a book-publishing house for this, and it was duly advertised. But here "the little man from Egypt," who has pursued my literary ambitions, again interposed. The War of Sections was hard upon us. Clearly I was to be a great soldier, not a literary celebrity.

Time passed. It kept on passing. I had almost forgotten the circumstance when Shakspere Day loomed in the distance. "Aha," said I to myself, "ha, ha! Let those laugh most who laugh last."

I knew that William Shakspere, of Stratford-on-Avon, no more wrote those plays than the man in the moon. But who did? I could not hope to make a get-away with the Baconian theory. That was worn to a frazzle. The Walter Raleigh theory looked promising. So did the Wriothesley theory!

Yet stay—the Marlowe theory! It was the oldest if not the least known of all the theories. Why not? Pursuing the Baconian scheme of research—minus the cryptograms—without quite discarding even Shakspere or forgetting the musical glasses—taking up the mystic tablets of memory and turning down the hourglass of time to watch each grain of sand as it fell—why not Marlowe? He was by no means killed in the tavern brawl. It was the other son of a gun. Marlowe escaped to the Continent. He had been at Cambridge when Bacon was there. Why may they not have been classmates? Easy. The inference could not be resisted: Marlowe wrote the plays; he sent them to Bacon; My Lord of Verulam supplied the court etiquette and revised the philosophy and learning where these required revision; then he turned them over to their joint friend, Shakspere, the showman, who produced them, using his own name to shield Marlowe, whose life were forfeit if his existence and whereabouts should be known. As simple as falling off a log. It settled the whole business. It gave Bacon a show. It did justice to Marlowe. It explained Shakspere.

They would not have it—leastwise, they would not have it from me—and though I shot the bolt, with proper accessories, it refused to explode and fell noiseless among the bushes that choke and conceal real genius.

VIII

THAT bread cast upon the waters—"'dough' put out at usance," as Joseph Jefferson used to phrase it—shall return after many days has I dare say been verified by most persons who have perpetrated acts of kindness, conscious or unconscious. There was a poor, broken-down English actor with a passion for Chaucer whom I used to encounter in the Library of Congress. His voice was quite gone. Now and again I had him join me in a square meal. Once in a while I paid his room rent. I was loath to leave him when the break came in 1861, though he declared he had "expectations," and made sure he would not starve.

Years after I was passing through Regent Street in London, when a smart brougham drove up to the curb and a wheezy voice called after me. It was my old friend Newton. His "expectations" had not failed him; he had come into a considerable property and was living in affluence upon an ancestral estate.

He knew London as only a Bohemian, native and to the manner born, could know it. His memory and sense of obligation knew no bounds. Between him and John Mahoney and Artemus Ward I was soon made at home in what might be called the mysteries and eccentricities of differing phases of life in the British metropolis not commonly accessible to the foreign casual. In many after visits this familiar knowledge served me well. But Newton did not live to know of some good fortune that came to me and to feel my gratitude to him, as dear old John Mahoney did. When I was next in London he was gone.

It was not, however, the actor, Newton, whom I had in mind in pointing the bread-upon-the-water moral, but a certain John Hatcher, the memory of whom illustrates it much better. He was a wit and a poet. He had been State Librarian of Tennessee. Nothing could keep him out of the service, though he was a sad cripple and wholly unequal to its requirements. He fell ill, of course. I had the opportunity to care for him. When the war was over his old friend, George D. Prentice, called him to Louisville to take an editorial place on the Journal.

About the same time Mr. Walter Haldeman returned from the South and resumed the suspended publication of the Louisville Courier. He was in the prime of life, a man of surpassing energy, enterprise and industry, and had with him the popular sympathy. Mr. Prentice was nearly three score and ten. The stream had passed him by. The Journal was not only beginning to feel the strain but was fast losing ground. In this emergency Hatcher came to the rescue. I was just home from London and was doing some noticeable work on the Nashville Banner anent my foreign experience.

"Here is your man," said Hatcher to Mr. Prentice and Mr. Henderson, the owners of the Journal; and I was asked to come to Louisville

After I had looked over the field and inspected the Journal's books I was satisfied that a union with the Courier was the wisest solution of the newspaper situation, and told them so. Meanwhile Mr. Haldeman, whom I had known very well in the Confederacy, sent for me. He offered me the same terms for part ownership and sole editorship of the Courier which the Journal people had offered me. This I could not accept, but proposed as an alternative the consolidation of the two on an equal basis. He was willing enough for the consolidation, but not on equal terms. There was nothing for it but a fight. I took the Journal and began to hammer the Courier.

A dead summer was before us, but Mr. Henderson had plenty of money and was willing to spend it. During the contest that followed not an unkind word was printed or uttered on either side. After stripping the Journal to its heels it had very little to go on or to show for what had once been a prosperous business. But circulation flowed in. From eighteen hundred daily it quickly mounted to ten thousand; from fifteen hundred weekly to fifty thousand. The middle of October it looked as if we had a straight road before us.

But I knew better. The truth was the field, no matter how worked, was not big enough to support two rival dailies. There was toward the last of October on the edge of the city a great real-estate sale which Mr. Haldeman and I, on invitation, attended. I thought I saw a chance. I must have bid up to a hundred thousand dollars and did actually buy nearly ten thousand dollars of the property put up at auction, relying upon some money presently coming to my wife.

I could see that it made an impression on Mr. Haldeman. Returning in the carriage which had brought us out I said: "Mr. Haldeman, I am going to ruin you. But I am going to run up a money debt to Isbem Henderson I shall never be able to discharge. You need an editor. I need a publisher. Let us put these two newspapers together, buy the Democrat, and, instead of cutting one another's throats, go after Cincinnati and St. Louis. You will recall that I proposed this to you in the beginning. What is the matter with it now?"

Nothing was the matter with it. He agreed at once. The details were soon

PURITAN
OIL COOK STOVES

Make Good Every Time

WHATEVER the occasion may be, the Puritan Oil Cook Stove does its work on time, promptly—and in addition gives you the comforts of a clean, cool kitchen.

It gives you confidence to prepare a big meal for the family, or a party dish for the little folk—for the Puritan satisfies all cooking purposes with a cleaner, hotter flame, *and* without the muss of coal or wood.

You set your utensil in a clean, hot flame that comes up through the grate—like gas. Turn the indicator on the burner—low, medium or high—and the flame stays set at that point, without watching. At full heat the indicator's automatic wick stop prevents smoking.

The Puritan gives long service because the burners—the vital parts—are made of brass.

Reversible Glass Oil Reservoir

This new feature of the Puritan makes quick, clean handling of kerosene oil—an ideal way for the housewife.

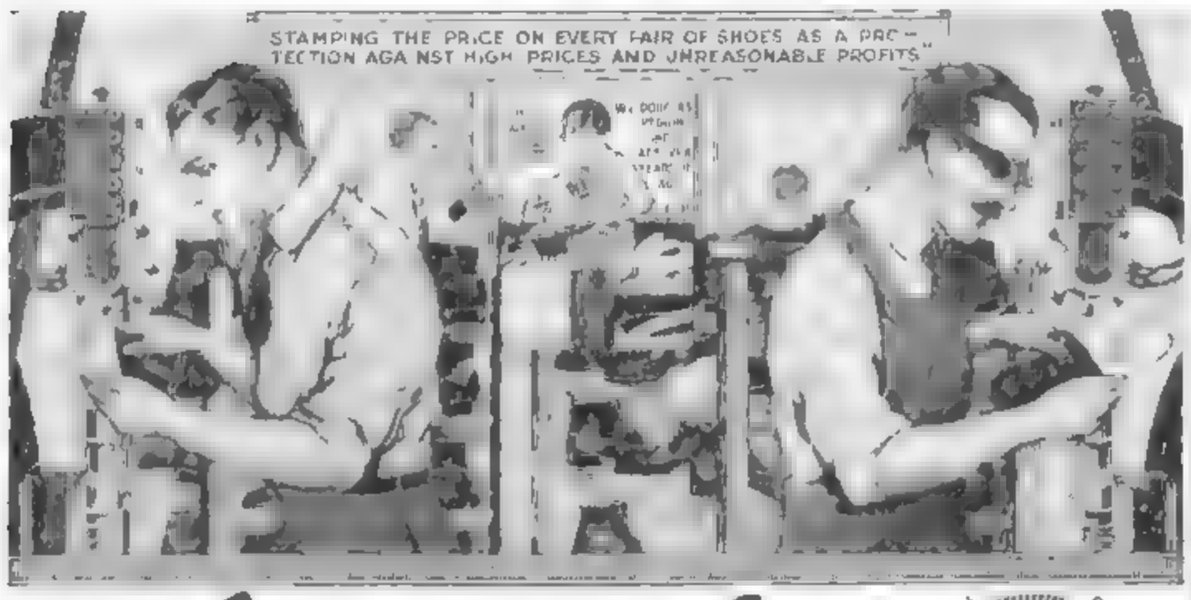
Puritan stoves are sold by reliable dealers everywhere.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO.
7701 Platt Ave. Cleveland, O.

See your dealer or write for free Puritan booklet No. 24

CMP HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS

Look for the triangle trade mark



W. L. Douglas

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

$4.00 $4.50 $5.00 $6.00 $7.00 & $8.00

IF you have been paying $10.00 to $12.00 for fine shoes, a trial will convince you that for style, comfort and service W. L. Douglas $7.00 and $8.00 shoes are equally as good and will give excellent satisfaction. The actual value is determined and the retail price fixed at the factory before W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

Stamping the price on every pair of shoes as a protection against high prices and unreasonable profits is only one example of the constant endeavor of W. L. Douglas to protect his customers. The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

CAUTION—Before you buy be sure W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom and the inside top facing. If the stamped price has been mutilated, BEWARE OF FRAUD.

For sale by 106 W. L. Douglas stores and over 9000 W. L. Douglas dealers, or can be ordered direct from factory by mail. Parcel Post charges prepaid. Write for Illustrated Catalog showing how to order by mail.

W. L. Douglas

President W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE COMPANY, 155 SPARK STREET, BROCKTON - - MASS

adjusted. Ten days later, on Sunday morning, November 8, 1868, there appeared upon the doorsteps of the city in place of the three familiar visitors, a double-headed monster calling itself the Courier-Journal. There had been no intimation of its coming, and it took the town completely by surprise. Truth to say, it was not a pleased surprise. Each of its component parts had its partisans. Most of them demurred, some of them volubly. Our exclusive possession of the field lasted two years. At the end of these we found that at least the appearance of competition was indispensable and willingly accepted an offer from a proposed Republican organ for a division of the Associated Press dispatches which we controlled. Then and there the real prosperity of the Courier-Journal began, the paper having made no money out of its monopoly.

IX

THE political conditions in Kentucky were anomalous. The Republican Party had not yet definitely taken root. Many of the rich old Whigs, who had held to the Government—to save their property—resenting Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, had turned Democrats. Most of the before-the-war Democrats had gone with the Confederacy. The party in power called itself Democratic, but was in fact a body of reactionary nondescripts claiming to be Unionist and clinging, or pretending to cling, to the hard-and-fast prejudices of other days.

This may be the better understood when I add that "negro testimony"—the introduction to the courts of law of the newly made freedmen as witnesses—barred by the state constitution was the burning issue. A murder committed in the presence of a thousand negroes could not be lawfully proved in court. Everything from a toothbrush to a cake of soap might be cited before a jury. But not a human being if his skin happened to be black.

To me this seemed, even as an isolated question, monstrous. From my cradle I had detested slavery. The North will never know how many people at the South did so. I could not go with the Republican Party, however, because after the death of Abraham Lincoln it had intrenched itself in the proscription of Southern men. The attempt to form a third party had shown no strength and had broken down rather ignominiously. There was nothing for me, and the Confederates who were with me, but the ancient label of a Democracy worn by a riffraff of opportunists, Jeffersonian principles having quite gone to seed. But I proposed to lead and reform it, not to follow and fall in behind the selfish and short-sighted timeserver who thought the people had learned nothing and forgot nothing; and instantly upon finding myself in the saddle I sought to ride down the mass of ignorance which was at least for the time being mainly what I had to look to for a constituency.

Mr. Prentice, who knew the lay of the ground better than I did, earnestly advised against this. The personal risk counted for something. Very early in the action I made a direct fighting issue, which—the combat interdicted—gave me the opportunity to declare, with something of the bully in the tone, that I might not be able to hit a barn door at ten paces but could shoot with any man in Kentucky across a pocket handkerchief, holding myself at all times answerable and accessible.

I had a fairly good fighting record in the army, and it was not doubted that I meant what I said.

But it proved a bitter, hard, uphill struggle, for a long while against odds, before negro testimony was carried. A generation of politicians was sent to the wall. Finally, in 1876, a Democratic State Convention put its mark upon me as a Democrat by sending me as a delegate at large to the National Democratic Convention of that year called to meet at St. Louis to put a Presidential ticket in the field.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Colonel Watterson

$300.00 Extra

D. B. SMITH of California

Mr. Smith earns that much every year in his spare time. He finds the work as our local representative—

Easy, Profitable Permanent, Pleasant

Perhaps you would too. Why not find out? To do so, without obligation, just clip and mail this coupon today.

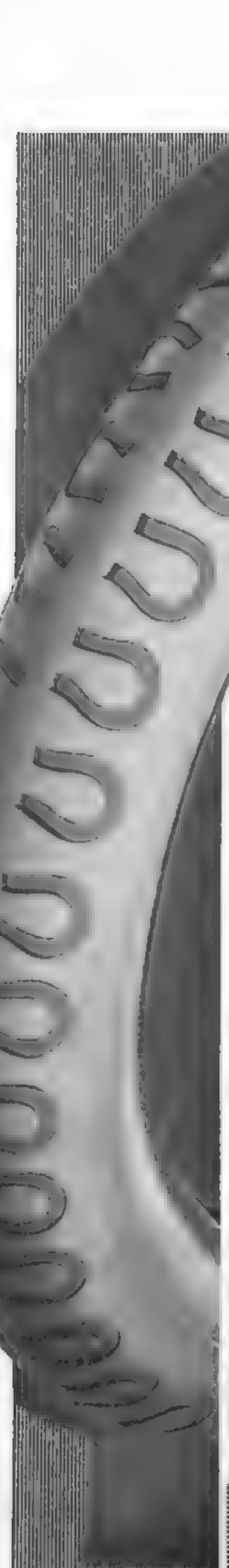
The Curtis Publishing Company
954 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Gentlemen: If Smith can do it, why can't I? Please tell me how!

My Name_____

Address _____ City _____ State _____



THIS is the tread of the Horse-Shoe Tire, as efficient as it is distinctive, now to be advertised nationally for the first time.

Since our first tire was produced eight years ago, we have earnestly striven to make the Horse-Shoe not merely the pattern of an efficient tread, but also the mark of a truly great tire.

Its nearly a million users have been our best salesmen—their spoken word our only advertisement, yet in five years the demand has grown thirty-fold.

We believe that this exceptional growth is directly attributable to our earnest ambition to build America's best tire—an ambition that has been the guiding spirit in the erection of a new model plant—an ambition you will continue to find reflected in every Horse-Shoe Tire we produce.

"Remember the Horse-Shoe tread."

RACINE AUTO TIRE COMPANY, RACINE, WISCONSIN

RACINE HORSE-SHOE TIRES

A WOMAN'S WOMAN

(Continued from Page 21)

memory of your dear face, the thought of what has happened. I shall always love you, Densie Plummer—there, have I made you very angry? Jim.

Sally's was a night message from Rex. The newspapers had spread the reports of Kenneth's death—as a warning to other young and unrealizing volunteers—and he had read it in the morning paper. It was a hypocritical message of sympathy and directions to order a handsome floral piece. He would be home Tuesday.

Sally turned to her mother with outstretched arms.

"I'm afraid of him," she whispered. "Will they treat him as he deserves? Will they, mummy?"

"Of course!"

Densie banished her own thoughts - the cry of her child had come to mean more to her than the call of the people.

"There is someone who could deal with him as he deserves—but he is a long, long ways off," Sally sobbed.

"Is it Dean?" Densie asked tenderly.

The red-gold head nodded.

"Write Dean what has happened—Dean loved our boy. I asked your father to write him, but he has forgotten."

XLIII

THE first truth that occurred to Densie when she cast about to reconstruct a home was that a home can be nothing but sincere—as the human eye unconsciously sees its best without being goaded to do so—and that the sincerity of the home was the hidden influence pervading it and making it so precious. Hotels are not dominated by similar influences. She smiled as she recalled the days when she so envied the purported life of ease.

She had set to work as bravely to rebuild as she had to destroy. For there was Harriet to be brought back; and Sally, who was likely to collapse after Rex's arrest; and her own tired, faithful John, who must find his grip again There was no time to waste in selfish indolence or retrospection. She grieved as she worked, with bleeding memories of the boy Kenneth as he had trotted after her during that first moving, the disappointment when he could not keep the forlorn puppy, the evenings they had spent together. Oh, she had had many wonderful years of her boy's life, she must try to think only of that.

Not even when word came that the Pooles were leaving town—a hasty retreat from Mrs. Densie Plummer's territory, because of the guilt and shame which their addle-brained daughter had brought upon them—did Densie halt in her plans to brood over the past.

Sally stayed in seclusion in the hotel waiting for word from the senator as to what had happened. That something was happening was evident from the silence; so Sally waited, wondering as to the outcome. Rex had so impregnated her with a sense of his power and ability that she sometimes wondered if he would not conquer his enemies as he had conquered her.

Only it was a relief to have told mummy and to have her be kindly and gentle instead of rushing off here and there, preoccupied and irritated if aught crossed her pathway. It was a relief to let grief run its course and not to plan for the future—to know that mummy was taking care of that.

She did not know Densie had resigned from her public interests and to a delegation of protesting citizens she had said quietly: "My family needs a home, and a home must have a home maker and keeper, one whose first and last interests and devotions are given to its welfare. There can be no halfway. As the stone-age man left his woman beside the cave to keep the fires aglow and thus ward off wild beasts, so the man of to-day and the woman of business—for there must be women solely of careers and business in to-day's scheme of things—must leave in their dwelling some woman's woman who will keep the fires aglow and ward off modern but equally wild beasts!"

To which she would hear no argument. Puzzled yet admiring they went away, wondering if grief had driven her to this extreme stand and if after a little she would not relent and prepare again to enter public life.

But Densie dismissed them from her mind as she used to dismiss her family, once outside their doorway. She had a great and wonderful task, mellowed by memory, inspired by grief and rejuvenated by love. She set about to find a home, for she wanted Sally to leave the hotel as soon as possible. Densie was not hypnotized by Rex Humberstone; she knew the fate awaiting him. And she could not bear another hotel tragedy. She must have a place for Harriet, a quiet, lovely old place instead of a hospital with its buzz of bells and odor of anæsthetics.

And John—Densie smiled like a girl. John must come into his own.

So Densie hunted for a house outside the city limits, for the Little House on the Hill was infested by foreigners who believed in a generous allowance of boarders. She declined modern bungalows, hastily constructed Queen Anne cottages with scraps of lawns and back yards only adequate for the washerwoman. Besides, the income of the Plummer family had halted. But Densie did not let herself consider this. First let her find a house and move her family into it—then the income would take care of itself.

The fourth day of hunting brought her to a shabby white house with possibilities. It had large high-ceilinged rooms with fireplaces in most of them, and a square entrance hall—the sort that needed a fur rug and a painting of an ancestor, a carved walnut table with an old blue bowl crowded with pink roses and white lilacs, and where, upon entering, one would smell the baking of fresh bread such as Ellen Porch's had been or of roasting meat, and where one would see hats and coats and sweaters in profusion on the clothes tree. Densie foresaw all this in her imagination as she stood in the empty, dirty doorway and listened to the agent's glib protestations as to its merits.

The bedrooms were deserving of their name—north and south chambers would suit them well—and if the walls were tinted with glowing shades and rosy chintz-covered chairs and tables were put in, Densie could see Harriet, tired of mind and starved of heart, lie in a comfortable bed, no lumpy hotel affair, and watch the logs crackle in her fireplace, and look outside to the sky for fresh inspiration. She would have Sally's room opposite her sister's; these two must come together in spirit as they had never done before. She would tint Sally's a tender blue shade with turquoise hangings of cretonne and old-fashioned pictures hung about—Sally liked pictures, but they would have disturbed Harriet. She would place a workstand in Sally's room and relentlessly pile it with unmended stockings. She must teach her big-little girls to do their proper tasks. It was like making grown-ups play properly in a nursery. Densie passed out of Sally's intended room to view the large front room with its old-style alcove which should be hers and John's. She would make this room yellow, the color John had long ago preferred—with black-eyed Susans in the pattern of the hangings if possible, and sunshiny braided rugs on the floors. In the alcove should be the table with its plate of apples and knife, the books he loved best, his slippers and dressing jacket; and Densie would sit across from him after "the children" were in bed, to say "Well, John, what is the news to-day?"

How good it seemed—how worth while. The same glow of proud determination which she experienced when she was about to campaign the state for a gigantic enterprise was hers as she signed the lease for the old white house. She lingered downstairs to view the front and back parlors, and a long side room—a "study," the agent said it was designated. Densie did not assign any use to this room. It was quite enough to furnish the parlors mentally into one vast yet cosy living room, booky and just disorderly enough to make one feel the right to use every sofa pillow or to sit in every chair. The dining room and the kitchen were dreary and cobwebby from their long idleness. But Densie scarcely noticed that. She realized the defects of the place—the broken windowpanes, the loose shutters, the unattended lawn, the dislodged chimney

(Continued on Page 55)

"Unless Someone Would Stretch Out a Hand They Would Never Have Anything in Their Child Lives But Blows for Kisses and Curses for Kind Words"

Try this club sandwich

Thin buttered toast, white meat of chicken, broiled bacon, lettuce, and Libby's Salad Dressing

First a slice of toast, then a lettuce leaf—now a generous helping of Libby's Salad Dressing—a layer of sliced white meat, covered with Libby's Salad Dressing. A slice of toast again, a lettuce leaf—repeat with Libby's Salad Dressing—a layer of hot broiled bacon—and top with toast. Garnish with ripe olives

Write today for your copy of New "Delightful Thrift Dishes"—made with Libby's Salad Dressing—it will be sent without charge

A luxury that is an economy

Libby's Mustard—made from English mustard seed and pure spices—always uniform in flavor and color. A condiment you'll surely enjoy

Plain foods "dressed up," the simplest meals made more appetizing, left-over fruits and vegetables and meats transformed into delightful salads—for these purposes the thrifty housewife today finds Libby's Salad Dressing indispensable.

The luxuries which her family enjoys are not luxuries of price—they are luxuries of economy. A bit of cold meat, a vegetable or two, a little fruit—with Libby's Salad Dressing—and you have a wholesome food treat.

The choicest olive oil from old Spain, rich-yolked eggs, flavory vinegar, rare spices from India, and England's famed mustard seed—these ingredients, perfectly blended, give to Libby's Salad Dressing the zest, the relish, which so pleases the appetite.

Try Libby's Salad Dressing tonight, and introduce your family to new food delights.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 504 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Libby, McNeill & Libby, of Can., Ltd.
45 E. Front St., Toronto, Ont., Can.

The military

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

It's a great
makes you
The return
becoming to

The spring clothes we
military "air"; waist-sea
out appearance; all-we

You'll see all the correct spri

Hart Scha

Stylish

Chicago

Copyright, 1919, Hart Schaffner & Marx

"air" in business

thing; the military bearing;
feel like "doing things"
ing fighters have it; it's
all men

've designed give a man the
am models for an erect, chest-
ool; guaranteed

ng styles in the Style Book; send for it

ffner & Marx

clothes that save

New York

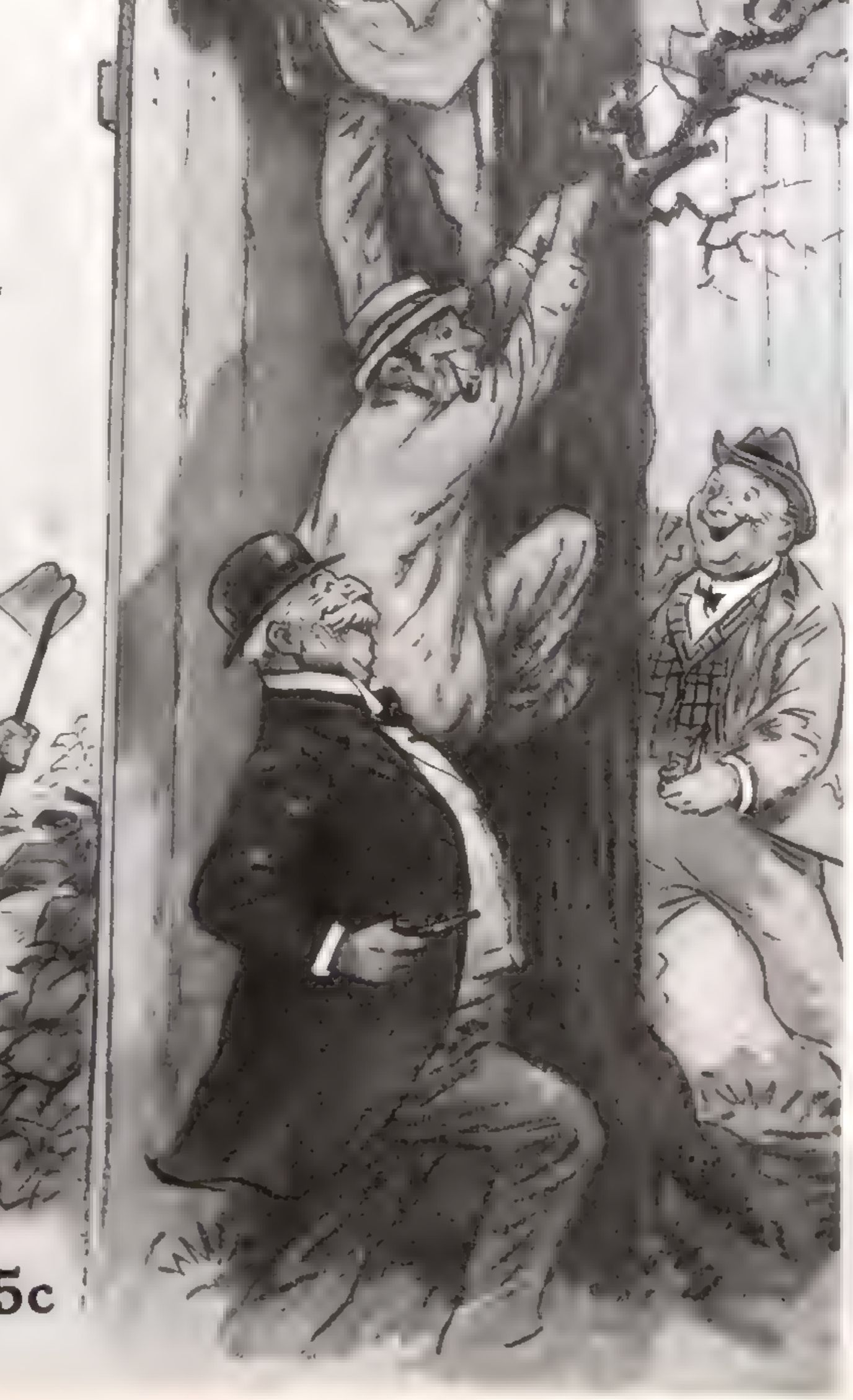
From the Painting by Leon M. Gordon

WHEN you fill your pipe with VELVET, do you ever wonder how it came to be such a cool, friendly, satisfying smoke?

The choice Kentucky Burley for VELVET goes through long, slow ageing. This method requires a great investment of time, patience and money.

But in no other way could VELVET become the satisfying tobacco you know it to be. Tell your friends.

© Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



"Sorry, friends, but this crop won't be ready for two years. It must age for VELVET."

Write to Velvet Joe, 4241 Folsom Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., for his 1919 Almanac He will send it FREE.

15c

(Continued from Page 80)

bricks. The agent would have been surprised could he have seen the house as Densie visualized it a lovely old home, newly painted, with smoke curling in hospitable invitation from the tall chimneys, the lawn as velvety as The Evergreens' had once been, and a war garden planted. There were a dismal chicken house and a tiny stable—but that would be John's domain. She must leave something for him to do.

She went back to the hotel to tell Sally.

"It's going to be our home. Aren't you glad? Don't you feel stifled in here? I want to pack our bags and leave at once."

Sally shook her head. "I suppose I ought to. Only I don't feel, mummy—that's the trouble. I'm just a person who eats and sleeps and breathes at proper intervals—all the brain and heart of me is afraid to feel. It's Rex—it's what is going to happen!"

Densie took off her hat and coat.

"We cannot foresee what will happen, only that he shall never bother you again!"

She picked up a letter which was waiting for her from John. It was brief and she was disappointed to find no tender message for herself:

Dear Densie: Harriet is in a sanitarium on —— Street. She seems in bad condition. We hope to come home in three weeks or a month.

Love, JOHN.

Three weeks or a month! She must work wonders in that time—but what a glorious task she had set herself! She began planning how much the sale of the present furniture would bring, for she would have none of it in the new house. She wanted sensible modern things—Densie was not so visionary that she could not see the value of a vacuum cleaner and electricity, plain furniture with none of the dust-catching carvings of the old style, wicker things of simple line and comfort.

Coming in that same night, after long sessions with painters, electricians, furniture men and scrubwomen, Densie found Sally waiting for her eagerly.

"It is ended," she said, coming to lay her head on Densie's shoulder. "It was done quietly. They took Rex, but he killed himself rather than face the consequences. I might have known that he would." She held out the senator's letter corroborating what she had said. They were holding the body until Sally gave instructions.

"Well?"

Densie wondered if the old infatuation would demand a sentimental mourning over a traitor's body as its last toll.

"I never wish to hear his name again," she answered without hesitation. "I have wired them to that effect."

Densie kissed her.

"Come, you and father and Harriet and I shall be brave and work and drive away neurotic grief and memories. You and I must settle our new home, Sally. Won't that be wonderful? And then we must work and we must save. Our country has never needed men and women, individually and collectively, to save and conserve without hesitation and without constant urging, as much as it does now. No one of us but what can do his part."

Sally drew away. It was a shock, this brisk, practical manner of speaking, following on the heels of Rex's suicide. Sally had become used to lying in bed and making a feeble little wail to her feeble little conception of God that her life was wrecked—she wanted to remain passive and injured, hiding indefinitely from the sunlight and her fellow creatures. But Densie would not have it so. She would force her into the sunlight to bring her to her senses.

XLIV

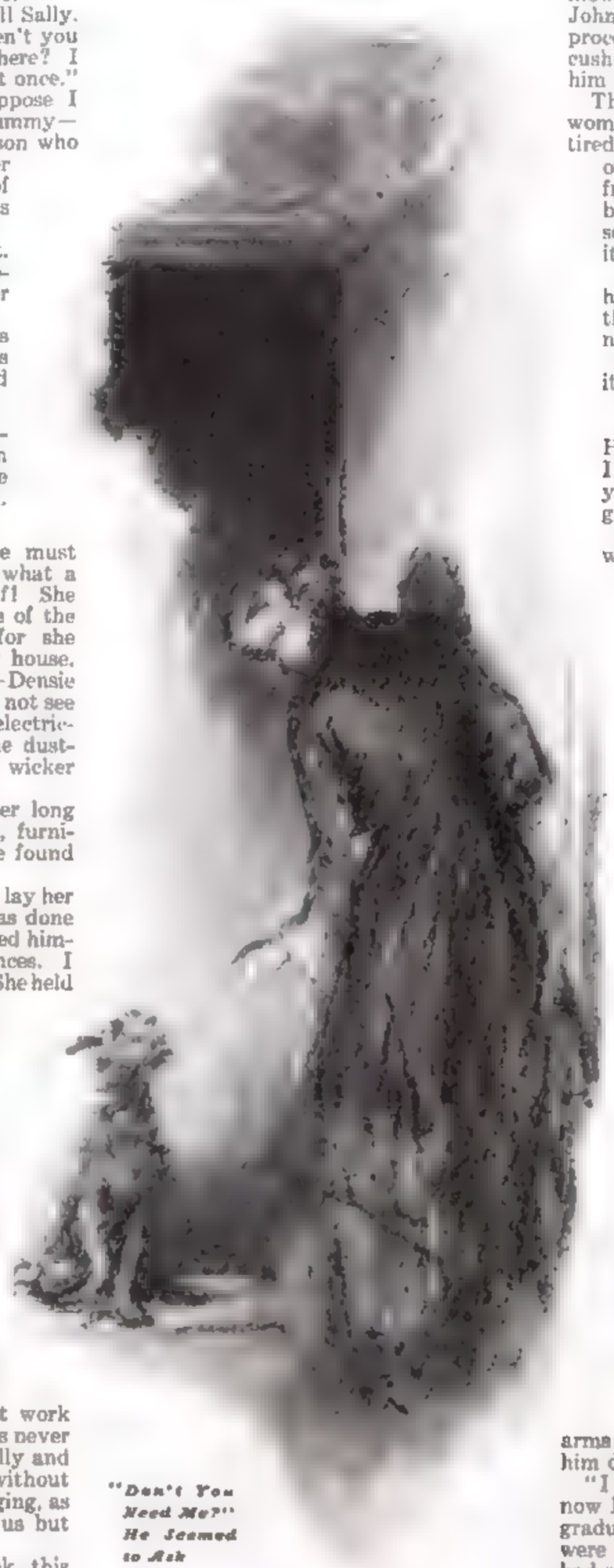
A MONTH later, while the state still talked of Mrs. Densie Plummer's remarkable change of residence and withdrawal from public affairs, Sally and her mother sat, one at the bottom of the broad front stairs and one at the top, both engulfed in checked-gingham aprons.

"I think I shall sleep to-night," Sally said, glancing up to the top of the stairs at her small but imperious mummy. "Every bone of me aches—and look at all there is to be done!"

"But it's fine that there are things to be done and that we can do them."

Densie's voice quivered; all during the day's tasks of superintending, planning, working—she had been thinking of where she had best hang Kenneth's picture. Should she selfishly keep it for her own room or place it between the windows of the living room where all could share alike?

"Well, if I do say so—we've done a jolly lot." Sally looked about in pleased contemplation.



"Don't You Need Me?" He Seemed to Ask

"Sh-h, don't waste another daylight moment. We have only two more days to finish it up." Densie sprang up briskly and ran down the stairs.

"How can you? Why, mummy, an hour's work tires me all out."

"Because you've never gotten into the way of doing things," her mother told her. "At my age I'm able to do twice as much as you."

"What in the world is the matter with this modern way of living? We're not taught rightly or else we won't be taught or something tangles us up."

"I think"—Densie gravely pointed the tack hammer at her daughter—"that the great error in this age is to have us learn the exceptions first and the rules afterward. That is why, at thirty-one, Sally, you cannot mop a floor without having a backache; and why the preparation of a simple meal covers you with confusion—and the house with burning and strange odors!"

Two days later a cab stopped before the new-old house, still glistening with fresh paint, with a repaired pathway in winding invitation to come up the steps and find the polished brass knocker. The knocker had been almost the last thing Densie had done; the house needed just such a lion's head with the heavy ring between its jaws.

Crisp dotted curtains were at the shining windowpanes and smoke curled from the chimney just as she had planned. Outside an old man raked up the leaves and sticks, mowing the tall grass with a huge cutter. John found himself so interested in the procedure that he forgot to gather all the cushions until Harriet feebly reminded him of it.

They came up the walk slowly, the oldish woman, so thin and unsteady, and the tired-faced man. Densie and Sally flung open the door in welcome. The odor of fresh bread and tea roses—saintly combination—pervaded the hall. The sunset cast a kindly glow on their faces, but it did not deceive Densie.

"Oh, my dears!" she said, holding out her arms while Sally bustled about with the wraps. Harriet sank down on the nearest chair.

"Please let me go to bed. But isn't it nice here? So very—homy."

At which Densie was satisfied.

"I leave Sally to take charge of you, Harriet. We'll send supper up presently. I must see to things below. John, will you look at the Little House or will you go upstairs first?"

She was as nervous as a bride as she waited for his answer, fingering the bows of her white apron and trying not to laugh and cry all at once.

"I'll see the Little House. You don't mean to say you've been baking? Well, well!" His voice was fairly eager.

She nodded and led the way while Sally and Harriet slowly toiled up the stairs. It was all simple—Densie's purse did not allow of extravagances as it once had. Plain harmonious rugs and hangings of wood brown and dull green, sturdy furniture and vases of flowers here and there, a little piano with song books once more astride the rack. Between the windows of the living room Densie paused, slipping her arm through John's. In understanding silence they looked up at the picture of their boy as they had last known him, in his uniform, young and very, very much in earnest and filled with promise. The eyes were not looking down at them, but out at the worlds he was prepared to conquer.

Finally John said, "Did he make you do all this—this miracle?"

She nodded. "We've a home again. It may help just a little."

Then she led him all about the rooms. There were touches here and there of the sacred past which made his fingers press her tenderly or made him give some brief, deeply felt comment which more than rewarded her efforts.

"You've not lost the art—not after all these years." He put his arms round her. She was hungry to have him draw her close and kiss her again.

"I thought I wanted to lose the art, but now I see the mistake of such a wish, the gradual growth of a misunderstanding. We were all to blame. Only I as the mother had no right to destroy something unless I had something of equal merit to take its place. There is nothing which takes the place of a home, is there, John? At this time of stress our country needs to guard the home even as it guards the coast line. Without our homes our nation has no foundation, nothing for which to fight. We modern women have tried to make the world institutional, that we be relieved of the pettiness of detail, the blessedness of drudgery—but it must not be done. Look at our girls upstairs! Our boy, perhaps, had he had a home—well, things might not have happened as they did."

It was Densie's turn to break down and John's to comfort.

"Ah, but it was I who was wrong," he admitted. "I shirked first of all—I did not appreciate. I became so accustomed to comfort and sacrifice. I see the thing now as if it had happened to some other couple besides you and me. I think it often does happen, don't you? But I was wrong ——"

"It often takes courage to say 'I am right,'" she said, looking up with very violety eyes, "but it requires divine humility to say 'I was wrong.' Kiss me, John, and bless our home—we will keep it now until we are too old to know the difference between our home—and someone else's. I feel as if I had built a fortress about our grown-up children—as if I could fight all the world before they should be perverted in their viewpoints again."

"Harriet is quite ill," John said gently as they went into the kitchen. "The doctor says it is brain fag—a new interest or set of interests might cure her. I wondered all the way on the train what sort of new house you would have for us, Densie—some awful, modern establishment where one's only intimate friend is the dumb-waiter. I did not speak of this to Harriet; in fact I scarcely spoke to her at all. She wants to be let alone and she cries if you ask her questions."

Densie nodded wisely.

"I'll make broths that will give her spirit and custards that will make her talk in order to beg for more—and she shall have new interests. John Plummer, I, Densie, do solemnly vow that my daughters shall learn to keep house until they are self-sufficient. They are both within our power again." She laughed a little sadly. "Three grown women and one small house—no need of taking a girl from a munitions factory to come and half cook our meals. You shall be Lord Mayor of the Barnyard—that I leave in your hands."

"What a jolly old kitchen! It reminds me of Aunt Sally's very own. Remember how we had cocoa and toast Sunday nights for tea? The greatest treat of the week was to eat in the kitchen! What an oven!"

"What a turkey it can roast—we're going to have a real home Christmas," Densie said gayly as she went about preparing Harriet's tray.

She remembered the last few Christmases, with Sally and Rex exchanging loveless handsome gifts for show, Kenneth off for a dance, Harriet writing home briefly, and John aimlessly wandering into a movie for the evening. As for herself, her day had been crowded with floral offerings and visits to orphanages to distribute mittens and a pygmy orange apiece, and ended with a club banquet at which she was called upon for the most important speech. No, there should never again be such holidays.

"Why, Densie," John was calling to her, "here's a woodshed!"

"Certainly! Where would our logs be kept?"

She added a spotless napkin for the tray, and then rang the bell, signal for Sally.

Sally came rushing down. "Harriet doesn't want any supper. She is crying, and I can't get her to do anything."

Sally had forgotten her own woes.

Densie shouldered the tray.

"See that the meat doesn't burn," she warned as she marched out of the door.

She found Harriet in a disconsolate little heap, weeping silently and refusing to answer.

"I know you are weak and tired and confused," Densie said patiently, "but so could we all be. Rex has committed suicide—he was a German spy—and yet Sally has managed to keep about and be brave."

Harriet started up. "Mummy, how terrible! Why didn't you tell me? Oh, poor Sally! What a disgrace!"

"No; a merciful removal. Rex had been in the employ of the Huns for three years. Can you fancy that? All his money came from our enemy. Sally knew it, was afraid to speak out—fear and infatuation kept her silent. There, sit here, Harriet. Here's a nice pillow for your back—and as you drink your broth I'll tell you just how Sally came to tell me."

Deftly Densie managed the change. Harriet, her dark eyes twice their natural size, obeyed like a child, eager for the news. It had given her something else to think about.

"Why, I didn't know Sally could be so game. She was as cheerful as a bird—it made me terribly nervous—but I can't help but admire the way she acted."

"Well, Sally has washed all the woodwork in this house and helped me buy and put away every pan and dish, and she settled your room and her own and did any number of odd jobs, such as persuading the painter that speed was advisable and flattering the electrician into finishing his contract. Sally hasn't had any time to favor her nerves."

Harriet drained her cup. "How good that is! It is like the barley broth you made for us when we had sore throats and it hurt

(Continued on Page 89)

Un-retouched photograph of Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tire which delivered 27,800 miles of service while running on a motor truck owned by M. Burg & Sons, St. Paul, Minn

Copyright 1919 by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR
AKRON

PLUS ENDURANCE

"GOODYEAR Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires are not only helping our trucks to last longer but they are lasting remarkably long themselves. We find that their strength, properly conserved, means exceptional mileage."—G. N. Burg, for M. Burg & Sons, St. Paul, Minn.

M. Burg & Sons, wholesale furniture merchants of St. Paul, own a motor truck on which a set of four Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires has delivered the excellent average of 22,450 miles per tire.

The odometer already had checked off 20,000 miles before the first two tires were replaced; while the third reached 22,450 and the fourth ran past 27,800.

Of course, mileages of 15,000 to 25,000 are seldom obtained in cases where tires are continuously abused or neglected. This particular record, as the facts show, reflects a proper degree of care given these tires by the driver of this truck.

Nevertheless, the very good scores were made in spite of the frequent necessity that these tires be driven under full load over rough railroad crossings, through unpaved streets where tin cans and broken bottles were strewn and also along muddy roads and up slippery inclines.

This company ascribes its original testing of Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires to a desire to avoid the damage done to its trucks by the jarring on solid tires. After 515 days' experience with the Pneumatics, they announce that this equipment has not only minimized the mechanical trouble but also has greatly reduced their losses due to breakage in merchandise.

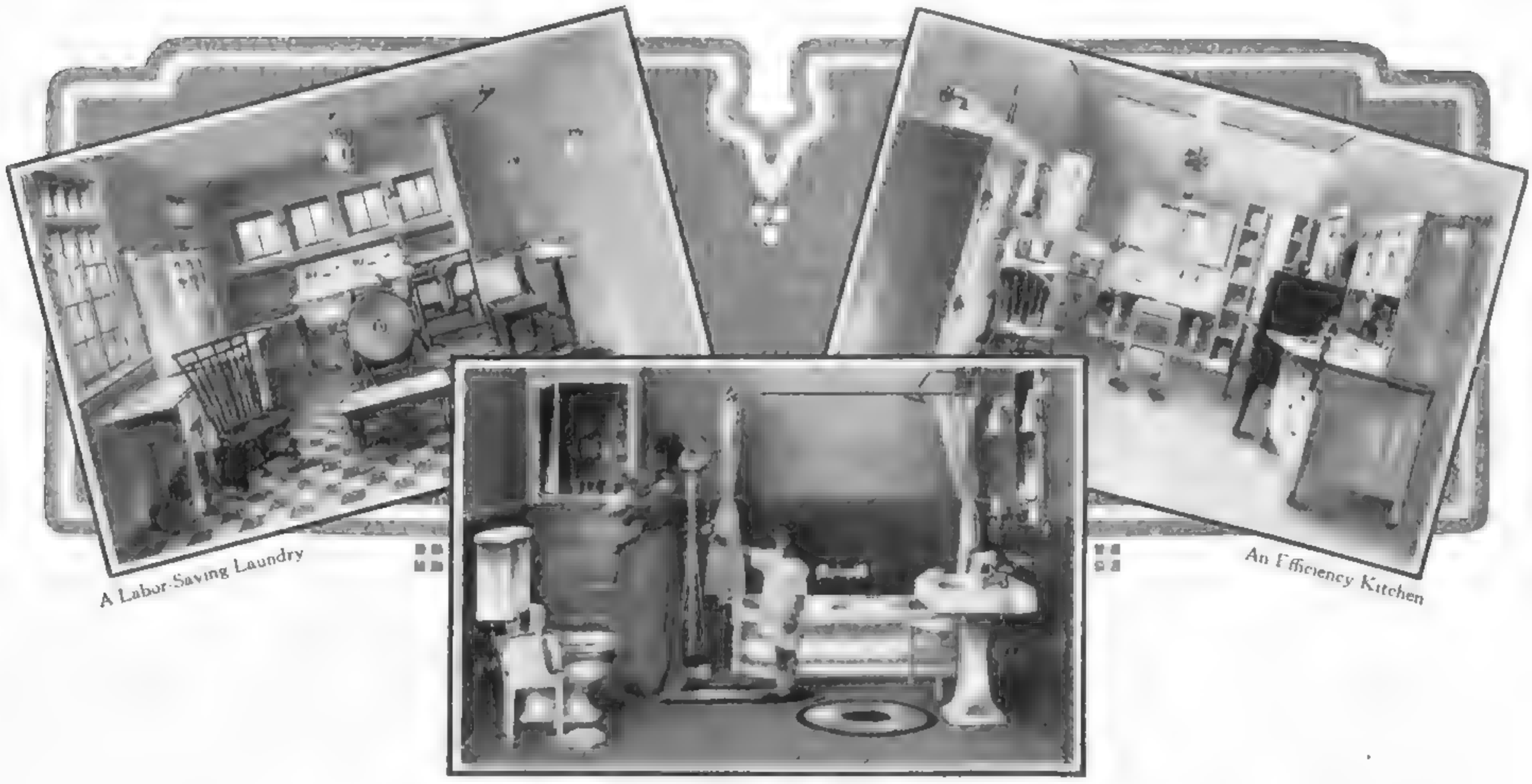
It is definitely affirmed, also, that the easy-rolling Goodyear Tires have enabled the truck to cover appreciably more ground. Further, this truck now makes deliveries without any delays being caused even by the heavy snows encountered all winter in this region. And it operates on less fuel and oil for a given distance.

Today all the trucks owned by this company are shod with Goodyear Pneumatics. In delivering furniture, they make 15 and 20 miles an hour or rates which could not be attempted on solids with safety to the loads. In addition, a general improvement in the working spirit of the drivers has been noted.

Here, then, is another instance where important results followed the adoption of Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires, noting particularly the long-distance service which their inbuilt ruggedness permitted them to render.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

CORD TIRES



A Labor-Saving Laundry

An Efficiency Kitchen

A "Standard" Modern Bath Room

Is Your Plumbing 10 Years Old?

There are no fixed styles in plumbing equipment, any more than there are in dress or motor cars. Conditions, tastes and fashions change. There must be improvements in anything that means so much from the standpoint of appearance and service.

"Standard" Plumbing Fixtures represent a uniform quality—a durability that does not vary with the years—but the fixtures themselves and the fittings, change as betterments are developed.

If your plumbing is over ten years old, it cannot be abreast of the times. It is time to remodel, to install new and up-to-date fixtures in Bath, Kitchen and Laundry.

Again, if your plumbing is over ten years old it needs careful inspection, a complete going-over. If remodeling and inspection are sanitary problems in *your* home, and they are if your plumbing is old, call a contracting plumber. Obtain his advice. He can prevent trouble, and he will also tell you how to improve your plumbing so that it will function properly and be in keeping with the rest of the house. He can make it a health safeguard instead of a possible menace.

"A building is known by its plumbing." How true that is, applied to homes or public places. In the latter, good plumbing, properly maintained, draws patronage and brings customers back. For those who visit hotels, garages, etc., there is no better recommendation than good plumbing.

If you live in a city or town, write for booklet, "'Standard' Plumbing Fixtures for the Home." If in the country, ask for "'Standard' Plumbing Fixtures for the Farm Home."

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Permanent Exhibits in the Following Cities:

NEW YORK	35 W 31ST	*ST LOUIS	810 N SECOND	*HUNTINGTON	SECOND AVE. AND TENTH ST.
NEW YORK (EX. DEPT.)	30 BROAD	*EAST ST LOUIS	18 N. COLLINSVILLE	*ERIE	138 W. TWELFTH
BOSTON	186 DEVONSHIRE	*CLEVELAND	4409 EUCLID	*ALTOONA	918 11TH
PHILADELPHIA	1216 WALNUT	CINCINNATI	633 WALNUT	*MILWAUKEE	96 W. WATER
WASHINGTON	SOUTHERN BLDG	*TOLEDO	311-321 ERIE	*LOUISVILLE	319 W. MAIN
*PITTSBURGH	439-449 WATER	*COLUMBUS	241-245 N. THIRD	*NASHVILLE	215 TENTH AVE. S.
PITTSBURGH	106 SIXTH	*CANTON	1306 SECOND ST. N. E.	*NEW ORLEANS	646 BARONNE
*PITTSBURGH, E. E.	6373 PENN AVE.	*YOUNGSTOWN	456 W. FEDERAL	*HOUSTON	CORNER PRESTON & SMITH
*CHICAGO	14-30 N. PEORIA	*WHEELING	2120-30 JACOB	*DALLAS	1200 1206 JACKSON

*SAN ANTONIO	212 LOSOYA
*FORT WORTH	823 830 MONROE
KANSAS CITY	301 RIDGE ARCADE
SAN FRANCISCO	149 55 BLUXOME
*LOS ANGELES	216 224 S. CENTRAL
DETROIT OFFICE	414 HAMMOND BLDG
CHICAGO OFFICE	1010 KARPEN BLDG
*TORONTO, CAN.	54 E. RICHMOND
*HAMILTON, CAN.	20 W. JACKSON

"Standard" Wholesale Houses

In the cities marked (*) are carried complete lines of Plumbing and Heating Supplies, Farm Lighting and Water Supply Systems, Tools and Supplies for Mills, Mines and Factories, also for the Water, Gas, Steam and Oil Industries.

Write To or Call Upon Nearest Branch

"Standard" Plumbing Fixtures

"Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for Factories

Factory efficiency was an industrial necessity during the war, and it is no less so in these days of reconstruction. The efficiency of every worker, man or woman, counts for much. Proper plumbing conditions have a great deal to do with the comfort and welfare of employes. Send for our helpful booklet on this subject, "Factory Sanitation." Sent free to manufacturers on request.

(Continued from Page 85)

to swallow. It hurts to swallow now—but the lump is from unshed tears, I think."

She was surprised and ashamed at herself for the confession.

Densie passed her the custard.

"Then, too, we have much to plan ahead. Your father has no work; neither have you. You cannot go back to New York for a year, as you well know. Don't worry, Harriet, it will be all right—only we must plan. Here is Sally to consider too. And so we have done a lot of thinking while we scrubbed and dusted and bought and arranged; and that is the finest, most efficient way in the world to think and plan—to work as you do so."

"But what will you do, mummy? About your work and your clubs?"

"I have resigned. I must look after my family again. Now finish that up, like a good child, and go to sleep. I'll tuck you into bed. Isn't the fire pretty? It is good to have a wood fire again, isn't it?"

"Is there a furnace?" Harriet asked rather unappreciatively.

"Yes, but logs give a special joy all their own. Now then into bed you go, just as if I were a trained nurse. I warrant you never gave them battle. I must go below and see to our dinner. Are you all right? Good night, my dear."

And without asking she stooped to kiss the pale tired forehead.

She hurried off lest Harriet catch sight of her own tears. It seemed so cruel and so unreal that this was Harriet—this wreck of nerves and phobias and indifference to everything save her own morbid fears.

Below, Sally and her father were conducting the ceremonies as best they could, but making clumsy work of it. Densie set them to rights. It was easy to remember Aunt Sally's teachings, to step back so many years to when she was fresh from her training in how to get a meal the quickest and daintiest way.

When they sat at the table Densie lifted her small hand in interruption of the carving. She bowed her head and said swiftly: "We thank Thee, O Lord, for this food, and pray that Thou wilt bless it to our use."

Late that night—with Sally fast asleep dreaming of dishwashing and the strange new home, her own blue room, and Harriet across the way, and of Dean Laddbarry's coming to her and saying, "Sally, he is dead, he is dead"—Densie lingered downstairs after John had gone to his room.

There were a few of the little fussy things to do, the same indefinable tasks that had once irritated everyone. She did them gladly now, thinking—because John had suggested it by saying his glasses needed changing—that as old age was farsighted in the physical sense it was because old age was one of retrospection and summarizing, away from the thick of things, whereas youth was near-sighted, in the heat of the fray and undependable as to its deductions. Hence the old and much protested against advice, "Heed your elders!"

The autumn wind had risen to howl about the house and impress those within with a sense of warmth and security. Densie listened to it with a defiant joy. She did not care how loud it whistled, how cold the night—once more she had her family underneath her own roof.

John had properly banked the furnace. She looked about to see if there were any other odd chores. She was quite tired—but with a blessed tiredness of both body and mind which made her sleep without dreams and waken refreshed.

She fancied she heard a scratching at the door—it might have been the wind. But she opened it to verify her idea. On the doorstep crouched a half-grown nondescript dog—mostly just dog, as Kenneth used to say—his eyes peering eagerly into the warm lighted hall.

Unconsciously Densie opened the door wider that he might creep in. He lay submissively on the hall mat, not knowing whether or not a blow was to be his reward. He had come a long way—and was unwelcomed, judging from the gaunt ribs and quivering body, the muddied paws, one of which was wounded, and the bedraggled coat of black. He looked at Densie in mute supplication.

"Don't you need me?" he seemed to ask. "You can't have a home without a real dog—like your boy used to tell you! I'm nobody, but I've possibilities too. Try me—for his sake. I'll frighten off tramps and I'll not chew up master's gloves or bark when Miss Harriet is napping. I'll amuse Miss Sally—if she were awake she'd speak a good word for me. I'm nobody, but like the rest of us forlornities I'd be quite a person if I only had a home!"

He whined, dragging himself over to her feet.

Densie was thinking of the day Kenneth brought in the puppy and begged, "He's nobody, he was just born in Skinner's back yard—but if I don't keep him he'll be drowned!"

He seemed to say: "I escaped drowning twice—I've been stoned and chased and beaten—I've better blood in me than you think. Let me prove it. I ran away from the crowded streets to find a home."

Densie knelt and patted the black head. "We'll call you Captain," she said. "Come get your supper!"

XLV

HARRIET followed her mother about the house as if she were a guest who was trying to be polite in not interfering with routine duties and yet not lose a moment's opportunity to visit. She watched the brisk methods of cleaning this or that with admiring eyes.

"You have not lost the art, have you?" she asked when they finally rested in the living room, Densie knitting a huge gray soldier sock.

Outside, the clear November sun—Indian summer, Densie remembered with a twinge of remorse—shone on Sally's bare head as she and her father walked about the place pointing out where next summer's garden should be planted and where was the best spot for flowers. Captain tagged after them, his stump of a tail wagging whenever they paused and his muzzle pushing itself into Sally's hand to remind her of his presence.

"I presume one never loses anything that has been really learned."

Densie beheld proudly the change the few weeks had wrought in her eldest child. The face had softened; it was not robust as yet, but the eyes really smiled as well as the lips, and there was a gentle note in Harriet's abrupt voice. The wrapper of lavender wool suited her well, she did not seem the former Harriet Plummer, chief statistician of a social-service bureau.

"Yes, I'm afraid you do," she told her mother. "I'm afraid I've lost the good of everything I ever learned or investigated. I can never go back to doing the same sort of work. When I try to school myself to the idea I begin to feel weak and trembly and I want to cry. What a waste it has been, mummy, hasn't it? All the years of being away from home!"

"Perhaps it has not been wasted; reserve your decision. The same ability may not appear in the same form, but it has not vanished forever. There is other work besides the work of a machine. You kept that brain of yours overworked and you starved your heart—the combination can never be successful. Your nerves were called upon to pay the price."

Harriet looked about the living room.

"It's so good to have a home. I thought once I despised a home—that was when I was so young that I must have been impossible. But now I never want to leave one. It is the mutton barley broth, perhaps"—she tried to speak lightly—"and the custards—and the seeing you renounce everything for which you had worked, and just become our mother."

Densie glanced up at Kenneth's picture. Harriet did not notice.

"Tell me, mummy, was it hard to do?"

"Hard things are good for us," Densie evaded, dropping her knitting. "If I had not had the experience of home making I could never have had the success of a career. It was the rugged, endless tasks confronting me in my home that made me able to cope with outside duties. But I was wrong, quite wrong."

"It seems wonderful to waken in the morning"—Harriet was too preoccupied with her own transformation to notice minutely what had been her mother's—"to watch the trees sway outside—not the courtyard of a hotel with lonesome gray flakes of soot drifting down; to have a log fire all one's own. Is there anything more heavenly than the smell of burning pine boughs? And to have one's own blankets and furniture—and everything"

She laughed at her own incoherence. "To have one's house and no one come within it save those asked; to watch Sally be as gay at heart as ever; and father ——"

She hesitated, but Densie helped her on: "Father must find his grip again; we shall not worry about that."

"He's like the father of long ago—of croquet and fishing-party days. He's young again."

"It's the cooking," Densie laughed.

"But what am I to do? I'm a sort of educated driftwood person. I can't do anything but the work for which I've been trained. I can't seem to think of anything I can do. I'm not domestic, mummy. Sally is; but I want to do something that is going to help."

Densie was silent; she was studying Harriet's face, but whatever she thought she kept to herself.

"I was thinking this morning," Harriet finished with characteristic honesty, "that Saint Theresa was quite right when she said 'Nervousness is largely selfishness.'"

The postman interrupted their conversation. Densie came back from the rustic letter box with a confused expression. She sent Harriet out in the back yard to find her father and sister and tell them to plan for twice as large an asparagus bed as they had said they intended.

Left alone she opened the letter addressed to her and laid Sally's mail aside without glancing at it. It was Indian summer—and the senator had dared to write once more. It was hard to believe that Densie had so valiantly relinquished the worlds she had conquered, had returned to her own hearth and her three broken reeds. Wonderful and praiseworthy as it was—did she feel content? Was she quite sure she was happy? It was Indian summer—and he was very lonesome. There could never be any other old-fashioned fairy save Densie Plummer.

Densie hurriedly drew out some notepaper, and regardless of her approaching family and her various stewpans bubbling away at a warning gait she answered:

"Harriet has just now told me that she believes with Saint Theresa that nervousness is very largely selfishness. I cannot help but wonder, my dear, if loneliness is not synonymous too? Forgive me if that hurts. But your life is so unhampered by ties, free to attempt the idealistic reforms of which we talked—was it a hundred years ago?—that you have no right to go seeking maudlin schoolboy happiness. It is not meant to be. Such men and women as yourself, who have no ties, no material want, a mind and heart attune with God—such as you are those who are meant to have careers. Who was it said 'He who climbs high must climb alone'?

"If you could see us in the new home—the change in Harriet since she has learned that each task is everyone's task in a measure and that the world cannot be institutional; Sally learning to cook and bake and laugh at the same time; and John his old self again; our boy's picture like a guardian angel in our living room—oh, James Gleason, you would be ashamed to think you have dared tempt me!

"I expect great things of you during your Indian summer—not a time of romance and personal solace, but of great tasks accomplished for our nation. Do not fail me. Take the love you offered me and give it to our cause—and you will find that Indian summer will be everlasting.

"DENSIE PLUMMER."

She had scarcely sealed the note when the family descended upon her, Captain coming to lie at her feet in abject worship.

"Well, girls," John had said as they were about to come into the house, "shall we go in to mother?"

To which they agreed, as they used to in the years when Densie was still a personage and had not become the faulty individual her family tried to convince her that she was. John had taken their arms and they had strolled in together, chatting about next year's war garden and the fact that Captain certainly had good blood in him or he would not have heeled John without teaching, and that a root of honeysuckle could become a thing of joy and beauty if planted near the front doorway, and that if they had an ice-cream freezer they could give a party.

"Like we used to have, daddy," Sally said, squeezing his arm in affection.

"Well, my young Americans," Densie questioned as they came in, "what ahoy?"

"We've planned the garden. Come and see."

"Here's a letter, Sally." She handed over the envelope. "I'll take a turn about the 'estate,' and then I must see to dinner."

"I'll run upstairs to tidy my room," Sally excused herself.

She bounded up the stairs and reached her room, carefully closing the door. The letter was from Dean Laddbarry. Her heart beat quickly as it one time used to beat for Rex Humberstone in those first mad days.

It was a long jolly letter, with only a brief paragraph to sympathize with her for what had happened, but assuring her that better things must be in store. He was head over heels in work with the alfalfa crop, hardly knew which way to turn. The business was doubling itself in no time and they wanted to start an Eastern branch. He might drop round at Christmas time—if Sally didn't mind. He had sent the letter in care of Densie's former hotel address and if she was not there he was sure it would be forwarded. Everyone knew Mrs. Densie Plummer! He felt a lot of things he could not write—about Ken, about everything. Would she drop a line and say if she would be at home round Christmas time?

Harriet found her sister sitting in the dusk, the letter in her lap, looking out at the tossing tree limbs and listening to the wind play weird melodies.

"What in the world, Sally ——" she began with a trace of the old irritable nonunderstanding.

Sally started up. "I'm sorry. I meant to come down long ago."

"We thought you must be housecleaning." Harriet turned on the light. "Why—you've been crying." Her voice softened: "What was it, Sally?"

She stood away from her sister, as awkward as a man who has no right to caress.

"Only my silliness as usual. I've been thinking what a lot of years I've wasted—and now it is too late."

"What is too late?" Harriet glanced shrewdly at the letter. "Oh—is that from Dean Laddbarry?"

"How did you know?" Sally retorted sharply.

"Oh, I'm not all sticks and stones, even if I cannot be a rosy creature of romance. Perhaps I've wasted years too."

It was the first admission Harriet had ever made to her sister. Sally rose and came to kiss her impulsively.

"Harriet, we'll never desert mummy again, will we?"

"Never—nor worry her."

"What a long time it has taken to realize values!"

"But what a long time we still have to realize them," Harriet comforted.

"What will you do with yourself, Harriet, after you are quite strong? Go back to New York?"

"I don't know, Sally; I want to be useful and be at home—that's about all."

"Which is enough."

"What will you do?" Harriet retaliated.

Sally blushed. "I—don't—know," she hesitated.

Harriet gave her a little shake. "I don't believe you," she said.

The next morning John and Harriet went to the city with a shopping list and Sally and Densie were left to put the house to rights.

"Was your letter from Dean?" asked Densie when she felt the opportune moment had approached.

Sally nodded and fell to re-dusting the shiny table top.

"What did he say?"

"Sent his love—and he might be in town Christmas time on business. He sent the letter to your hotel, so it was delayed. He had heard about Rex."

Sally stopped dusting and stared down at the floor.

"Look up at me—so." Densie tilted her daughter's chin between her small fingers. "Ah—I think I understand. Please tell Dean to take Christmas dinner with us. It is to be a family dinner and he is welcome."

Sally caught her mother in her arms. "Waltz with me, waltz with me!" she cried, dragging the small rejoicing mummy about the room until they stood before Kenneth's picture. Then Sally released her hold.

"If Ken were only here," she said softly.

"Who can say he is not?" Densie answered slowly.

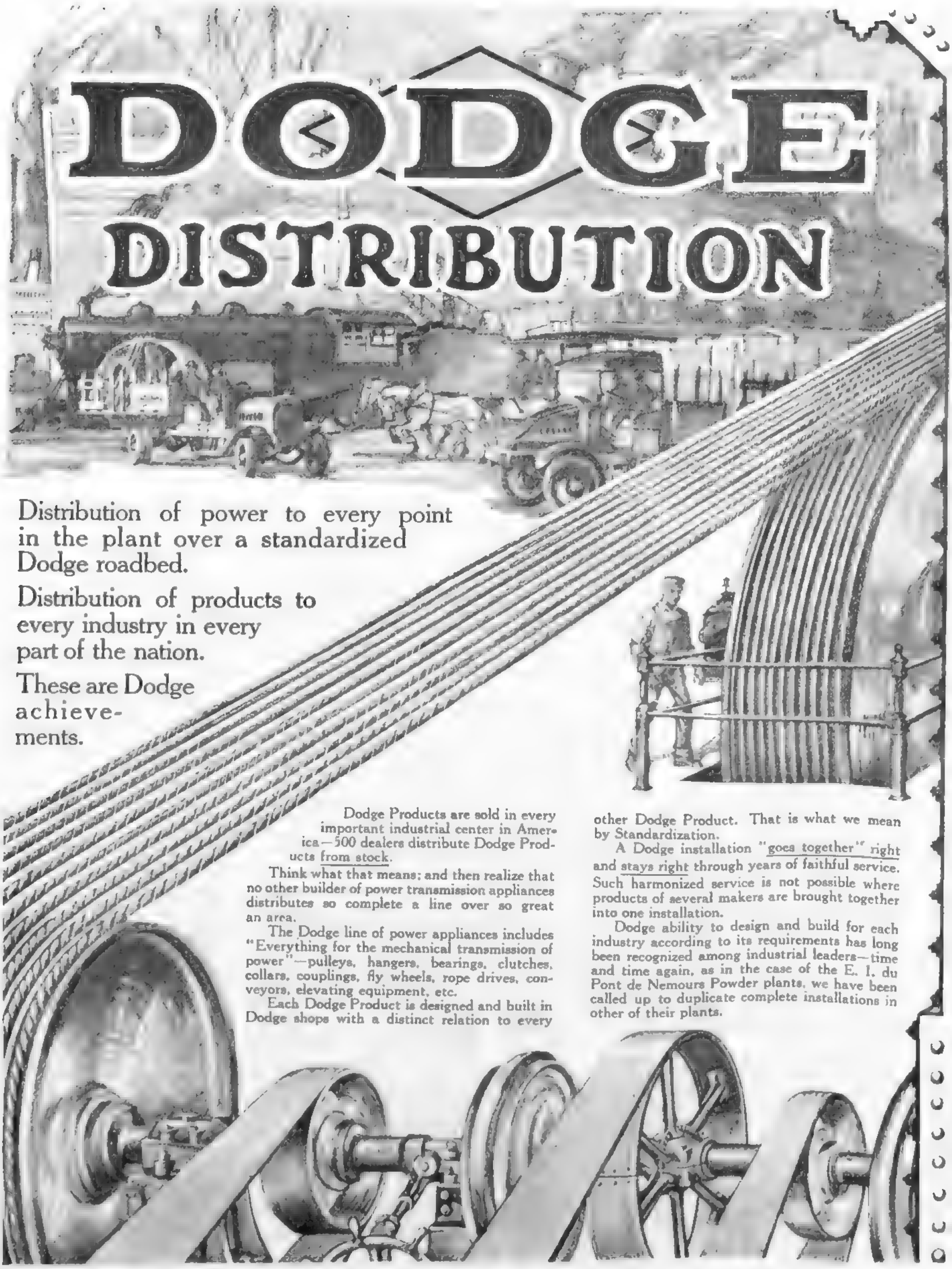
A week later Harriet came into her mother's room with a strangely sheepish expression. She had returned from walking, her hands filled with glowing ivy leaves and a spray of late fall blossoms.

"What now, my dear?" Densie asked. "You look very radiant. I'm quite proud of my sanitarium."

Harriet bowed her thanks. There was something of the boy about Harriet—or rather a sexless elfish sprite—even though

(Continued on Page 92)

DODGE DISTRIBUTION



Distribution of power to every point in the plant over a standardized Dodge roadbed.

Distribution of products to every industry in every part of the nation.

These are Dodge achievements.

Dodge Products are sold in every important industrial center in America—500 dealers distribute Dodge Products from stock.

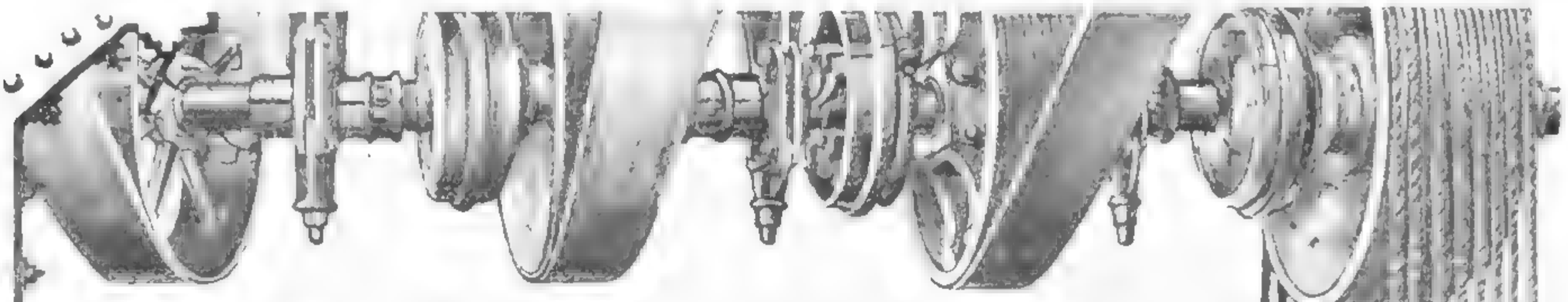
Think what that means; and then realize that no other builder of power transmission appliances distributes so complete a line over so great an area.

The Dodge line of power appliances includes "Everything for the mechanical transmission of power"—pulleys, hangers, bearings, clutches, collars, couplings, fly wheels, rope drives, conveyors, elevating equipment, etc.

Each Dodge Product is designed and built in Dodge shops with a distinct relation to every other Dodge Product. That is what we mean by Standardization.

A Dodge installation "goes together" right and stays right through years of faithful service. Such harmonized service is not possible where products of several makers are brought together into one installation.

Dodge ability to design and build for each industry according to its requirements has long been recognized among industrial leaders—time and time again, as in the case of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Powder plants, we have been called up to duplicate complete installations in other of their plants.



If you are building a new plant or are changing over your present equipment from the manufacture of one product to another, put your power transmission problems up to Dodge. There is no charge for this service.

When you make Dodge your shop standard you place the whole responsibility upon us for the correct design and installation—the efficient operation and the continuous satisfaction of your entire plant equipment.

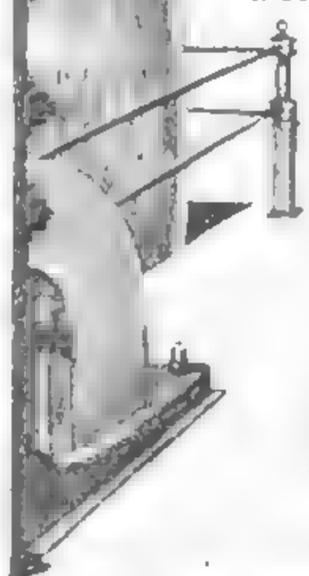
We accept this responsibility without reservation and point with pride to the satisfaction of such concerns as the Corn Products Refining Company, The Colorado Fuel & Iron Co., The American Can Co., The American Sheet & Tin Plate Co., Buick Motor Co., U. S. Rubber Co., Anaconda Copper Co., and hundreds of others who have found Dodge Products and Dodge installations to be a permanent asset in their production.

Dodge Products are standardized—pulleys, bearings, hangers, etc., built with a distinct relation to each other and to the service they will render when assembled into line and counter shaft.

The utility of any Dodge Product does not end with the suspension of the job for which it is originally bought—this feature alone means the saving of hundreds of dollars a year in almost any plant.

Mechanical men all over the world know Dodge Products to be as near trouble-proof as machinery can be made. They know Dodge Products approach more nearly the ideal for all conditions of service than any other line they can specify.

You, too, will experience lower power costs—less disturbance to production and simpler shop accounting when you make Dodge your shop standard.



The combination of

DODGE

ONEIDA and KEYSTONE

products marks a new era in the world-wide distribution of power transmission products.

Oneida and Keystone products are Dodge built; standardized and interchangeable with other Dodge Products.

Five hundred complete stock carrying dealers located in every important city and backed by 13 Dodge branch warehouses stand ready to furnish transmission products on the immediate delivery basis.

This is the Dodge Idea of service—What you want when you want it.

"What you want" is the tried and proven quality-product that offers you the greatest value for your money. You find that, first of all in Dodge Products, regardless of whether they be marked Dodge, Oneida or Keystone.

"When you want it" means immediate delivery and a low cost delivery—Dodge branch warehouses in conjunction with 500 Dodge, Oneida and Keystone dealers insure a delivery of stock products by truck the same day you phone the order; no freight delays; a delivered price from the dealer's store or the nearest warehouse.

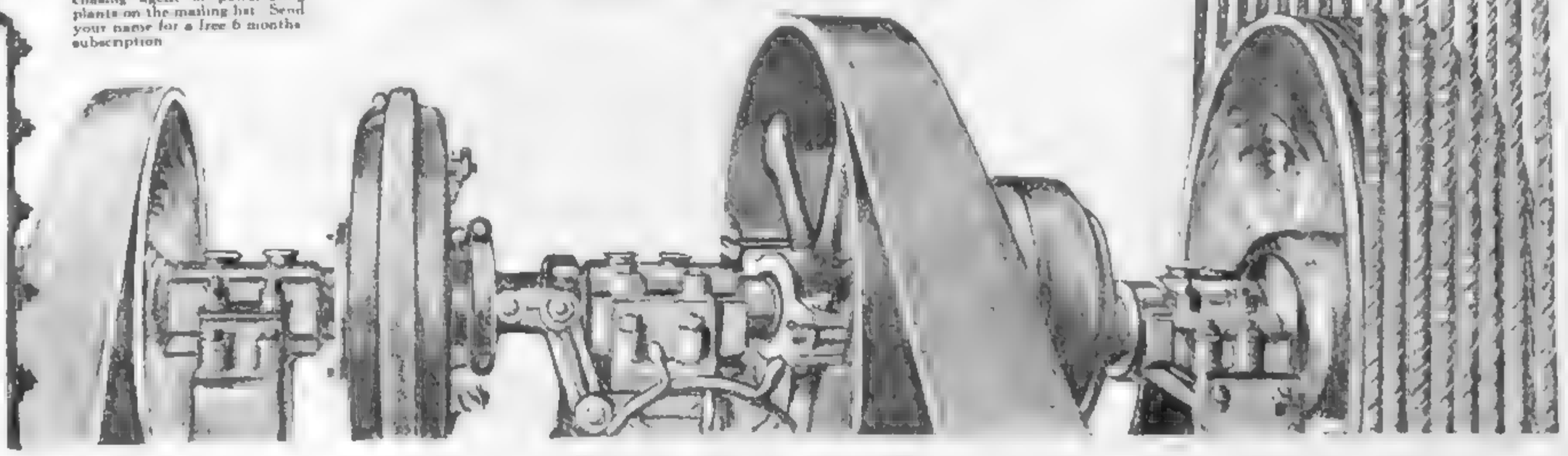
Throughout 1919 "The Dodge Idea" will contain many articles of interest and value to manufacturing executives and heads of mill and factory departments. We want every owner, manager, superintendent, master mechanic, chief engineer and purchasing agent of power-using plants on the mailing list. Send your name for a free 6 months subscription

Dodge Sales and Engineering Co.

Distributor of the Products of Dodge Manufacturing Company

General Offices and Works: Mishawaka, Indiana

Philadelphia Cincinnati New York Chicago St. Louis Boston Atlanta
Pittsburgh Minneapolis Dallas Providence Seattle Newark



(Continued from Page 89)

the gray did creep noticeably into her black hair. She threw off her wraps and came over to Densie, looking at her mother in approval. Densie no longer used an eye pencil or rouge and her face had the pinkish blush of middle age, middle age which has not spared itself. The brown-gray hair was gathered in a simple knot and her eyes were so violety that no novelist could have resisted them. They deepened as she watched her daughter. Her frock, a gray mull with black velvet bows, completed the picture.

"What a dear you are!" she said impulsively.

Densie was so pleased that she blushed as much of a blush as if the senator had spoken.

"Well—what now?"

"I ve come to believe that often the individual can accomplish more than the organization. Mummy, have you any particular use for the long room, the erstwhile study, you said it was? There's nothing but packing boxes in it now, is there?"

"No—what are you going to start? A woman's reformatory?"

Harriet stammered in her confession.

"It—it sounds stupid perhaps—it would have sounded stupid to my nervous, selfish old self—but I've been walking a good deal near the railroad districts ——"

"And I pictured you in the woods! Why the railroad?"

"There are so many children," she continued soberly. "I don't know just how it started—some of them were fighting one day and I waited to see how it would end. Then I talked to them—and they listened. And I gave the one with a bleeding nose my handkerchief. I have never been friends with children—but all at once I began to want to be. Then Captain helped; he made friends with them and the youngsters used to beg to see him do his tricks. And they would ask me questions—about everything under the sun—and I'd have to hurry to think up the right answers. And as I talked to them I saw how thin and malnourished of mind and body they were—and how helpless! It was their helplessness that made me want to aid them. Unless someone would stretch out a hand they would never have anything in their child lives but blows for kisses and curses for kind words. And so I began telling stories. I was as shy about it as any bride cooking her first meal. But they liked it—and I told myself that all my training must not be wasted. Everyone must love someone, mummy—isn't that right?"

Densie nodded.

"The next day after I began stories I taught them a song; their poor harsh little voices tried hard to carry the tune. So they began to watch for me every day, and I've never disappointed them, even when it rained. And they came in the rain and I thought of how happy they would be safe inside some warm house, and of the side room and what a splendid little place it would be for them. I would have little lectures and teach the girls to sew and the boys to knit and carve wood. Only on Saturdays and Sundays, mummy—and there's a separate entrance so they would not bother you. I do want the children—would you mind?"

"Mind? Go downstairs and see how much work must be done to get the room ready. It is furnace-heated," Densie added with her ever-ready practicality. "Harriet, you're cured."

"It was deciding to be a very pale bluestocking," Harriet laughed, "that did it. And you've no idea how interesting children are!" She was unconscious of her own enthusiasm. "There is one little girl as beautiful as a Madonna, and a boy who wants to go to college, and a lame child who needs a crutch, and two others with crossed eyes that could easily be cured. Mummy, do you remember when Sally said it was fun just to be alive? Well, she was right!"

XLVI

DEAN LADDBARRY waited for Densie to break the silence and Densie waited for Dean Laddbarry to express his opinion. They looked at each other like mischievous children who had somehow evolved a sudden and rather unexpected success.

"Tired, Madame Plummer?" Dean asked as he watched the flush in her cheeks deepen.

"Nice sort of tired. How are you?" Densie was knitting swiftly on her war sock. "What makes you idle on a Wednesday morning? I didn't think you'd want to stay in to talk to an old lady!"

"Don't you know that the day after Christmas is always nicer than the holiday itself? The warmed-up turkey dinner is always more delectable, the Christmas tree a trifle more familiar—it has lost that first impressive stateliness and you don't mind attacking the centerpiece of fruit and raisins, which on Christmas Day you felt bound to regard with awe and lack of desire. Besides, it's snowing, and I've a hope-to-die living room and open fire and the nicest young-old person to talk to and ask advice from. It's jolly to loll back among cushions and watch the snow crowd in vain against the windows and look at—— Oh, see for yourself."

He waved his hand vaguely.

Densie looked. She saw the Christmas tree, so tall that John had had to cut off the top branches in order to get it in the standard, white with cotton-wool snow and glistening with tinsel, with a young and laughing Santa Claus perched on the top, and foolish inexpensive trifles—for this was a war Christmas—scattered beneath the boughs.

Harriet's children had come yesterday afternoon after dinner to rifle the tree of goodies and mittens and mufflers and an absolutely unessential bit of foolishness for each which was contributed by Dean Laddbarry, the Santa Claus Lochinvar out of the West, who had dropped in two days before Christmas expecting to find a preoccupied and socially rushed Plummer family and who had been led into Densie's kitchen, which was fairly bursting with the forthcoming menu, and had been set to seeding raisins and picking out walnut meats.

Dean had scarcely had time to collect himself and rearrange his mental picture of the Plummers. Having left them à la carte, so to speak, it was rather a stunner to return and find them in a rejuvenated Little House conducted on the good old American plan.

Bits of red ribbon, stumps of bayberry candles, boxes with holly wreaths and tissue paper were still piled in disorder on the chairs and tables. A book of carols was on the piano rack. Harriet had taught her ragged urchins to gather about while Sally played the old Mahogany Tree and they sang it shrilly.

Kenneth's picture was framed in evergreen and a vase of white flowers placed underneath and his baby picture was twined with holly and placed on the desk.

She saw Captain sleeping happily before the wood fire, dreaming of the flock of turkey bones flying in his direction. The clock ticked peacefully and the sun shone through the fluted white curtains and made known to this erstwhile boy of Densie's that Sally's hands had dusted the rooms as carefully as her great-aunt would have done.

Without, John Plummer was cutting wood—it was his delight, he protested, to chop the logs as he had done when a boy. It limbered him, he insisted, when Densie would have interfered. Harriet and Sally had gone with baskets to various mothers and grandmothers of Harriet's children who had been without Christmas cheer.

They had asked Dean to squire them about, but with unusual lack of interest he declined, saying he wanted to talk to Densie and his time was limited.

"What made you?" the big honest-eyed man demanded suddenly. "Whatever in the world caused such a miracle?"

Densie dropped her knitting. "Does it seem so to you? I thought I was the only one who overestimated what has happened."

"A miracle!" he repeated stanchly. "Why, when I saw you last ——"

He paused, bringing to mind the fashionably dressed, hurried woman, preoccupied with the world's needs and her own advancement; the eccentric, impersonal Harriet; John mistaking the shadow for the substance; and Sally with her tired dead eyes.

Densie pointed to the picture of her son: "His death. I had no home to bring him to—that taught me, Dean. I saw it then as I could never have seen it otherwise. I lost no time in trying to right the wrong. Dean, if American women of to-day who feel that homes are irksome and duties are nightmares, if they could know the agony that destroying a home will bring them! Nothing takes the place of home—nothing!"

He nodded.

"And we go to church. Not that we only believe all we hear from the pulpit, for most of us believe far more. So does he who stands in the pulpit, if he could speak without censure. We go because church attendance is a thing interwoven with home, because every right thinking and living person, particularly at this time, should lend his presence to some spiritual creed and give tangible proof thereof that this is so. We have no right to call ourselves 'above' going to church or 'too far advanced' or to say 'It is not necessary; I say my own prayers in my own way.' It is as much of a duty as to rise when our national hymn is played or to salute the flag physically, evidence of the mental feeling the sight of it inspires. It has done us good to come once more into a family pew and listen reverently to the words of a man of God."

"You are right—if more persons went to church and fewer spent their time explaining why they did not need to go, this world would be a saner place."

"It is like those who explain why homes are not necessary—what do they give us, these reformers, after they have shattered our faith and blotted out our customs? Nothing! And that is not even an attempted honest exchange."

"You have gathered them back safely," he said.

"All but my boy!"

After another silence Dean rose and tiptoed over to her, putting his great tanned hand on her shoulder.

"Let me be your boy," he begged. "I've always wanted to call you mother. I lost mine before I could remember her; and a chap never has but one. You've lost your boy. I love your Sally. Won't you let me call you mother?"

Densie's hand reached up to pat his.

"You still love her?" she asked.

"I shall always love her. Do you think it is too late?"

"Have you told her?"

"She knows without my telling; she has always known. I did not speak of it openly before the holiday for fear I might have marred it."

"Then ask her, Dean ——"

"And if she is willing?"

"My son!"

Densie turned to kiss the broad, lined forehead. After which she gave way to a very feminine and proper little cry with Dean holding her tenderly—and imagining it was Sally.

"This will never do," Densie admitted as Captain, roused by the commotion, came wagging over, bent on investigation. "Suppose John found me crying! He would think I was longing for the old sort of living—I'd never be able to convince him. Dean, go sit there and tell me about Indians or tarantulas or something quite outside my realm."

"I want to tell you about business," he added quickly; "and if Father Plummer comes in I'll know he's been eavesdropping and waiting for the right moment. I've a new partner for my firm who will represent the Eastern branch. The name of the firm is Laddbarry & Plummer. How does that sound?"

"Dean!"

"We did manage to put one over on you, in spite of your second sight. You didn't know your husband was my partner in the Alfalfa Food Company and that he takes the East and I the West. I leave you Harriet for a bookkeeper and head clerk if she likes—but I say I must have Sally to darn my socks and boss my Chinaman as she wishes. Mother, you don't think we've slighted you—because while all this rush of commerce has been taking place you've been keeping the house? And I'll bring Sally back to you for every Christmas and let her stay until she wants to come out to me—I promise."

John was fumbling at the latch just then, staggering under a pile of wood. Densie rose to help him. All three of them piled the logs in the wicker basket, Densie talking in a rather incoherent fashion.

"And you never told me, John; nor Harriet. Dean, you might have just hinted. Sally and I are certainly intelligent enough to have understood. Well, when does this start—this new firm?"

Finished with the logs, John caught her in his arms.

"It has started, brave heart," he said. "We signed partnership papers the day Dean landed here. It was why he came."

"Partly why I came," Dean supplemented.

"The girls will be coming home along the track. Do go meet them, Dean, there's a dear."

Obediently Dean vanished.

Left alone Densie faced her husband almost shyly, an expression of guilt on her small face and her eyes that tantalizing novelist's shade—freshly picked violets with the sun streaming in on them.

"My John, we've not lost each other—or life—or work—or God, have we?" She held out her hands.

"You saved all of them for us, Densie."

She looked at the picture of that sunny faced, dark eyed boy whose lips were mute to say what he had overheard and approved.

"Not—quite all," she faltered.

John stroked her hair with a tender lover's hand.

"If it were all, Densie, it would be too much to ask at this time of stress. Something had to be sacrificed; something always does have to be sacrificed to attain victory. I have thought about it a great deal since our boy was killed. But what right have we to cry out in protest when we have found our home, and our girls their better selves, and you and I our love? Do you remember the story Uncle Herbert used to tell us of a Sunday afternoon—about the one shining angel who was flung out of heaven into the black pit because he looked with envy upon the gold of the celestial streets, which was brighter than the color of his halo?"

"I remember," she said solemnly; "I understand." But she almost whispered: "Still—you are not his mother."

Harriet burst in on them later. John was explaining in detail to Densie the possibilities of the new firm and of his new duties. He was talking in the old animated fashion that Densie had admired without profit so long ago, making computations on the corner of her housekeeping pad and proving conclusively that by the end of the next year they could have a modest car to whisk about in and that he could do most of the garden work besides—as his war contribution. The company would deal with such matters as he was familiar with—and he had been trained in the old school of honor; that this was what American food dealers needed at the present time—not profiteering. Men who were willing to think first of their nation and secondly of themselves and to wait until the day of peace before they hoarded wealth rather than invest in national needs and securities.

"I left Dean and Sally wandering sentimentally along the track," Harriet announced. "Let us hope the fast express does not try to chaperon them. Everyone was delighted with the things, and poor old Granny Leighton cried. She hadn't tasted turkey in years. 'And the men's tobacco caused ecstasy. Well," she asked her father, "have you fessed up?"

He nodded, holding up his hands in surrender.

"Didn't know your roof harbored conspirators, did you?" She sat by the fire petting Captain and warming her hands. "You see, it was this way—father and I had to pay you back for all you've done. If you got the home we must get the business. Fifty-fifty," Harriet said joyously. "And I've found someone who wants to come over to help you all you wish—a good old soul, but too shy to ask for help. So you'll be able to dispense with me—for I've never done anything of special value except ask for a second helping of everything."

Harriet's eyes glowed with happiness. There was a robust color in her face and her hands did not twitch and tremble, but lay passively in her lap save when they patted Captain. She wore her frock of "spinster green," as she called it, with a feminine grace. No one else could have worn such a frock and seemed properly dressed. Harriet was well content with her station in life, she had declared—her children, her new work with her father, her home. What more could one demand? As well picture Oliver Cromwell at the opera as imagine Harriet with a romance.

"What do you think about Dean and your sister?" began John.

"I don't think—I know," Harriet answered.

Late that night Sally tapped at her mother's door.

"You know, of course," she said, laughing, having looked about to be sure Densie was alone. "You shan't have the pleasure of extorting a confession. Mummy, I'm happy; not madly, wildly happy, the sort of joy that is so terrible to have come to one—but just happy, everyday happy.

(Concluded on Page 96)

The breakfast that starts 'em off smiling

Oh, that *feeling*—that cheery, satisfied, gratified, fit-as-a-fiddle feeling—that follows a breakfast of Aunt Jemima Pancakes!

A downright breakfast joy, these rich, fragrant, golden brown pancakes, a sure-fire hit that gets a happy "yum-yum" from sonny and a thank-you grin from dad every time.

A joy in the kitchen, too—for this breakfast is *so* easy to prepare. Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour is *complete*—with even the sweet milk ready mixed in it and so rich it needs no eggs. There's no complicated mixing and measuring, no anxious "trying" and testing—the simple addition of water makes perfect pancakes every time.

Order today a package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour in the red package—or Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour in the yellow package. Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri

Try Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour for waffles, muffins and breadsticks. The best you've ever tasted!

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"I'se in town, Honey!"

AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKE FLOUR

Copyright, 1919, Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri

What Do You Want From Your Tires?

Is it economy—long, continuous service? Then 'Royal Cords' will delight you. They are built of tens of thousands of tough, sinewy cords laid in many compact plies. Each cord and each layer adds its individual strength to the tremendous sum-total of the tire. This construction results in a stoutness and a super-strength that means most miles per dollar—uninterrupted service far beyond the life of ordinary tires.

Is it riding ease? You will find it when you ride on 'Royal Cords'. The cords of which these tires are built are unrestricted by cross-weave. They are free to move in any direction—to conform with lightning speed to irregularities of the road. In addition, each cord is imbedded in live, springy rubber. The consequent aliveness and flexibility of 'Royal Cords' smooths the way. Rough spots are robbed of their impact and you experience an increased comfort and a heightened luxury that adds much to your pleasure in riding.

Is it assurance of safety? 'Royal Cords' will give you that. A glance at the tire itself and you will readily understand why it is so successful as an anti-skid. Two grooves around the circumference forestall side

slips while deep notches on the outside ridges make remote the possibility of skidding. To cap these advantages are the contributions of strength and yielding flexibility that are so vital to perfect safety.

Is it handsome appearance—speed—fuel thrift—easy steering? Experienced motorists will tell you that they find all these—*and more*—in 'Royal Cords'. It is their unapproached combination of *good* points—their all-round perfection that has given 'Royal Cords' their reputation as the finest tires built.

The 'Royal Cord' is one of five separate and distinct United States Tires for passenger car and light delivery use, the only complete line built by any tire manufacturer. The others are 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco' and 'Plain'.

Among these tires you will find exactly the ones to serve you best under your individual driving conditions.

The nearest United States Sales and Service Depot Dealer will gladly assist you in selecting the best ones for your use.

Also tires for motor trucks, bicycles, motorcycles and airplanes.

(Concluded from Page 92)

And now I want to learn everything from you that I can. Dean won't wait beyond June."

"I am glad to have it so!"

"And you think it is right—and not too late?"

"I think it is life, Sally; and life very often does not stop to think, it punishes and rewards us all in a moment."

"How unprepared I've been to marry—to really marry and make a home. Mummy, teach me, won't you? I want to be just like you if I can."

John had been right. Densie must not ask for more reward than was being given her, lest she, too, like the shining angel of old, be dethroned because of greed.

XLVII

THE garden of the Little House had been properly coaxed and prevailed upon to look its best for Sally's wedding. Harriet and her children spent the better part of their time making vines climb artistically, persuading roses to blossom as soon as possible and placing the sun-dial clock in the center of the old-fashioned bed of verbenas and carnation pinks—an oak pedestal with this verse cut deeply on one side:

Hours fly; flowers die;
New days; new ways
Pass by — Love stays!

John and Densie had helped with the beautification as well, though business kept John downtown until distressingly late hours—as late as Densie had once been wont to stay, and he had been bullied into resting and forbidden to sit up to read when he did come home. Sally had been occupied within doors. She would have all the time to romp outside when she went to her new home, and she chose this time, wisely, to become skilled in everything her mother could teach her, a trifle later than was best to learn—but not too late.

She made her rather simple clothes herself, sewing a woman's resurrected dreams and hopes into their fine seams or clever embroidery. She thought, as she would lay away some white dainty garment in the lavender-scented shelves, of how the other trousseau had been bought for her by a preoccupied ambitious mother and accepted by a preoccupied infatuated girl—showy fashionable things, turned out from unsanitary shops, very likely, poorly made, but with style and warranted only for a season's wearing.

Sally even made her wedding cake herself; she had written Dean that she would. It was as fruity a cake as wartimes would allow, and it stood in state on the dining-room serving table waiting for its final icing.

It was to be as simple a wedding as any real garden wedding could be—they twined Kenneth's picture with roses; and unbeknown to the children, John and Densie stood beneath it to say a little prayer and cry a tear.

Sally was all pink roses and cream lace and a leghorn hat with bows under the chin, as Dean requested. She made Harriet be her only attendant, though Harriet protested—and helped her select her frock, a dainty organdie with a silver sash.

"You must wear gray silk, mummy, and comb your hair the old-fashioned way that you used to—I want to go away remembering you so—and daddy, who has grown handsome again, being entirely too well fed, will rival Dean."

No one argued with Sally—she was too happy to have listened if they had—for she turned protests into kisses and refusals into hugs, and there was an end of it.

There was little time for the wedding, business calling Dean home as soon as he could come—and bring Sally. So he slipped into town one night in time to see the wedding cake before it was iced and to have a satisfactory talk with his new business partner, and then in the early morning he married Sally—the birds singing their wedding march and the breeze sweeping through the roses as a benediction.

It was so simple and so joyous that no one thought of being pensive for an instant except Captain when he was driven from a position of attack upon the sliced tongue.

In a going-away dress of blue serge, her hands crowded with roses, Sally bade her family good-by.

"I want to be called a bride," she insisted. "I am so happy I want everyone who sees me to have to take time to stop and smile. And I want to leave the best share of my happiness behind with mummy and daddy and Harriet—and particularly mummy, for she taught me how to be happy. So I've no right to take it all away."

"I'll bring her back every Christmas," Dean promised, "to stay as long as she wishes. It isn't that you've lost Sally—but have gained a son."

He stooped and kissed Densie, his hand outstretched toward John.

"Good-by, Harriet dear, I love you," was all Sally said to her sister, but it was the first time she had ever told her those words and the first time that Harriet, splendid spinster of the modern business world, invaluable in her work and attitude toward life, took Sally in her arms and held her close.

All three, with Captain wagging his tail faster and faster, stood at the gate to wave good-by as the machine drove down the pathway.

There was silence when only the brown road showed itself. Then Harriet said, "Let's sit on the porch and plan our first visit to Sally." At which John and Densie looked at her in gratitude.

John and Harriet took twin rockers and began a stimulating chat as to travel and business—for Harriet was his "confidential man," as John loved to call her. Densie stole inside for a moment. They hardly noticed she had left.

She went to the picture of her boy, the roses about the frame fading a trifle. She stood on tiptoe to rearrange the wreath, and as she did so tears came to blur his loved features. But she paused before she wiped them away. It may have been an illusion—scientists could have explained it so clearly that faith and miracles would have seemed bone-dry things of some defective imagination—but the dark eyes in the picture suddenly smiled at her. They were living things telling her to be at peace, that he was still with her. They were smiling at her as they had smiled so many, many times.

Presently the eyes grew into the silent dead things of a photographer's film. But Densie had seen and would always understand and be comforted. Nor would she share her secret even with John. After all, she was his mother—and mothers are a little different from the rest of the world, and they are not, like shining angels of old, flung into black pits when they grieve for their youngest born.

(THE END)

Extra Dividends From Land

THIS is the story of an experiment that a man made to prove three things that he believed: That land was capable of very much larger returns than were usually had; that because of that every acre of good land in his district had a value of five hundred dollars; and that there was no good reason why idle men should congregate on the street corner and complain that no man had hired them. He knew that though a few of the unemployed were agitating malcontents the large majority of them sincerely wished to work and contribute their share, but had not the initiative to connect up, and that they constituted a fertile field for evil agitation, and that there was needed a wide movement to utilize their willing abilities and to incorporate them into the real community interest.

He was convinced that if this could be done and done on a sufficiently large scale it would remove a serious menace to American institutions. For the agitator ceases to be when he becomes a producer and a proprietor.

This man, who is not a farmer but a city business man, had a year or two before, in association with two other men, who also were experimenters, bought a small farm and instituted a system of intensive farming in which they invested about twenty-five thousand dollars, the development of which confirmed the conviction that production in the usual method of farming had not by any means reached its limit.

To prove his third postulate our experimenter took a man, fifty years old, whose work had grown too arduous for his strength, and who loved the soil, promised him steady employment at the same wages he was receiving—twelve dollars a week—for fifty-two weeks in the year, put him at work in February, 1914, and capitalized the undertaking with five hundred dollars in cash and one and a half acres of poor ground that had grown nothing but weeds for twenty years.

The five hundred was to pay for manure, fertilizer, seed and wages until the first crop should be gathered. The impoverished soil could not respond the first year and the five hundred dollars was absorbed and charged to the wrong side of profit-and-loss account.

The hilariously amused farmer friends expressed their appreciation of the joke that the man who had spread forty tons of manure on an acre of ground had played on himself, and assumed that the incident had met its cataclysmic end. By the way, the forty tons of manure an acre have been persistently applied each year since—of course with water, otherwise it would have been a disastrously large dose.

The second year the experimenter saved his second five hundred dollars' capital intact, the business breaking even, and had his capital to begin the third year.

The soil began to take on a different texture, becoming more mellow. When the plow first turned it up five years ago it was in lumps as big as buckets; at this time it is as mellow and smooth as brown sugar, due to the large amount of manure and constant cultivation.

The third year's work showed a profit of five hundred dollars, one-half of which was given to the gardener, stimulating him with the idea that he was working for himself.

The fourth year seven hundred dollars' profit was divided, and the experimenter was able to shift his original capital back from the wrong side of the profit-and-loss account, with a fair start on the right side.

The fifth year they raised and sold from the one and a half acres more than three thousand dollars' worth of produce, at a net profit of one thousand and eighty dollars, above all expenses, including the gardener's wages; including also sixty tons of manure bought out of that year's work and spread on the ground for the next year's crops.

When the gardener was paid his half of the ten hundred and eighty dollars he said it was more money than he had ever had at one time in his life.

Out of the bonuses and the extra work he was able to do in the winter when his garden did not need him he has bought a lot and has built on it a beautiful little home with all modern conveniences, which he could sell at any time for two thousand dollars or more, with a debt against it of about eight hundred and fifty dollars, which he hopes to clear off next year. He has become a proprietor.

The experimenter has all his capital back with a profit to date of six hundred and forty dollars, one hundred and twenty eight per cent, and a piece of ground that instead of being a rank offense and a nuisance because of its unsightliness is a thing of beauty and a joy that receives the homage of many visitors in the season of it.

Incidents of last year: Two crops from all the ground, from part of it three crops; a small piece planted in onions—three-eighths of an acre—which he sold to a commission man for five hundred dollars in the ground, the purchaser paying all expense of pulling, topping, hampering and carting, and boasting that he made a good profit on the resale; one-half acre of early tomatoes, from which were gathered and sold seven hundred dollars' worth. The early tomato catches the market; a week makes a great difference in price. A half acre of spring lettuce ready to cut and worth five or six hundred dollars entirely destroyed by hail; but for which its value would have swelled somewhat the three thousand dollars.

The biggest result is not the profit that was had by intensive farming but the fact that a man who had not had a fair chance had been rooted in good citizenship, beyond the possibility of discontented Bolshevism, with the dignity that is a man's who is producing wealth; and it is a result that can be multiplied as many times as the connection can be made between those who wish to make and those who wish to be men.

Another result not to be overlooked in these times of need and high prices is the increased production of food, a wealth created with its influence on reduction of cost of food.

There are hundred of thousands of acres of land in this state just as ready to respond to the invitation to produce if there are a hundred thousand men as ambitious to draw it out.

I have tried to interest some of our philanthropists in New York City to undertake the wholesale financing of a proposition like this and was asked to come over for a conference; and the only response I could get was an invitation to help them organize a movement to loan to farmers on first-mortgage security. The good farmers do not need it, the shiftless ones should not have it; no trouble for the right ones to be financed at home.

What is needed in the interest of our big welfare is the anchoring of men to the soil, the most delightful work that men ever engaged in, a character-building work with an effect that extends to the very rim of our economic life in its influence on supply of food and consequent effect on prices.

There is plenty of land, plenty of money and plenty of earnest philanthropy. Cannot these be connected up with the plenty of willing workers, to the financial profit of all?

If the project was taken up on a large scale, seriously, scientifically and liberally, it would mean large production, large profit and a great improvement politically by taking men out of the discontented class and making them over into men of self-support and consequent self-respect.

On the small farm, of thirty-six acres, referred to in the beginning of this article, there was sold thirty-one thousand dollars' worth of produce last year at a handsome profit to the owners and with a corresponding benefit to the men who worked for them.

In addition to having the pen of hogs turned over to them for their winter meat the men were each presented with a cash bonus that insured their loyal work for the next season.

A well-financed organization should have a central farm on which workers could be trained for intensive farming. After training they could be set up in the business for themselves, on land owned by the organization, with tools and equipment owned by the organization; the seed, manure and fertilizer bought and distributed by it, the plants raised centrally, a general oversight had and the goods marketed by the company.

Water, a necessity for this kind of farming, could be furnished and supplied.

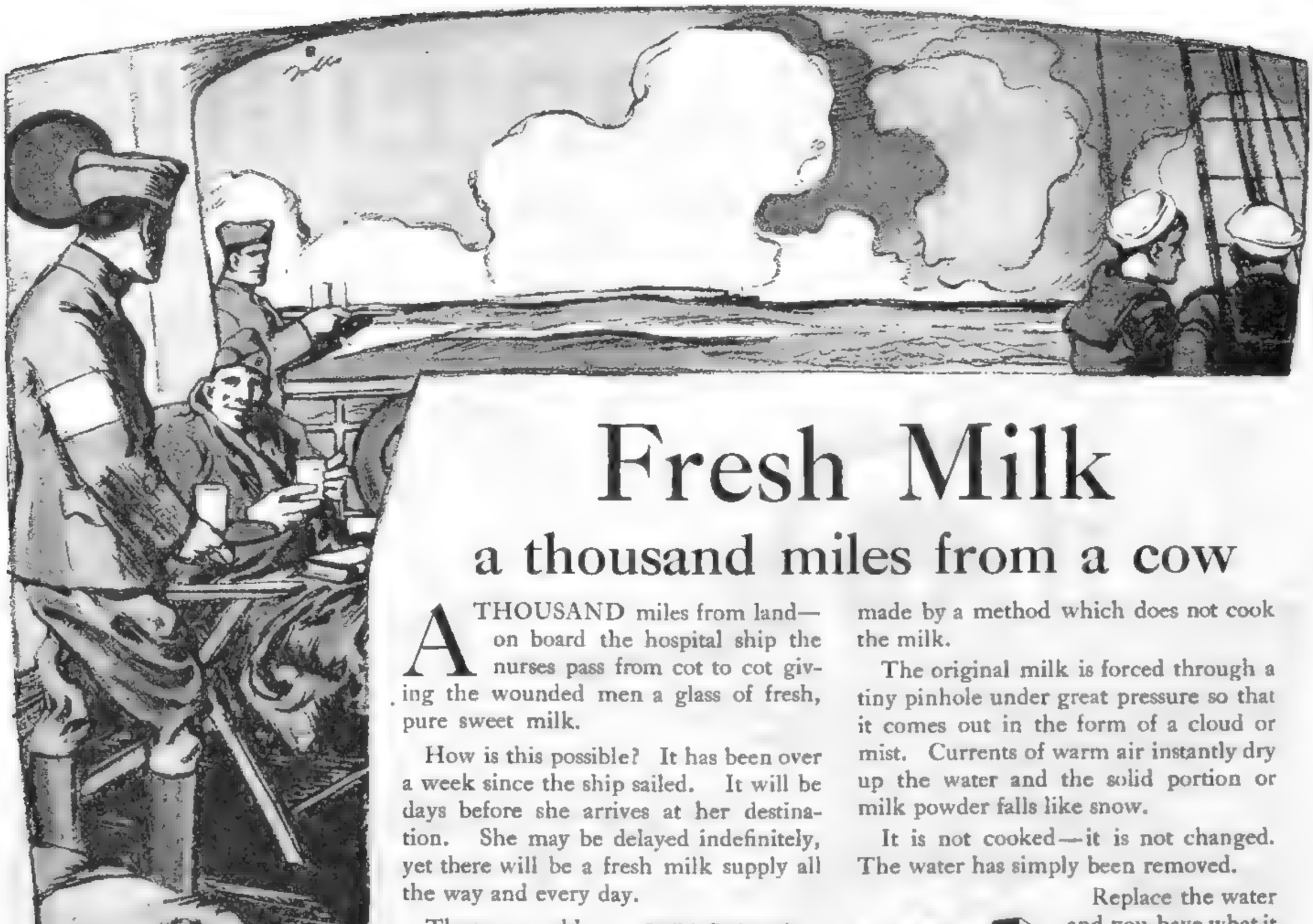
This is not a dream, it is a vision. Production can be doubled, and it needs to be.

A new era is coming in food raising, and the men who see it and help it will profit, and better still, will have the good consciousness of having helped in the salvation of our country from its economic and political danger.

Will not our public-spirited men who have our country's good at heart investigate and see if the opportunity does not lie in the plan above indicated?

The dangers that threaten the world socially and politically, and to which America is not immune, are a demand on men of wealth to devote a part of their means to every real solution that is offered; if from no higher motive, from that of self-preservation.

There would be small danger of overproduction even if intensive farming should be extensively done. If overproduction should occur the benefit of it would be wider spread in reducing the price to the consumer.



Fresh Milk

a thousand miles from a cow

A THOUSAND miles from land—on board the hospital ship the nurses pass from cot to cot giving the wounded men a glass of fresh, pure sweet milk.

How is this possible? It has been over a week since the ship sailed. It will be days before she arrives at her destination. She may be delayed indefinitely, yet there will be a fresh milk supply all the way and every day.

The same problem of fresh milk supply confronts all steamships and private craft, camping, fishing and hunting parties, automobile tourists and even summer resort hotels during rush seasons or in hot spells.

Spell it Backwards

KLIM

BRAND

POWDERED MILK

Klim Brand Powdered Milk furnishes an ever-ready supply of fresh, sweet milk no matter how far away or what the climate or weather.

Klim Powdered Milk is milk that, when restored to fluid form, is real milk—it tastes just the same as it did before it was powdered—it is just as good to drink as it was on milking day.

The reason for this is that Klim is made by a method which does not cook the milk.

The original milk is forced through a tiny pinhole under great pressure so that it comes out in the form of a cloud or mist. Currents of warm air instantly dry up the water and the solid portion or milk powder falls like snow.

It is not cooked—it is not changed. The water has simply been removed.

Replace the water and you have what it was in the first place—fresh milk.

Steamship companies, hotels, vacation parties may learn more of Klim Powdered Milk by writing for the Klim booklet describing its production and uses for cooking and drinking.

Largest Producers of Powdered Milk in the World. Production in 1918—16,000,000 pounds, equivalent to 70,000,000 quarts.

How to get Klim for the home

So many people have asked to have Klim for the home that we have arranged to furnish it direct upon order.

Send the coupon and $1.00 for a pound can of Klim Whole Milk (Full Cream) and a pound can of Klim Skimmed Milk.

This amount when restored will produce 4 quarts of rich milk and 5 quarts of skimmed milk.

Further orders will be supplied in any quantity.

Send for booklet describing Klim—its manufacture and its uses. Merrell-Soule Company, Syracuse, N. Y.

Klim Powdered Skimmed Milk is manufactured and sold in Canada by the Canadian Milk Products, Ltd.
Principal Office, Toronto, Ontario

Merrell-Soule Company, Syracuse, N. Y.

Enclosed find One Dollar ($1.00)—(checks, money orders or currency accepted) for which please send me

1 lb. Package of Klim Powdered Whole Milk (Full Cream)
1 lb. Package of Klim Powdered Skimmed Milk

It is understood that this quantity when restored to fluid form, according to directions, will produce 4 quarts of full cream milk and 5 quarts of skimmed milk.

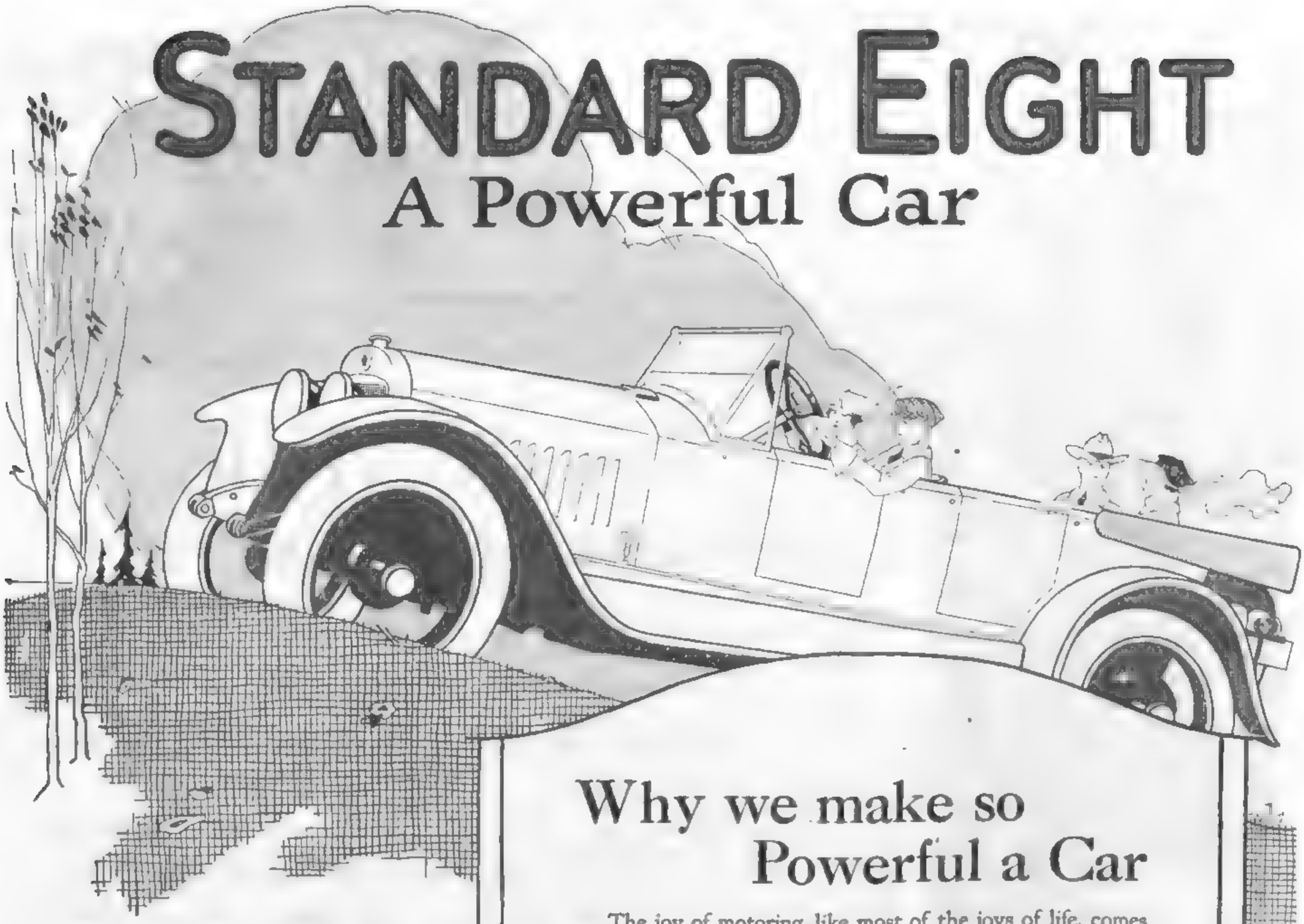
Name

Address

City State

Merrell-Soule Company

STANDARD EIGHT
A Powerful Car



The car in the illustration is the New Four Passenger Sport Model.

Note winged wind-shield and improved ventilator.

Why we make so Powerful a Car

The joy of motoring, like most of the joys of life, comes from the use of power.

To be conscious that there is no hill you need to avoid, no motor-way where your car cannot, without effort, hold your place on the road, is to realize the top joy of automobiling. Some say that this happiness which lies in the sense of Power is just plain vanity. Call it whatever you will, every car owner likes the sensation which comes from the control of Power.

The eighty-three horse-power of the Standard Eight levels hills

A Powerful Car Made by a Powerful Company

Unrestricted Production

The Standard Eight is made by the Standard Steel Car Company of Pittsburg—one of the largest industrial plants in the world.

The production of Standard Eight cars from now on will be unrestricted. New territories will be opened—dealers will receive quotas of cars that will take care of their needs and deliveries will be made promptly.

The immense company behind this car is a guarantee of a sound permanent business for responsible dealers.

Dealers are invited to write for the particulars of our agreements and terms.

STANDARD STEEL CAR COMPANY
Pittsburg, Pa.

SKAG

(Concluded from Page 19)

Skag mused over this. He was hungry, and he put the thought away. He was athirst, and he put that thought away also. The wants came back, but he dealt with them more firmly. They talked of these appetites, and Skag explained that he handled them just as he had handled the wild animals in the circus, being straight with them and gaining their friendliness.

"Don't fight them," he said. "Get them on your side and they will pull for you in a pinch."

"You talk like a Hindu holy man."

"Do they talk like that?" Skag asked quickly. "It was my old friend with the circus who taught me these things. He taught me to make friends with my own wild animals. It is true that he was many years here in India; I had forgotten."

"He was the one who had the ring in his left ear?"

"Right ear."

The other laughed.

"It's such a novelty to find you are not a liar—with all you know and have been through. I'll stop that nasty habit of testing you. Hear me: From now on, I'm done!"

Hours passed; it was after midnight. The last-quarter moon was rising. They could see the light through the trees. Cadman had smoked again, but Skag still expressed an unwillingness.

"It doesn't want to now," he said.

"Oh, it doesn't!"

"I have persuaded it to think of other things. It is working for me."

Cadman swore softly, genially.

"I never forget anything, son," he whispered—"never anything like that."

"Old Alec said I should never let a day pass without doing something I didn't want to do—or doing without something I wanted. He said it was better than developing muscle."

"Some brand of calisthenics, that! And he was the old one with the rose jar——"

Skag's hand lifted toward the other and Cadman's met his.

There was a wet meaty growl, indescribably low-pitched; but no chance even to shout—only to huddle back together to the farthest corner. The beast had stalked faultlessly and pounced, landing upon the thin crosspieces of bamboo but short of the bait.

Down the twelve feet he came, with a tearing hiss of fright and rage. Something like a muffled crash of pottery it was, mixed with dull choking explosions of a sealed globe. The air of the pit seemed charged with furious power that whipped the leaves to shreds.

"The pistol, Skag!"

They were free, so far, from the rending claws. The boy's brain was full of light. Cadman Sahib's voice had never been more calm.

Skag drew a match—not the gun. He scratched the match and held it high in front. They saw the great cowering creature, like a fallen pony in size, but untellably more vivid in line—the chest not more than seven feet from them; the head held far back; the near front paw lifted against them as if to parry a blow.

Skag changed the match from his right hand to his left. When the flame burned low he tossed it on the ground halfway between them and the tiger. There was a forward movement of the beast's spine—a little lower and forward. The lifted paw curved in but did not touch the ground. The last light of the match, as it turned red, seemed bright in the beast's bared mouth. In it all there was the dramatic reality of a dream that questions not.

"He's badly frightened," Skag said.

No sound from Cadman Sahib.

"It's too big for him," Skag went on calmly.

"He thinks we put over the whole thing on him. It's too big for him to tackle. Wonder if he's got a mate?"

One big green eye burned now in the pit—steady as a beacon and turned to them, enfolding them. Cadman Sahib cleared his throat.

"All right to talk?" he asked huskily.

"Sure! It will help."

Cadman cleared his throat again and inquired, in an enticing tone: "You actually don't mean to use the pistol?"

"I'm not a crack shot," Skag said queerly.

"You might pass it to me. I'm supposed to be ——"

"It is bad light"

"And then, again, you might not ——" Cadman laughed softly. "I've got you, son!"

"I will do as you say," Skag said steadily.

Cadman hiccuped.

"The eye moved," he explained. "There—it did it again! I got a feeling as if our elevator dropped a flight. What were you saying?"

"That I am here to take orders."

"I'm taking orders to-night, son. I wouldn't risk your good opinion by shooting your guest."

"He is perfect—not more than four or five years; got his full range, but not his weight."

Skag stopped abruptly, until the other nudged him.

"Go on! It's like a bench show."

"We called them Bengals; but that is just the trade name."

"You intimated he might have a lady friend. Do they hunt in couples?"

The boy didn't answer that.

"You've never been in a tiger's cage?" he asked suddenly.

"I'm telling you not, son; so you'll excuse my apprehensions about our lodging—in case Herself appears. The fact is, there isn't room ——"

"She won't come near if we keep up the voices."

"It becomes instantly a bore to talk," Cadman answered.

It was some time before they spoke again. The tiger didn't seem to settle any; but from time to time, like soft escaping steam, they heard the hiss of his snarl. The kid had either escaped or strangled to death.

"Will he stand for it until morning?" Cadman asked abruptly.

"He may move a little to rest his legs."

"Not to try for the top?"

"I think not. He has already measured that. He sees in the dark. He knows there's no good in making a jump."

"Nothing to jump at, with us here?"

"We have put it over on him. You have helped greatly."

"How's all that?"

"You don't smell afraid."

"Ah, thanks!"

Long afterward Cadman's hand came over to Skag's brow and touched it lightly.

"I was just wondering, son, whether you sweat hot or cold." There was a pause before he added: "You see, I want to get you, young man. You really like this sort of night?"

"It is India," said Skag.

Every little while through the dragging hours Cadman would laugh softly; and if there had been silence for long the warning snarl would reach them. The breath of it shook the air and the thresh of the tail kept the dust astir in the pit.

"There is only one more thing I can think of," Cadman said at last.

The moon was now in meridian and blent with daylight. The beast still crouched against the wall.

"Yes?" said Skag.

"That you should walk over and stroke his head."

"Oh, no; he is cornered. He would fight."

"There's really a kind of law about all this?"

"Very much a law."

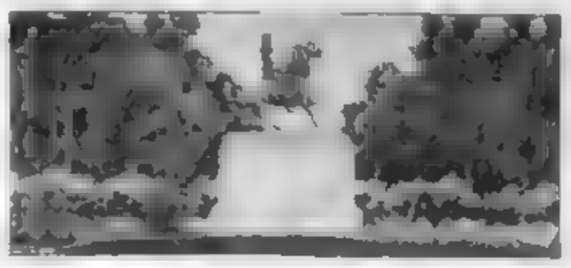
After an interval Cadman breathed.

"I like it. Oh, yes," he added wearily; "I like it all."

Soon after that they heard the voices of natives as a face, looking gray in the dawn, peered down. Cadman spoke in a language instantly understood:

"Look in the teapot and toss down my cigarettes."

At this instant the tiger protested a second time. The native vanished with the squeak of a fat puppy that falls off a chair



on its back. For moments afterward they heard him calling and telling others the tale of all his born days.

Three-quarters of an hour elapsed before a long pole, as thick as a man's arm, was carefully lowered. Skag guided the butt to the base of the pit and fixed it there, as far as possible from the tiger. This was delicate. His every movement was maddeningly deliberate, the danger, of course, being to put the tiger into a fighting panic.

"Now you climb," Skag said.

"No ——"

"It is better so. I am old at these things. He will not leap at you while I am here."

"You mean he might leap as you start to shin up the pole alone?"

"No; that will be the second time. It will not infuriate him—the second one to climb."

"I'll gamble with you who goes first."

"You said you were taking orders," Skag said coldly.

"That's a fact. But this isn't to my relish, son."

"We do not need more words."

Cadman Sahib had reached safety. The natives were round him, feeling his arms and limbs, stuttering with questions. He bade them be silent, caught up his rifle, and covered the tiger while Skag made the tilted pole, beckoning the rifle back.

"It's been a hard night for him," he said.

The two stood together in the morning light. Cadman's face was deeply shaded by the big helmet again, but his eyes bored into the young one's as he offered his cigarette case. Skag took one and lit it carelessly. Cadman was watching his hands.

"You've got it, son," he said.

"Got what?"

"The good gray nerve! Not a flicker of your hand! I wanted to know. . . . Say, cheer up!" Skag was looking toward the trap. "Ah, I see!" continued Cadman Sahib.

"The circus is a hard life," Skag said.

That was a kind of feast day. At noon the natives had the tiger up in the sunlight, caged in bamboo. Skag presently came into a startling kind of joy to hear his friend make an offer to buy the beast. Negotiations moved slowly, but the thing was done. That afternoon the journey toward Coldwater Ruins was continued, with eight carriers, the tiger swung between them.

Skag was mystified. What could Cadman mean? What could he do with a tiger at the Ruins or in the Monkey Forest? The natives apparently had not been told the destination, but they must know soon. It was all strange. Skag liked traveling alone with his friend better. A halt was called that afternoon, the sun still in the sky. The two white men walked apart.

"You get the drift, my son?" Skag shook his head. "Of course the natives won't like it; they won't understand. But we're sure he isn't a man-eater."

Skag's chest heaved.

"I never knew a decenter tiger." Cadman went on: "Besides, he's a friend of yours, and not too expensive."

"You bought him to——"

"I bought h'm for you, son—a tribute to the nerviest white man I ever stepped with."

That evening a great whine went up from the bearers. It appears that while some were cutting wood, others preparing supper and others gathering dry grass for beds, the younger white man, who had made magic with the tiger in the pit, suddenly failed in his play just now.

The natives were sure it was not their fault that the cover had not been securely fastened. The bearers repeated they were all at work and could find no fault with themselves; but they were used to dealing with white men who did not permit bungling. Their wailing was very loud.

To lose such a tiger was worth more than many natives, any European would say. But Cadman Sahib was rich. He fumed but little, being of all white men most miraculously compassionate. It was true the beast, though full grown, was not a man-eater.

"And to-morrow we shall go on alone. It is much pleasanter," said Skag after all was still; and they lay down together.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Mr. Comfort. The second will appear in an early issue.

New-Skin is an antiseptic preparation for cuts, scrapes and minor injuries to the skin.

It forms a film over the injured part that protects it while it heals.

It is always put up in sanitary glass packages, never in tin tubes.

"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin"

Be sure you get genuine New-Skin, not an inferior substitute.

All Druggists—15 and 30 cents.

NEWSKIN CO. NEW YORK

10¢ in stamps brings folder of soldering short-cuts... free sample of NOKORODE the best soldering flux in the world.

The M W Dunton Co. Providence R. I. U.S.A.

Old Town Canoes

Outdoor life gave steel muscles, straight bodies, clear eyes and keen wits to American soldiers and sailors. Canoeing offers healthful exercise and a world of pleasure. Paddle your own canoe—and be sure it's an Old Town. Sturdy, graceful, swift and safe. Send for catalog of the Maine Canoes. Dealers everywhere.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
512 Middle St.
Old Town, Maine

WRITE FOR OUR FREE BOOKS ON PATENTS
MUNN & CO.
620 Woolworth Bldg., NEW YORK
625 F Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.

NO GROWTH HAS EQUALLED REPUBLIC GROWTH

REPUBLIC TRUCKS

REPUBLIC

Built by the Largest Manufacturers

WHAT PERFORMANCE CAN MATCH THIS TRUCK'S?

Building Trucks only has meant the Building of Records for Republic Trucks

WHEN we point to the actual use today of over 50,000 Republic Trucks, we do not mean to boast. We mean to point, simply, to a fact exclusive to Republic Trucks alone. Yet it is a fact that enables Republic engineers constantly to better even the commercial fitness of Republic Trucks.

Again, when we point out that Republic Trucks are produced in the largest factory in the world devoted to truck-making alone, we do so in no mere pride of size. We do so merely to indicate *why* we are enabled, through our exclusive quantity production, to give *exclusive* truck values to Republic Truck purchasers.

That a careful choosing of steel, an extreme test of materials, is as characteristic of the very highest priced trucks as of the Republic Truck is doubtless true.

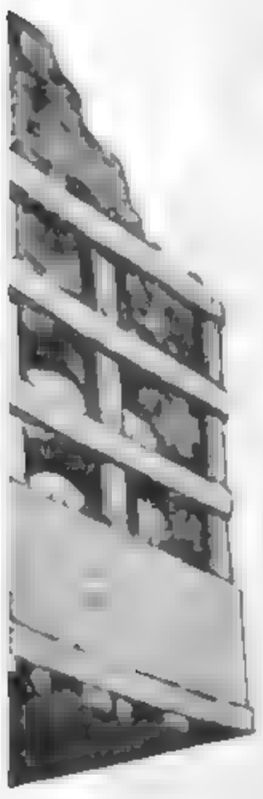
That these factors *do* result in each Republic being so able, enduring and economical a truck is, however, attested by the way in which Republic purchasers so steadily return for more Republic Trucks.

We ask you in all fairness to yourself to fix in your mind the highest standards you would ask of your future truck. The "Yellow Chassis" Republic will meet them or we do not know our truck.

* * *

Over 1400 Republic Service Stations serve Republic users. There is a Republic Truck for every trucking need.

Republic Motor Truck Co., Inc., Alma, Michigan



The "Yellow Chassis" Trucks that serve so well

Republic Special with body	$1295
Model 20 1 Ton with Express body	1495
Model 31 1½ Ton chassis	1095
Model 40 2 Ton chassis	1495
Model 50 3 Ton chassis	1950

All prices F. O. B. Alma, Michigan

TRUCKS

of Motor Trucks in the World

The Torbensen Internal Gear Drive—used in all Republic Trucks, delivers 92% of the motor power to the wheels. We know of no other type of drive that delivers as much. The entire load is carried on a separate I-beam axle. The driving mechanism has nothing to do but drive the truck

When Friction Waltzes

Wear rides roughshod over the ordinary coat lining—clipping off the sharp little ridges where the individual threads cross. But friction glides lightly, harmlessly over the smooth surface of Granite Double End Two-Tone Coat Linings.

The reason, as read under the microscope, lies in the new and exclusive construction of Granite Double End—each "filling" thread laid over two and under two "warp" threads. Hence the waving, wear-repelling weave; hence the lining which is guaranteed to outlast the garment and always appear new.

The incomparable standard finish of Granite Double End—the beautiful natural lustre—proceeds from the interior, not the surface, of the fabric and so is proof against shine under iron or the hardest wear.

Granite DOUBLE END Two-Tone
COAT LININGS

GUARANTEE

This garment is lined with Granite Double End (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) Two-Tone made by LESHER, WHITMAN & CO., INC. and we hereby guarantee that if the lining is not perfectly whole when the garment is worn out we will furnish material for a new lining without charge.

Granite Double End Two-Tone Linings, in their many handsome dye-true color combinations, have replaced serge (which is apt to take on shine) and alpaca (which has less body), in the esteem of manufacturers, retailers and wearers who standardize their purchases for service, saving and permanent looks.

LESHER, WHITMAN & CO., Inc., 881 Broadway, New York

The Mohair House

HERE'S HOW!

(Continued from Page 9)

as I sip my very gratifying substitute. I sit there and revel in pity for weaklings the land over who can't begin the day without a stimulant. And besides, since quitting coffee I am able to smoke nearly twice as much as when a spineless slave to that drug.

Your coffee drinker must have his moral repugnance roused. He must learn that his morning dosage of coffee is about equal in narcotic malignity to one moderate drink of whisky that is watered. He must learn that his craving for this drug is precisely my craving for a highball after five hours at the typewriter, or for a pint of ripe Burgundy with the evening steak; that we are both, in short, weak-willed tipplers. And that in the long run my occasional highball or other alcoholic drink harms me less than his daily and incessant yielding to a drug that has too long escaped the notice of those who were sent here to make us good.

In a modest way I am doing my bit in this great campaign of education. I have made a good dozen coffee addicts uncomfortable with the truth about their drug, proving my case each time by the victim's admitted symptoms. What a delectable pleasure it is to lecture weak brothers on a vice you may no longer practice! And when you have actually passed a law to make them quit whether they wish to or not—that must be great!

Infants of Three Score and Ten

To be sure there will be the same old protests and defiances. Hardened smokers will cache treasures of the weed, or raise it in cellars by electric light, or in lofty window boxes; but with a stout law reasonably enforced the habit will die. And so with the coffee demon. About twenty years from to-night I expect to attend the première of a moral drama named Ten Nights in a Tea Room, wherein Joe Morgan, become a fiend in human form on Mocha and Java, with perhaps a dash of Orange Pekoe, will hurl his demi-tasse at the bartender in the low dive he frequents and strike down his little daughter who has come to lead him home. Absurd? Is it so much more absurd than a prediction of our new law would have seemed to you ten years ago?

I feel that we shall face the whole truth about narcotics from now on. Alcohol, tobacco and coffee were three of a kind, all bad, and not until we put them away shall we attain the mental and bodily vigor of the average truck horse. Not until then shall we profit fully by the knowledge of hygiene, curative and preventive, which science has gained in the last half century. We drop off now at nearly the same ages we used to in pre-germ days when plagues were held by our best people to be scourges of God, and attempts to combat them blasphemous. We shall have changed that in another fifty years. When alcohol and tobacco are but interesting memories and the coffee percolator is as extinct as the nerve specialist a man passing on at seventy-five will be a scandal of infant mortality.

And what are the social changes to be looked for from this radical readjustment of a complicated mechanism? I am too busy to tell you all just now, but I can suggest a few. Crime, of a sort, we may expect to decrease; but not all crime. Drink has kept amiable—drink and his two fellow devils—many a man who, permanently deprived of their solace, will begin to come out in his true colors. This will lead to vivacious interchanges, to pungent incivilities, and not infrequently, I should suppose, to encounters of the most regrettable nature. The charge in such cases will doubtless be Sober and disorderly.

And that thing of wife-beating. We have hitherto politely pretended to suppose that no gentleman used violence in the home circle unless in liquor. But domestic brawls are not going to be a mere memory after July first, next. We shall then perhaps have to come out and admit the true cause of them.

And take the case of one friend of mine who is probably going to lead a better life. He is a very slightly built, not to say puny little man, with a pale, studious face behind horn-rimmed glasses. Unpoisoned by drink he is commonplace, unaspiring, dully prosaic, with never a golden flash of romance in his cosmos. But with as few as three drinks, if the stuff be potent, there comes inevitably upon him from far glamoured dream heights of chivalry the endearing inspiration to go out and kill a policeman with his bare hands. With two other drinks he ceases to be the visionary. He goes out to do it. He has not succeeded yet—though much may happen between now and July first—but he has failed interestingly more than once. He, it may be, will forever sit stolid to the call of his high, his gorgeous mission. Or at last he may bring to it a sober planning that will put him among the acclaimed of the age. These are matters we may hardly foretell.

One minor change I speak of with confidence—a falling-off in receipts of the telegraph and cable companies. It is among the familiar stigmata of inebriation that the victim be moved to send witty telegrams to friends in far parts of the earth. Bill from New York reaches San Francisco, runs plump into Ed from the home town, and late in the afternoon they wire fifty laughable words to good old Pete who couldn't get away. They giggle continuously while writing these and are a bit hurt when the receiving clerk doesn't giggle too. And if Pete is at the club and in the right mood he wires back some more funny sayings, and so on and on.

Of course the recipient may sometimes not be in the right mood. There was the incident of two Americans I know—who could take it or let it alone—who met by chance in a remote European capital and who, strangers until that moment, forged bonds of deathless amity from the trifling circumstance that on this occasion neither one of them was letting it alone. Joyously, between hurried orders, they dug up their simple pasts for each other's regalement, and late in the glad doings they chanced on a perfectly wonderful coincidence. At remote and differing periods they had each known a man named George Henry Framingham, who was by now operating a sash-doors-and-blinds factory in a submetropolis of the southwestern United States.

George Henry's Mysterious Cable

It was their sole point of contact other than that provided by trained hirelings. It wasn't much of a point, either. They had not known George Henry very well, neither did they esteem him to any notable degree. But now they thrilled to the memory of the absent one; toasted him as "Good old Frame!" and "Old scout George!" and honestly wished he could be there—wondered if maybe they couldn't get him over for a glad reunion. Anyway they could send him a cable. And they did so; a long, warming cable, full of witty greeting and good fellowship. It cost forty-three dollars, and they felt better when they had both signed it.

And George Henry Framingham, of Dallas, Texas, was roused from his blameless sleep to read it and to marvel. Unable to recall either dear friend except after painful groping, he was still puzzled by their costly solicitude. As he was one of those who had ever been compelled to let it alone on account of a liver that would stand no nonsense it probably did not occur to him that the absent dear ones were, as they said in their low set, pickled. To this day he must ponder the mystery.

That's the sort of thing the telegraph companies will miss. They will tell you, if you don't believe me, that these drink-born gems of wit and jollity formed no inconsiderable item of their through business. They need not tell me. Last year a man who is going to be a hardened cynic, after this day I've been speaking of, wired me at length of a rippingly funny thing he had just heard in a Chicago café, or saloon. I don't say there have not been times when it might have seemed fairly good, even to me. But I had gone to Arizona, where prohibition was actually prohibiting, at least for the casual wayfarer who had not yet established the approved social connections. Worse than that! I was far in the Sierra Anchas Mountains, past forty miles of the worst going ever miscalled a trail.

The forwarded telegram was brought to me by an earnest horseman who had learned to believe that all telegrams are matters of life and death; and his trip and the message cost me twenty-two dollars and eighty cents in American money. It is one of the things we shall have no more of. I didn't want it, even then.

Questing further in this new nature study that the coming drought cannot fail to provide us I think I should choose the City of Dreadful Light as the field most fertile of attractive phenomena. Certainly I mean New York. And I shall first expect a mitigation of that lighting offense which has given one of the ugliest cities on earth the further distinction of possessing the very ugliest street. Light is the most beautiful thing we know. Nothing but genius can make it less than beautiful. And none but the drink-hardened could endure what genius has done with light on New York's most populous thoroughfare.

Broadway's largest chewing-gum sign in the world in red and pink, and Broadway's largest underwear sign in the world in purple and blue, and Broadway's largest sign in the world for Peerless Pants Worn by New York's Best Dressers, and Blobb's Blended Whisky for the Home, and Gertrude Gooch in Her Other Husband, Five Reels of Punch, in blue and green and red and yellow, combined to damage the human eye beyond what any other color offense has yet achieved—these atrocities, I am persuaded, will, after about ten days of the new law, be stormed by mobs of water-maddened æsthetes.

Of course these awakened souls will continue to talk about the beauty of their sky line, but after a few more months of clear-headedness I shall expect them to realize that the sky line of any city is beautiful when seen from a distance of five miles through a mist. They will even in time learn that their city at any closer range is as far from the beauty of, say, Paris as Chicago is; which is far enough. And they may do something about it.

And they may discover, no longer anæsthetized by hard liquor, that their city is a very dreadful place to live in; physically difficult, mind-wearing, nerve-exhausting. Indeed, I am not a little worried about a lot of New Yorkers. You see, in our set there it has long been the custom not to let it alone; not entirely. When we gang up for dinner we no more think of sitting down before ingesting a shakerful of cocktails than we think of dining without the well-known table linen. We do not drink these and our previous and our subsequent drinks to assuage thirst. Nothing like that. We do it because we should lack the energy for any social life whatever if we didn't—that is, in New York.

And now that this alcoholic scaffolding is to be removed I am afraid that more than a few of our set will topple. Some will be noisily removed to sanitaria; some will be carried quietly out of their clubs one day and pushed into neat black wagons; and some will pass out in the genteel odor of nervous prostration. Some of course will flexibly adapt themselves to the new environment.

Coming Social Upheavals

Of these latter I know a few things they will no longer do. They will emphatically not attend a vaudeville performance beginning at eleven-thirty P. M., where supper may be had, with ham and eggs, at two dollars, and not very high highballs at a dollar each. That nocturnal frolic could never have won any but an audience previously primed. We shall no longer sit up with our nerves to hear the Jewish black-face comedian tell funny jokes about his mother-in-law in a dialect neither Jewish nor black-face; nor to watch dainty little Florine Flufiu dance the quaint old folk dances of Gomorrah without her stockings on. Nor shall we longer crowd into a palace of the dance at midnight, there to try the new steps and the old drinks until an hour when the proprietor doesn't dare sell another round. We shall still wish to stay up and do these things, but we never did do it on ginger ale and we can't now.

As for music with meals, I look for the first lynching of a jazz band to occur on Broadway about August 1, 1919. I myself have always believed that these offenders should be picked off with firearms where they sat, but I suppose I shall have to let orderly mob law take its course. There will be said of this occurrence what we so often read of like happenings in the sunny Southland: "After riddling the bodies with bullets the mob quietly dispersed. There is no clew to the ringleaders and no arrests are anticipated." A few of these uprisings and I shall expect Broadway restaurants again to become places where sane persons go for food.

And glad New Year's Eve! Oh, how I do wish to be in the alleged little old New York on the evening of next December thirty-first. Nothing short of having to make a journey of three thousand miles on my hands and knees will keep me away. You know how it has been there—and more and more so these later years. You sauntered into your favorite restaurant along in October and coolly told the distinguished-looking foreigner in charge that you guessed you would engage a table for New Year's Eve, and how about that one in the corner—that looked good. The foreigner merely favored you with a pitying smile. If you looked enough like foolish money he might throw in a pitying shake of the head, the pity in each being for your imbecility in supposing any table could be had at this late day. He might relentingly add that the table you wish was engaged last March.

Well, then, how about that other one? Again you saw the pitying smile about to dawn, and you bethought yourself. Of course you did, you poor fish! You bethought yourself and held out a twenty-dollar bill; and the lordly foreigner, with a swift but definite gesture of contempt, did a feat of legerdemain, causing it to vanish.

French for Petty Larceny

You again opened the conversation, and the foreigner's mood had warmed. He did not smile pityingly now. He was merely like a strange bank president you might ask to lend you seventy-eight thousand dollars on your unsecured note. His aspect was forbidding, but still he did not irritably close the interview. He did not have you thrown out. He even wished to know about how many bottles of champagne you and your party would be likely to consume or spill over the table; for a law was passed on Broadway years ago that you must order champagne and nothing else on the glad New Year's Eve.

You saw it all, then—that is, if you were going to have a table. You told Henri, meekly but still with a certain sneaking pride, hoping you might win a bit of his difficult admiration, that the six people in your party would require three quarts each of his best dry champagne, and would he mind taking the order now? With consummate tact this was referred to by both of you as ordering "supper."

So then Henri saw that you were someone, after all, and he remembered a table over behind the artificial palm; a table scrupulously planned and built for four convives but which on this occasion would be made to seat six. And you were grateful, even emotional, as you saw your name go down on Henri's tablet of the elect. You felt, with him, that probably you must be someone, after all.

The transaction was now complete, but for the mere trifle of the *couvert* charge. *Couvert* is a French word meaning, in our language, petty larceny. Ordinarily it is petty enough, by Broadway standards, being fifty cents. Of course in principle it transgresses the allowable bounds of even high finance. It becomes merely the much rougher art that once brought the innkeeping Bender family of Kansas so much unenviable notoriety. Not even the superbandits of Broadway would have had the nerve to attempt it in plain English; they had to find out the French word for it. But on this particular occasion of a table for New Year's Eve seating six though built for a scant four, the entire Bender family—even the late Mrs. Bender herself, who wielded a tidy ax on her guests from behind the tasteful calico curtain in their humble hostelry—would start from their unhonored graves at hearing you told that your *couvert* charge would be, say, thirty dollars. But you manifested nothing but a swollen pride, for as you completed the formality you realized that in all time to come you might address the foreigner openly as Henri.

That's the way it was. And why do I wish to spend the year-end in the dear old town? Well, because that's the way it isn't going to be. I wish to enter this same

(Concluded on Page 107)

SHERWIN

WE put this trade-mark on everything we make—on thousands of different products, produced in enormous quantities. It stands for many things of benefit to you and one of the things it indicates is thoroughness in manufacture.

In the operation of our immense plants, with an army of workmen in charge, producing thousands of different kinds of products, every detail of production is checked and rechecked for accuracy, then tested and recorded.

Every step in manufacture is followed with painstaking care so that you can be assured that the particular S-W product you buy, anywhere at any time is up to the high standard you have learned to expect.

This assurance of quality—as expressed in our trade-mark—is universal; to the home owner with a small painting need as well as to the carload buyer—to all who use

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PRODUCTS

PAINTS AND VARNISHES

DYESTUFFS, COLORS, PIGMENTS, CHEMICALS, INSECTICIDES, DISINFECTANTS, WOOD PRESERVATIVES

WILLIAMS PRODUCTS

The numerals on the can enable us to locate the test record

—and finally the finished product is proved by a series of searching tests

ON every can of Sherwin-Williams Paint you will find a number stamped in the tin. This number identifies a test record on file in the factory where the paint was made.

It means that the paint you have bought has been tested for all those qualities that make a paint dependable. Should a question ever arise as to the quality of the paint, the record can be traced and the responsibility fixed. We employ the most skilled chemists obtainable for the working out of our formulae. We produce ourselves all of the essential ingredients which these formulae call for. We maintain the most modern machinery and employ the most competent workmen to convert these raw materials into finished products.

Then we prove the product by actual physical demonstration and make a permanent record of the result.

This test record of our paint is typical of our whole manufacturing policy. Nothing is assumed. Nothing is left to chance. That is why our products have achieved a world-wide acceptance over a period of more than fifty years.

TO DEALERS: There is a Sherwin-Williams agent in nearly every city and town in the United States and Canada. We will be pleased to communicate with any dealer in towns where we are not already represented.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

Main correspondence office, Cleveland, Ohio

Plants, Warehouses and Sales Offices all over the world

None can go further

The Secretary of Labor says: "Let's make America a better place in which to live. Build now the homes churches, schools, and roads which the war stopped."

The Empire Cord Tire

is the supreme product of The Empire Rubber & Tire Company of Trenton, N.J. makers of the famous Empire fabric tires and Empire red tubes

The Empire Tire Dealer

Empire Red Tubes Last as Long as the Average Car Itself

(Concluded from Page 103)

restaurant close to the midnight hour and haughtily order, from one of a dozen large tables at my service, a pot of tea and some simple dry toast. In that gilded hall, where but a year before at least eight thousand dollars' worth of champagne stood uncorked and a patron ordering toast and tea would have been shot and dragged out by a bus boy, I shall linger above my repast and be surly and complain about the service and leave a fifteen-cent tip for the waiter and smile pityingly on Henri as I go out—Henri, who hasn't seen a twenty-dollar bill nor anyone even partially drunk for what must seem to him like an age. At any moment he may break into sobs, but I can't stay to see it. For I wish to repeat my simple sketch in a few other places where other Henris will be glooming for the dear dead past when money flowed like champagne.

And there is the hat-check outrage. At least the New Yorker frankly calls it that. It is the only blot on his city's perfection I have ever known him to concede. And he writhes about it quite as if it were not of his own making. Years ago—even before you could read on a Broadway bill of fare the astounding words "Spinach, boiled, plain, 55 cts."—the restaurant man obligingly installed a boy at the door of his establishment to take the hats and coats of his patrons. I firmly believe this was done without ulterior motive. And it would never have become an outrage if Broadway hadn't taken to drink.

Thus one day a man about Broadway came out of a rich marble restaurant and was stung with pity for the poor little Greek boy, only twenty-eight years old, who slaved his life away handing out pink checks for Derby hats, or vice versa. And, well, you know why this recent diner was stung with pity. It was because in the gilded restaurant along with his dinner he had acquired what in those bad old days was termed an Onion, consisting of ales, wines and liquors. So brushing a tear from his eye he fumbled in his change pocket and lavished a dime upon the astounded alien. Thus simply it all started.

The astounded alien of course went at once to the owner and said he wished to buy the hat-check privilege of that place for ten thousand annual dollars. The owner was charmed, for he had been trying to think up some new way to get it. True, he had just learned how to get a dollar for twelve cents' worth of canned fish by calling it a *hors d'œuvres*, and he had but lately put his brawny shoulders under the card price of "Prunes, stewed" so that they now blushed under the tax of "45 cts." But on the other hand he had not yet learned what *couvert* means, and he also had felt obliged to turn down an expert who wished to buy the pocket-picking privilege of his place at a handsome figure. The owner knew no French word for this, and he was afraid that in plain English it would cause loose, unthinking talk.

So he wept in gratitude upon the Greek's shoulder, and the Greek put in some other Greeks to take the dimes—in uniforms without pockets, still searching them to the hide each night, as they do the poor Kafirs that come up out of the diamond mines—and lived happily ever after.

I wonder if Broadway will now learn that drink was the cause of it all, and shrug off its burden of a couple of hundred thousand dollars a year for nothing, as a sober man might.

Little remains to be told. But I should like myself to be told what a poor writer of fiction is to do in this new time. The war hit us hard. Take the important matter of villains. Just now we simply can't have an English villain; nor a French nor an Italian nor a Belgian. And since it has become illegal to shoot a German there is little to be done with a German villain; he was never worth much anyway except for the coarser sorts of crime. For the present a villain subtle enough to keep a tired business man awake must be Turkish, and this will cramp the style of the best of us. Of course in about two years the normal relations of antipathy will have been resumed, and we can again take our choice of villains, but until that time it's dark days for the plot.

But this limitation is insignificant beside the handicap a dry law puts upon us all. Some of us are beyond the need of villains, but all must suffer for want of drinking characters. What are the creatures of the underworld to sop up in their foul dens while planning the great pearl robbery for a ten-cent magazine? Could you fancy a burglar who toys with a nut sundae? Or in the thirty-five-center can Reggie Van Vanvan come to his bachelor apartments after his rejection by Alicia Van Somethingelse and order his perfectly trained manservant to fetch him a mug of buttermilk? Dash it all, no! The moment he has to quit ordering brandy and soda in quantities that insure our shuddering respect it's going to be all off with Reggie, old top. We shall begin to see that he is like the rest of us and ought to go to work.

And what about dear old Colonel Van Whoosh and his cellar of rare vintages laid down in sixty-eight? Do you think for a moment the dear old chap can get by with a cellar of unmolested grape juice laid down in July, 1919? Not with me. The old soak may even make all sorts of a nasty row with the club steward about his bottle of vintage sarsaparilla being corked, but I shall be left cold.

In short, who after this can pretend to write with a straight face of certain of the lighter iniquities hitherto made venial by drink? Can a man about town continue to be that on mineral water? In life, certainly; but not in any fiction that gets into a window display. What about the fast hunting set?

What about the character that has sunk low through the drink, and goes out to the great clean West to be made a man again, and comes back in a late chapter, slightly gray at the temples, but bronzed and rugged and dry—dry! I get thirsty thinking of him.

And that dear land of Bohemia, to be incorporated now as a respectable suburb—East Philistia—with a steam laundry and water taxes and a Civic Purity League! This is no joke.

And look forward a bit, as I have tenderly warned you to. What will a dinner be like? I mean one of those smallish smart affairs in the rich millionaire's palatial home on Fifth Avenue, which is still being used for residence purposes in fiction though mostly occupied by bird and animal stores and smart shops where they charge you seventy-five cents for a soft collar if you are not smart. But let that go. Get to this dinner in your chosen magazine. Will there be that dry old oloroso sherry with the *tortue verte, claire?* I should say not! And no Château Malescot with the *filet de dinde à la Périgueux;* no 1905 champagne with the *selle d'agneau;* no special Madeira of 1850 to help the terrapin; no Romanée Conti, 1865, with the canvasback ducks; no decent Chablis with the chile con carne; no sparkling Moselle with the mashed turnips; no 1811 brandy with the pickled beets; no prime chartreuse with the fried mush *à la camp de lumber;* no rich elderberry cordial with the bread pudding; no bock beer with the —— But you know the way a competent writer can drag out these little affairs.

And then the fair hostess in any decent magazine would tell Parkins in low, well-bred tones to get a move on him and serve coffee in the Louis Quinze drawing-room. Pretty soon she won't do that. Pretty soon she will know darned well that Parkins would be pinched if he tried to pull off that little thing. For the first few years Parkins may get by with it down among the stationary washtubs, but not in any drawing-room; nor even out in the woodshed if that happens to be in view of the neighbors.

Nor will the host then gaze dreamily reminiscent through the azure cloud of his pure Havana; nor will the hero absently flick the ash from his cigarette. The best he can do in those days will be to mumble a bit of illicit cut plug while his hostess rallies him merrily upon his silent manner. And hostess herself, mind you, no longer clasping a dainty perfumed cigarette between her jeweled fingers. For so low had we fallen that only in Iowa and certain parts of Los Angeles was it still believed that none but abandoned women smoke cigarettes.

It was time for the awakening. But think of the difference to us who learned to write of another sort of people. The outlook is painful. I think of studying to be a bricklayer or an egg candler. Or I may abandon all brain work and write scenarios for moving pictures.

UNDER HIS TIN HAT

(Continued from Page 5)

I'll drop in on you some night,
With my whiskers long and white.
Yes, the war is over, dear,
And we're going home, I hear.

Home again with you once more—
Say, by nineteen twenty-four.
Once I thought by now I'd be
Sailing back across the sea.

Back to where you sit and pine—
But I'm stuck here on the Rhine,
You can hear the gang all curse!
"*War is hell, but peace is worse.*"

When the next war comes around
In the front line I'll be found.
I'll rush in again pell-mell;
Yes, I will—like hell—like hell!

The Army of Occupation is now comfortably installed in Germany; as the doughboys say, they're sittin' pretty. It is a wonderful land they occupy. Never were finer sweeps of hills and valleys, never more beautiful rivers and brawling streams; and all the towns and villages are constant reminders of home in their comfort and orderliness and modernity.

Some of the first enthusiasm which fired the troops on their entry has appreciably waned, for enthusiasm is always bound to cool on closer contact. The boches could not long sustain the open-handed hospitality extended at the outset to win the victor's favor, and our men speedily woke up to the enemy's game. In the American area the Germans would say: "*Ach*, we're so glad it is the Americans instead of the English and French who are here!" To the English they would confide: "We are thankful it is not the French or those barbarous Americans!" And in the territory held by the French: "Our people are relieved that your soldiers are here instead of the English or the Americans."

Also, Heinie's commercial instincts soon came to the fore. He found a ready customer in the doughboys, who are always eager for souvenirs. On the battlefield they have been known to pause in an attack to strip the first prisoners of buckles and medals and such, though machine guns were playing upon them. An officer of the Sixteenth Infantry had to run down a bunch of his men during the bloody Soissons fight, who let out a whoop at sight of a platoon of Germans and started after them like hounds after rabbits; for there was a second objective to be taken and it was no time to indulge one's hobbies.

Our soldiers have no qualms about buying from the enemy. When they want a thing they want it. From time to time the newspapers contain fiery declarations from patriotic citizens that German goods must be boycotted forever—that no loyal American will ever purchase an article made in Germany.

The boches deserve it but I doubt that such a boycott could ever amount to much, for when people want goods they are going to buy in the cheapest and best market—and if the Germans can supply that in some lines they will sell their stuff.

The soldiers collect all sorts of articles—amber necklaces, cheap jewelry, pictures, knives and razors, Iron Crosses and trinkets for their girls.

The sale of Iron Crosses has been prodigious. One store in Coblenz has stocked up five or six times; another, in Montabaur, sells out its supply of these decorations about twice a week. A curious people, these boches!

In spite of their thoroughness and industry and many admirable qualities a decent man must despise them. Imagine an American merchant peddling the Distinguished Service Cross to a conquering enemy! He would be taken out quietly some night and hanged by the neck until he was very dead indeed. Yet these boche tradesmen make no bones about selling the decorations for which hundreds of thousands of their bravest have shed their blood. Worse still, they do not appear to lose standing by it in their communities.

Perhaps that is because the commercial instinct is so strong in the German nature. They are born traders. Despite their keen desire to propitiate the Americans and win them from their Allies by exceptional treatment they could not long choke down the trader's promptings, and they are rapidly slipping into the European attitude toward an American. You know what that is: Do him good!

The orders against fraternizing are being more rigidly applied. If an M. P. sees a soldier too friendly with a boche woman in any public place or on the street he can arrest him.

The same applies to officers. Many a nice little party has been broken up by a vigilant military policeman, and a number of culprits have received courts.

Some of the men obey the order to the letter; I know of one who went beyond it. The commanding general of a division was passing through a town and called to a doughboy to learn the name of it.

"I don't know, sir."

"What? You don't know the name of your own town? How long have you been here, man?"

"Three weeks, sir."

"And you never bothered to find out?"

"Well, we got orders against fraternizing sir—and I just won't ask these bushes nothin'."

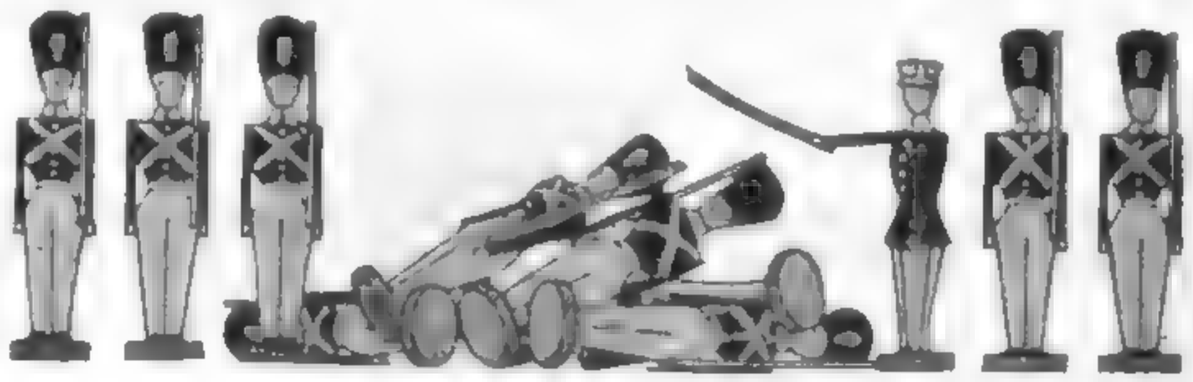
Nevertheless, our troops get along very harmoniously with the civilian population. They treat the men with a strict regard for a noncombatant's rights, accomplishing that delicate feat by studiously avoiding contact with them. As for the women and girls and children, a doughboy gets on a Christian-name footing with them in no time at all, whatever their nationality may be. Indeed, given a year in Germany—which heaven forbid!—the Army of Occupation would come close to colonizing it.

Somewhat sterner restrictions have recently been imposed on the civilians in the American area. They are now required to be indoors by ten o'clock at night—by German time that would be eleven—and all adult males in uniform must salute American officers. These regulations, and those governing the sale of intoxicants and forbidding travel by civilians from one place to another without a pass from the American authorities, constitute the only restraints put upon the German people in our territory.

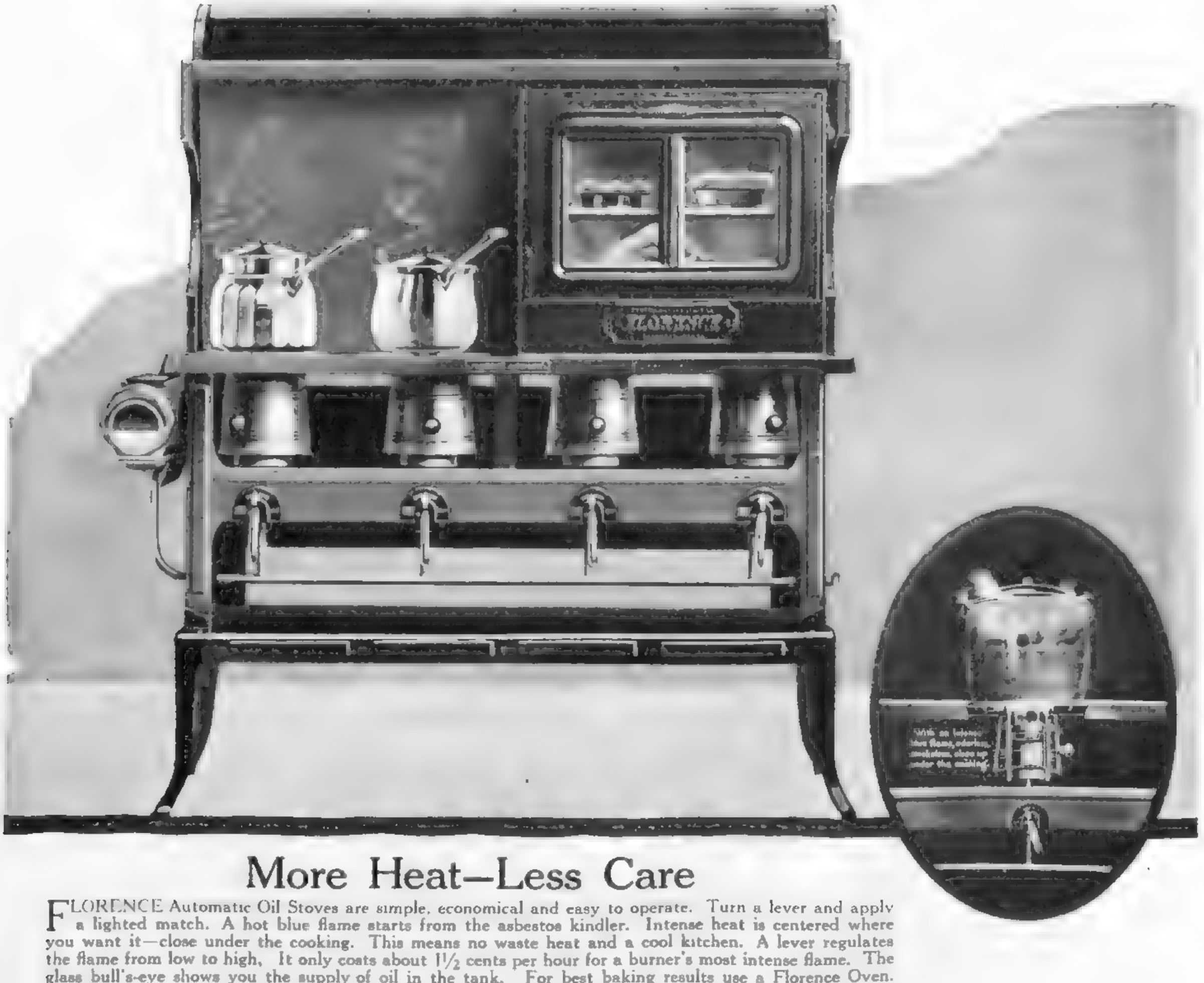
One would naturally surmise that occupation of an enemy country would furnish constant excitement to the victors—that there would be all sorts of clashes and adventures and thrills. Nothing of the kind; boche docility has made our stay in Germany uneventful and prosaic. Life moves along as smoothly as in a garrison town, but with more work. The troops are at it five hours every day—they're always on the target range or cleaning out a machine-gun nest for practice or learning the drill. For a large percentage of them have still to learn it; the army is full of replacement men, and the various commanders are busily engaged in making soldiers out of them.

I saw a battalion attack on a machine-gun nest pulled off the other day, with real

(Concluded on Page 111)



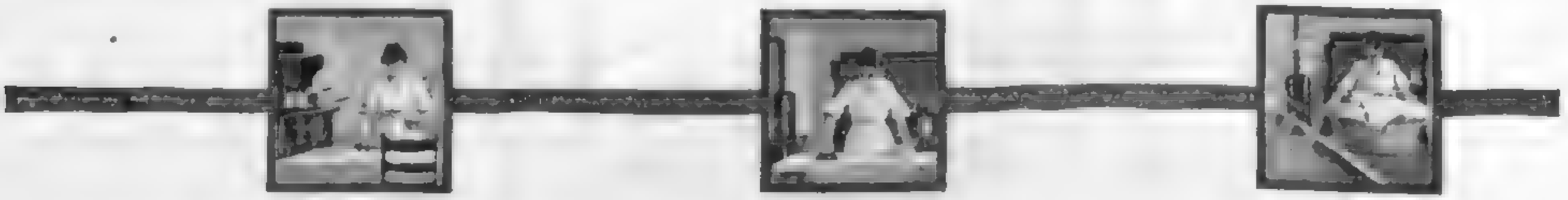
FLORENCE
OIL COOK STOVES



More Heat—Less Care

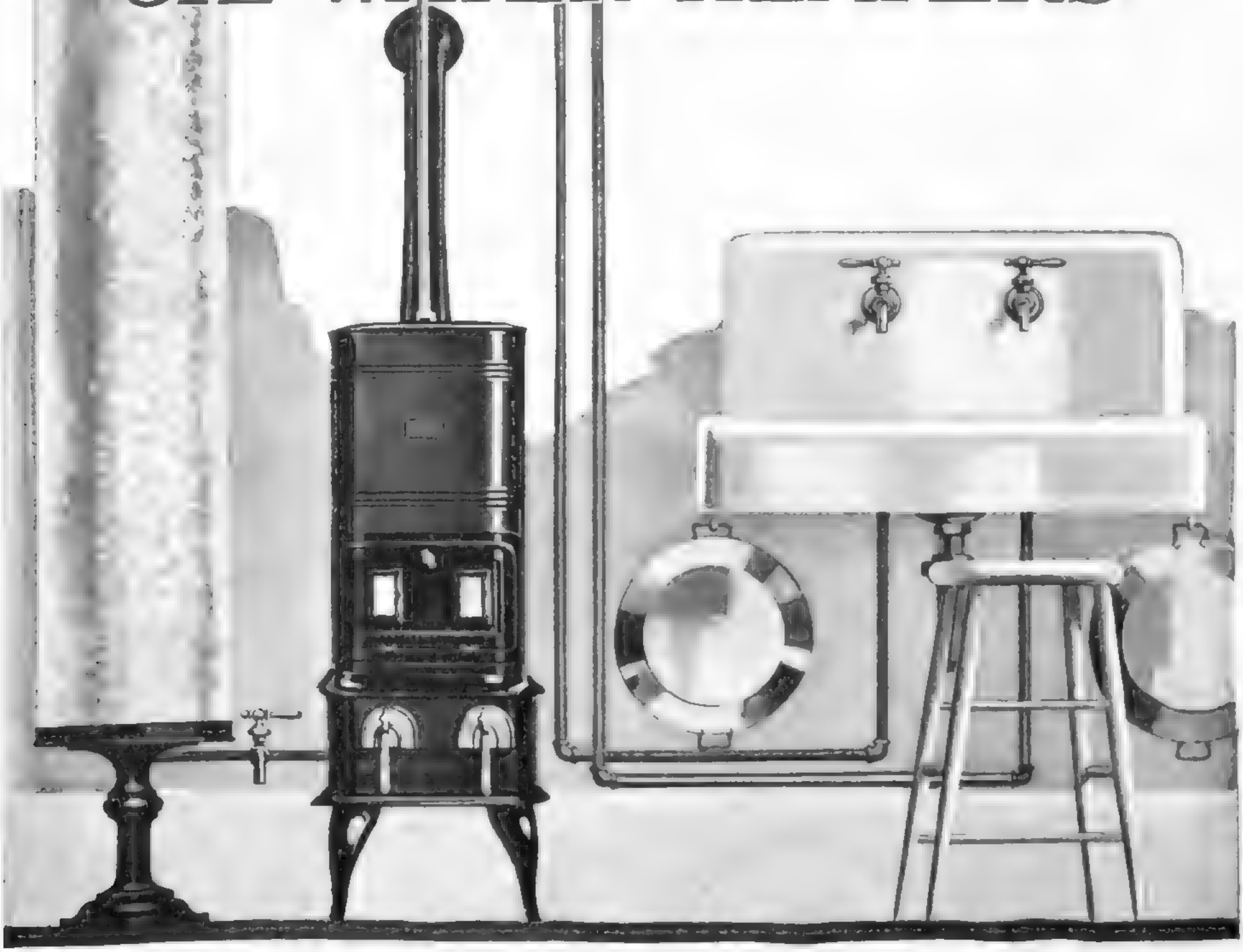
FLORENCE Automatic Oil Stoves are simple, economical and easy to operate. Turn a lever and apply a lighted match. A hot blue flame starts from the asbestos kindler. Intense heat is centered where you want it—close under the cooking. This means no waste heat and a cool kitchen. A lever regulates the flame from low to high. It only costs about 1½ cents per hour for a burner's most intense flame. The glass bull's-eye shows you the supply of oil in the tank. For best baking results use a Florence Oven. The glass oven door allows you to watch your baking. Florence Automatic Oil Stoves are sturdily built and fully guaranteed. Complete directions come with each stove.

Let the nearest Florence dealer demonstrate to you what a pleasant and happy place a Florence equipped kitchen is to work in.



FLORENCE

OIL WATER HEATERS



Plenty of Hot Water—No Trouble

HOT water—when you want it—in abundance. Simply turn a lever and apply a lighted match. Two burners center their intense blue flames directly on two spiral copper coils. Master plumbers praise the Florence "water leg" casting. It permits the water to be partially heated *before* it enters the coils, thus preventing condensation and the likelihood of water dripping into the burners. This patented feature is found only in the Florence Oil Water Heater.

You don't have to wait until all the water gets hot. You can draw off the hot *top* water in a few minutes. It only costs about 2 cents per hour to heat water for your bath, laundry or kitchen uses. Simple, sure, safe and strong, a Florence Oil Water Heater can be attached to any system connected with running water or a storage tank.

Have the nearest Florence dealer show you how these two Florence products will save labor, time and money in your kitchen.

CENTRAL OIL AND GAS STOVE COMPANY, 326 School Street, Gardner, Mass.

Made and sold in Canada by McClary's London, Canada

GOODELL-PRATT
1500 GOOD TOOLS

The age of good tools

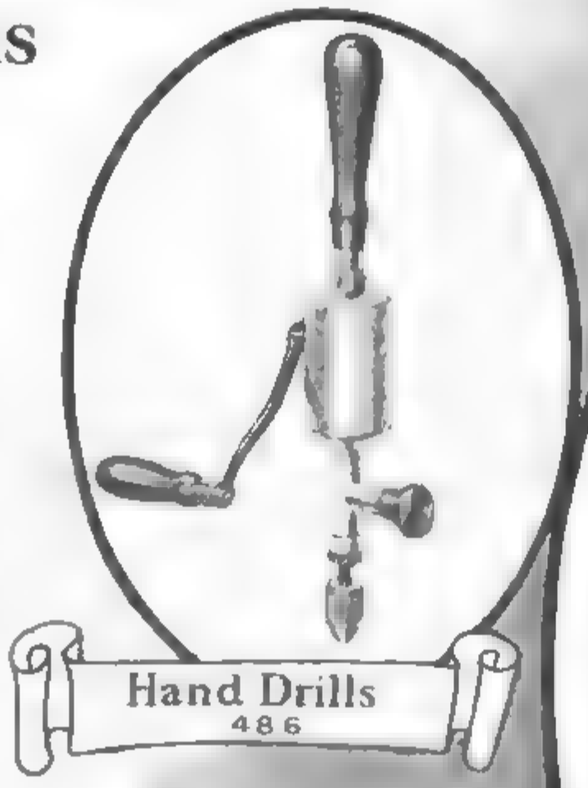
A TOOL is as good as it's made. One defective part will render it unfit for use.

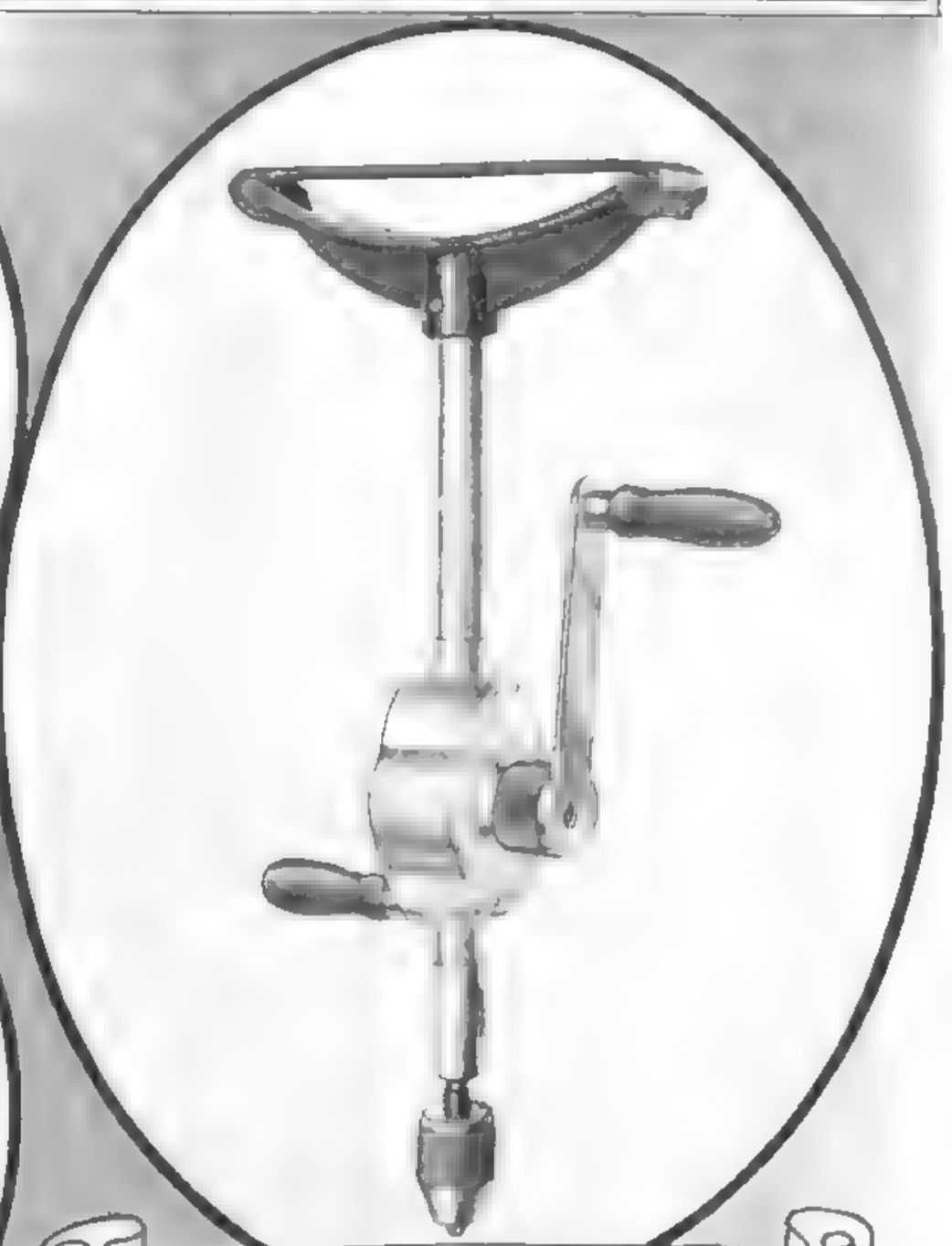
The Goodell-Pratt Company make 1500 different tools. They watch carefully each phase of their construction; they design accurately every part; they choose deliberately each material. They are proud of their reputation as toolsmiths; they consider each tool evidence of their ability.

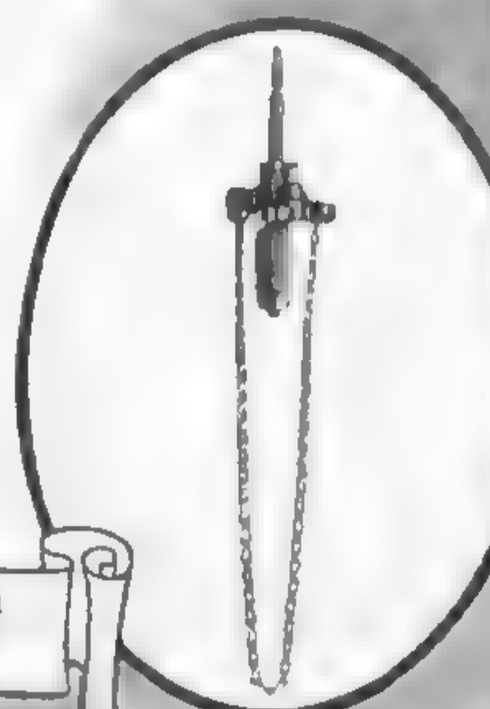
Mechanics the world over use Goodell-Pratt Tools. They choose Goodell-Pratt Tools because of their uncommon strength, correct design, simplicity and fair selling price.

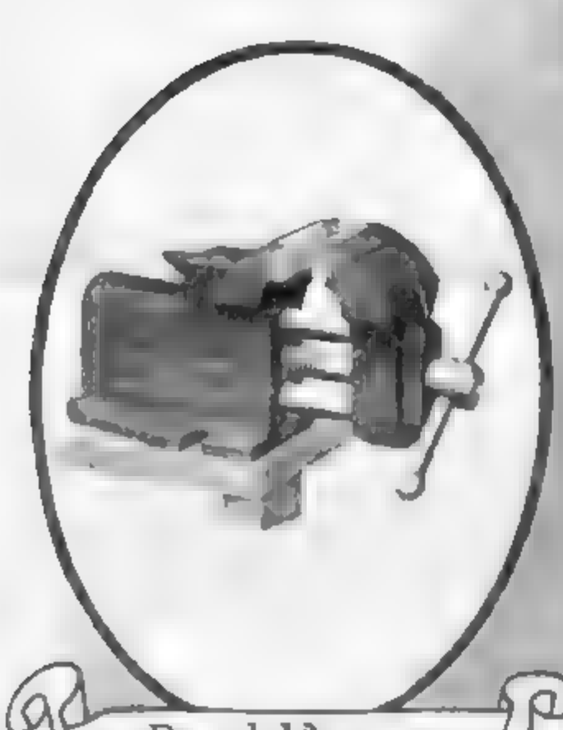
Send for the interesting little booklet, "The House That Jack Fixed"

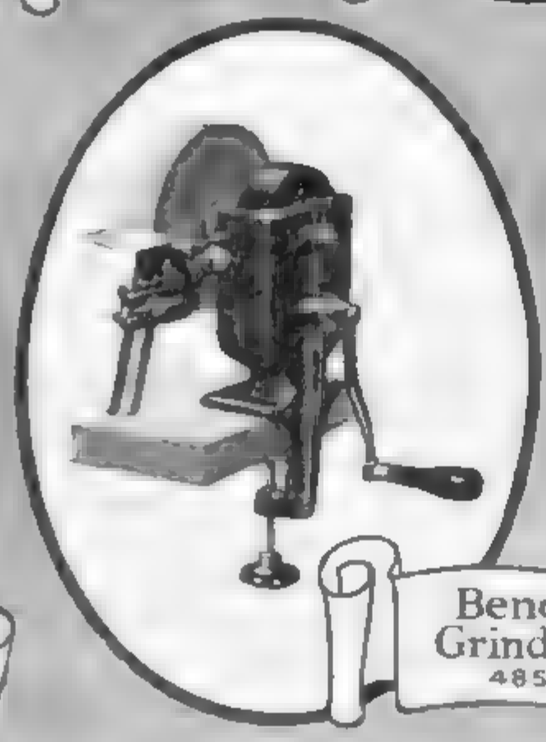
GOODELL-PRATT COMPANY
Toolsmiths
Greenfield, Mass., U. S. A.

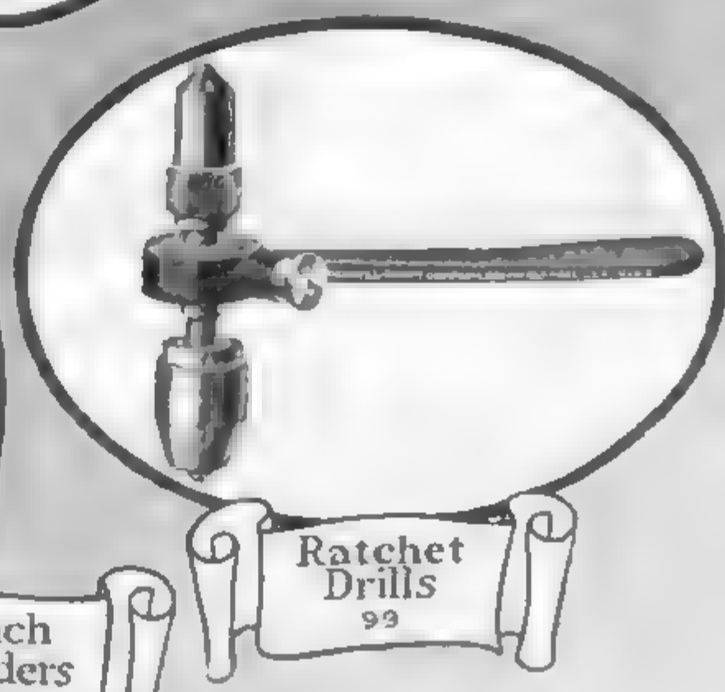

Hand Drills
486

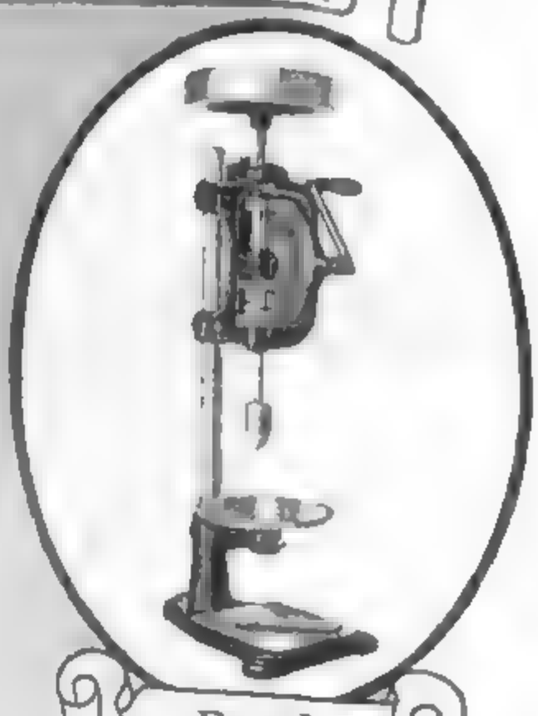

Breast Drills
279


Chain Drills
327


Bench Vises
168


Bench Grinders
485


Ratchet Drills
99


Bench Drills
492

GOODELL PRATT COMPANY *Toolsmiths* Greenfield, Mass., U. S. A.

(Concluded from Page 107)

artillery fire and Stokes mortar bombs and machine guns and one pounders. It was a beautiful bombardment, and the waves went forward with fine precision. The hills echoed to the screech of shells and the bark of rifle fire and the heavy crash of bombs.

Strung out along a road leading through a neighboring village stood scores of boches watching the show. Hundreds of others peered out of windows or huddled in their houses listening to the titanic tumult. It was their first experience of war's thunderbolts. We wondered what their thoughts might be!

The soldiers are busy from reveille to retreat. In addition to the drill and problems they are forever cleaning up the villages, and dipping mules and horses for mange, and washing wagons and trucks, and polishing harness. Yet they have time for sports, and already football matches have been arranged between the divisions. Horse shows and riding contests, boxing bouts and wrestling matches are also on the program for the winter months. And at night they have vaudeville shows by visitors or minstrel performances by their own talent.

It is a full he-life they lead, and the doughboys have never been so comfortably fixed since they left home. The chow is A1; they now have shoes and sufficient clothing; their billets excel any they have yet occupied; and they are in a clean, well-ordered country. If they cannot go back to America immediately they would rather be here than anywhere else. That is the situation. But if anybody in authority should suddenly yell "All aboard for Hoboken!" he would start a riot.

They are learning a lot of things over here too. It is true that they still feel a pronounced superiority over all Europeans, but it is gradually dawning on the more observant that there are other peoples in the world. Many will even confess that Europe can teach us considerable.

It cannot be said that our doughboys especially admire the French, much as they respect some of their achievements; but one French characteristic has made a deep impression—thrift. It ought really to be spelled in capitals to convey even a faint notion of the way the French practice it. Other peoples are reputed to be frugal. The Scotch have obtained some notoriety in this respect—you may remember Mark Twain's statement that there were a few Jews in Glasgow and one in Aberdeen, but they remained there solely because they couldn't earn enough money to leave. But when all is said and done, the French are in a class by themselves when it comes to husbanding the francs and half francs and centimes. They make a New England village money-lender look like a reckless spendthrift.

Learning From the Enemy

At first this all-pervading characteristic of our Allies roused sharp resentment and contempt among the soldiers. But after a while they learned to respect it—they had to in self-defense. And on the heels of respect came speculation as to whether frugality might not be a virtue.

The effect is becoming visible in their finance; they no longer accept change blindly, and have taken to inquiring the price. It is difficult to make over a spendthrift, but a careless man can acquire caution, and when the army returns home it will carry back new standards of thrift. For the doughboy has heard money talk in three languages.

No American likes to admit that he can learn anything from an enemy, but the men in the Army of Occupation will concede it in moments of frankness. Wherever they go they encounter numberless proofs of German thoroughness and attention to detail; the boches appear to have banished waste, and whatever invention or device they adopt from another country they improve. Many of their Rhine towns are model communities. Our soldiers compare them with places of equal size with which they are familiar, and ask themselves "Why can't we do it too?" They would not trade a village block in the United States for the city of Cologne, but they are not blind to the fact that we have not made the most of opportunities in our small towns.

I have a friend who claims to be an assistant cook but in reality is a K. P., and he sums up his impressions thusly:

"You don't see Heine standin' round with his hands in his pockets, waitin' for somebody to die so he can take it easy for the rest of his life, do you? No, sir-ree. He's out workin'. He's a regular workin' fool.

"In all the other foreign countries I been in they seem to do just as little as they can get by with. Their idea of a fine life is to come by a piece of money without sweatin' for it; or land a government job maybe and draw a pension in their old age. None of 'em that I ever met up with was very strong for this work stuff.

"But Heinie is busier'n an ant fourteen hours of the day. You never caught him knockin' off a coupla hours at noon for lunch with a war on his hands, and he never eased up to take his afternoon tea neither. That's why he come near lickin' 'em.

"These here people are more like us than any other people in Europe—I mean in the way they do things, and in their get-up-and-get. No wonder they cornered trade the way they done. I just naturally despise them, more now than ever on account of them quittin' cold the minute they begun to get the worst of it, but you got to hand it to them in a whole lot of things.

"Just take a look at that country! Can you beat it? Not a foot of land wasted, and everything as neat and clean as if the Old Man was comin' round to inspect next mornin'. Say, a boche could make a fat livin' off what one of our farmers lets lay. Yes, sir, when it comes to farmin' they got us beat a mile."

Pernicious Propaganda

"Of course there're lots of ways they're still a mile behind us—they never used automobiles and telephones like we do—but they're always snoopin' round to see if they can't improve on a thing. I've come across contraptions in their houses which was invented in America, but they'd turned out a better article.

"You go into any other country on this side of the Big Puddle and you'll find 'em sticking to their old ways in spite of hell. They don't want to learn no better. This was grandpa's way and it's good enough for them. But the dog-goned boches don't let what granddad did keep 'em from doing better—not by a long shot! The minute they see anything new they grab it. I bet they're picking up new wrinkles from this man's army right now."

One meets with a curious undercurrent of feeling among the soldiers that this was a rich man's war. Where they get the idea I don't know, but it is widespread, and there is no arguing them out of it. Frequently I have asked them to explain on what they based their conviction.

The answer has invariably been: "Well, it was, all right. It was a rich man's war, and the doughboys had to fight it."

Of course; the man with the pack and rifle has to fight every war. It is he who wins or loses. To him should go all the credit. Sometimes he wins through able leadership, and sometimes in spite of leadership.

At this writing the Peace Conference is sitting in Paris and we get rumblings from there now and again. The news is very meager and everybody is pessimistic as to the outcome. The soldier scents a squabble.

"They'll be backing up the ambulances soon," is his comment.

The A. E. F. discerned which way the wind was blowing soon after the armistice was signed. It became immediately apparent that the Allies were not in accord on all the points subscribed to when the situation was desperate, and that several countries entertained ambitions in victory which were not voiced in the days of reverses. In short, anybody with half an eye could see that the same old star-chamber diplomacy was trying to control and the old system of grab threatened to shape the terms of settlement.

America's claims and program for peace were steadily pushed into the background by the reactionaries from the moment the need of her military aid passed. All sorts of jockeying was indulged in, whose sole motive was to weaken her position at the peace table and diminish the prestige which her share in the war had won for her among the European peoples.

I had thought that the soldiers who had fought for the peace of the world would be up on their toes with concern for the peace treaty; but they display a singular apathy. Their job was to fight. Having accomplished it they seem content to let diplomacy arrange the terms of settlement. Apparently they consider these matters to belong to a field apart, that international boundaries and indemnities and the conditions under which the nations must live in future can be safely left in the hands of statesmen and politicians. Most of the senior officers in the army display a keen interest in what is passing in Paris, but the younger element and the soldiers in the ranks don't bother their heads about the Peace Conference at all.

So far as the future peace of the world is concerned it matters little, I think, what the council in Paris decides. That may sound like a wild Shawism, but it is literally true. They may make solemn covenants and pledge themselves to this and that; they may put their signatures to treaties and group and regroup the nations as they see fit—but what does it all come to? What of their agreements and alliances and treaties when a great power or a couple of them decide to break loose? We have seen since 1914 what treaties mean.

The only thing that can prevent war is the education of the masses of the people—and by education I don't mean academic studies or technical training but propaganda. The nations must know one another better; they must be kept informed of the truth of all international affairs and moves.

All national wars are based on propaganda. Time was when a king or princeling or some other little panoplied It could launch a war against a neighboring state at his own free will, but those were merely campaigns involving small forces, made up mostly of professional soldiers and freebooters; they never had the nations behind them. In modern times it has been found impossible to carry on a war without the power of the nation behind its armies.

Consequently a new weapon has been employed, the most powerful weapon of all—propaganda. What advertising is to business, so is propaganda to the war makers. It is the very backbone and the lifeblood of their projects.

By skillful use of it they can form the opinions of peoples; they can sow distrust and jealousy and hate; they can breed fear, which is the father of wars; they can so prepare the spirit of a nation that nothing but a spark is needed to set it ablaze. The propaganda can be so insidious that few can detect its drift, much less its source.

It may be fed to the young in jingoistic schoolbooks and instilled in them by their teachers, as in the case of the Germans. It may creep into a nation's literature or it may be served up by the press, as we do in America and in Great Britain and France. Often it lurks in the moving pictures. Lecturers and politicians and clergymen spread it—usually unconsciously and in perfect sincerity. Rarely the propaganda takes the form of direct approach; it prefers to follow bewildering bypaths; and even seems to be heading against its own purposes now and again; but always the goal is the same. And in time it gets results. Public opinion is molded; the public mind is ripe for the stroke.

Again and again I have seen a nation stampeded by lies. Do you suppose that the boches were not perfectly sincere in their belief that they were waging a war of defense for the Fatherland? How was that accomplished? By generations of propaganda; by teaching the children that Germany was surrounded by enemies ready and eager to devour her.

The Seeds of Another War

Since 1914 I have seen our people lashed into frenzy again and again by stories which I knew to be lies—by others which were only half truths—by vitriolic lecturers who didn't know what they were talking about and had swallowed everything handed to them in Europe. That sort of propaganda was probably necessary to rouse the nation to its maximum effort; perhaps it was also necessary to instill the same sort of hate into our troops, though I doubt it, for in my opinion the doughboy needs no spurring to make him fight.

But what of the future? What about the after effects of this hate propaganda? How does it gibe with universal peace and a League of Nations? In it lie the seeds of another war.

Now that we have won and there is nothing to be gained by a continuance of the policy except the promotion of the objects of war makers, isn't it time that the people learned the truth about all this hate stuff with which they have been dosed so plentifully?

The great mass of them never know a tenth of what is going on behind the scenes. If they did they would rise in their wrath and sweep away all the miserable plotting and scheming and selfish tricksters.

Understand me—my remarks apply to every country. You cannot safely abolish war preparations in one without abolishing them in all. That would be leaving the unprepared at the mercy of the others.

But peoples are prepared for war by propaganda. Then why not prepare them for peace by propaganda? Nobody has the hardihood to claim that the masses of any nation would ever want to go to war of their own accord. They are too busy; they have too many other interests. They know, too, who will have to bear the burdens and the horrors.

One of these days when the censorship has been removed and peace reigns again on earth, I intend to tell what I know about war propaganda. If I can strike one good blow toward toppling the monstrous god of war my life will not have been lived in vain. For war is the foulest, most shameful and insane business in which the human race indulges.

The General's Lesson

About twoscore doughboys were gathered in the café of a *Gasthaus* the other night in a small Rhineland town. One of them was reading a paper.

"Listen here!" he cried, and quoted what Maj.-Gen. Leonard Wood said in his Kansas speech concerning the need of universal service.

The soldiers listened attentively. Some grinned; others grunted; a few grew thoughtful.

"So they're springing that already, hey?" remarked a machine gunner; and that started them. They were almost unanimously against universal service.

"What's the use of settin' up the same system we've been fightin' to kill?" one argued. "I'm scared of it. Might be all right for a while, and do some good. Sure, it's a fine thing to build a kid up and learn him discipline—but I tell you it's like gettin' a bull by the tail. You don't know where the Sam Hill he'll take you."

In the last two months I have mingled with the men of this army every day, and I find that to be the general verdict on universal service. A number are in doubt; a percentage are in favor of it; but the great bulk oppose it strongly. They have no alternative to offer—such men decide a question on what they consider its merits and let the solution take care of itself.

The soldiers are fed up on military service. Even some of those who see a need for universal training don't want it if the system is to be applied to them.

"Sure, I'm for it," they say, "if the other guys have to do it and I don't."

The opportunity afforded by our comparatively easy triumph is too good for the supporters of universal service to neglect, and they are already busy over here just as they are at home.

A group of correspondents was standing near the Porta Nigra in Trier one night in early December—near that noble gateway built by the Roman conquerors. A soft moon shone in the heavens. Suddenly they heard the rhythmic tramp of feet on the stone pavement of the principal street, and along came a battalion of American infantry, heads bent under the packs, bound toward the Rhine.

The men marched in silence. The rippling column passed like a phantom army.

Out from the adjacent Hôtel Porta Nigra stepped a brigadier general. He gazed at the disappearing column and turned to the correspondents.

"I've thought of a great story," he remarked to one of them.

"Yes?"

"Yes. As I looked up at that beautiful moon and then at those soldiers marching into this proud old city I was reminded of the lesson it should teach. It is a lesson that our own people ought to learn."

"What is the lesson, general?"

"Why, the lesson of preparedness! Here is a conquering army coming to occupy the boches' country."

The correspondent scratched his nose thoughtfully. "But, general, that conquering army belongs to what was the least prepared of all the big nations and the boches had the finest war machine ever built up."

The brigadier stared a moment, then turned on his heel.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed in disgust. "I don't want to talk to you at all!"

Flags indicate 18 refineries and works producing Gargoyle Lubricants

A new science writes its mark across the faces of two hemispheres. The last 50 years have been called the Mechanical Age. The 50 years ahead will bring the age of Mechanical Efficiency.

In 1913 an international conference of Vacuum Oil Company executives

GARGOYLE

Lubricants

A grade for each type of service

VACUUM OIL COMPANY *Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world* NEW YORK, U.S.A.

Pins indicate some of the more important of the 250 ports where Gargoyle Lubricants are stocked

and engineers from 14 countries finalized the lubrication ideal—the right oil in the right place in the right way.

Lubrication as developed by the Vacuum Oil Company became a science which has opened the way to a new mechanical efficiency for the age ahead.

The work must go on.

GARGOYLE

Lubricants

A grade for each type of service

VACUUM OIL COMPANY — *Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery Obtainable everywhere in the world* — NEW YORK, U.S.A.

The Honor Symbol of Honest Products Guarantying Satisfaction and Service

THE fast-growing popularity of Carpenter-Morton Economy Products has presented the necessity of binding the entire line with some distinctive trade-mark for *your* protection against imitations.

We have therefore affixed to each product our 76-year-old quality mark as illustrated above. It is our honor symbol and wherever you see it you can be sure that the product to which it is attached is *guaranteed* to give you satisfaction—that it is a genuine Carpenter-Morton Economy Product that anyone can use. Read below the details of a few of this famous family of money savers. Buy those you want from your regular dealer. If he cannot supply you, we will send any one or all upon receipt of price.

COLORITE—The Economy Product that has enabled millions of women to have new appearing straw hats for little cost.

Sold by Drug and Department Stores throughout the United States and Canada at 30c. Mailed postpaid if your dealer cannot supply you. Be sure to name color you want.

COLORITE Comes in Sixteen Colors

Directions on each box for mixing to obtain most any shade

Jet Black	**Navy Blue**	**Cerise**	**Lavender**
Dull Black	**Cadet Blue**	**Burnt Straw**	**Old Rose**
Cardinal Red	**Victory Blue**	**Brown**	**Gray**
Yellow	**Sage Green**	**Violet**	**Natural**

CAMPBELL'S VARNISH STAIN—A superior finish for floors, furniture and interior surfaces—dissolves grease spots, penetrates the wood fibre and never settles in the can. Comes in fourteen colors:

Natural Wood Color	**Golden Oak**	**Mahogany**	**Rosewood**
Light Oak	**Walnut**	**Dark Mahogany**	**Flat Black**
Dark Oak	**Cherry**	**Green**	**Gloss Black**
	Piazza Red	**Piazza Green**	

½ pint trial size 40c.

CARMOTE WHITE—A virgin white finish of the highest possible quality. Elastic, durable and washable. Can be used equally well on metal, plaster, wood or any surface, interior or exterior, where a white finish is desirable. ½ pint trial size 60c

CARMOTE LIQUID WAX—Makes your floor or automobile brilliant without hard rubbing. Costs less than paste wax, never gets gummy and will not collect dust. Fine for linoleum. Easily removes the bluish film from pianos, Victrolas and mahogany furniture. ½ pint trial size 45c.

CARMOTE AUTOMOBILE COLOR VARNISH—A practical product by which the automobile owner can easily refinish his car and be satisfied with the results. Ready for use. Sets slowly, permitting even the novice to secure an even, satisfactory job. Dries in 24 hours with a beautiful lustre that will withstand weather and wear. Made in ten popular colors, in ½ pints, pints and quarts. Prices and color card upon request.

CARMOTE FLOOR FINISH—A superior floor finish that has earned its place among the Carpenter-Morton Economy Products by satisfactory results. Dries hard in fourteen hours, will not scratch or mar under the hardest usage and never turns white. Made to walk on. In pints, quarts and gallons. Prices on request.

Insist upon getting a Carpenter-Morton Economy Product and we will guarantee you satisfaction.

CARPENTER-MORTON COMPANY

Established 1840

Makers of the Famous Economy Products

77 SUDBURY STREET - - - BOSTON, MASS.

Canadian Distributor—A. RAMSAY & SON CO., Montreal

THE BLOOMING ANGEL

(Continued from Page 17)

California, and that five thousand you lent us has swelled up to five millions. Isn't it five millions, Chester?"

"Seven," reported her financial head briefly.

"He's won-derful at figures. Chester, how many skin specialists do we employ in our institutes all over the country?"

"A hundred and twenty-two."

"Just listen at him! And everything's in proportion. And that's why we've come to you, Judge Haroran."

"To me? I'm charmed."

"You see the colonel's public duties have kept him pretty much on the Coast. But when the Golden Poppy Society heard that we were intending to make New York our headquarters they came round to us and fairly begged to be allowed to give the colonel a testimonial banquet."

Judge Haroran looked surprised; not half so surprised as Chester A. Framm felt at that moment.

"I've been away from California for seven years," he confessed. "What is this Golden Poppy Society?"

"I thought ev-erybody had heard of the Golden Poppy Society," she murmured, looking truly disappointed. "It's quite a new organization—just being formed by people who have come away from the Coast. Object: To make Californians feel at home in New York."

"I feel slighted not to have been asked," intimated Haroran with a wink at Chester.

"I'll have them put your name down right away."

"Ah. When is this testimonial banquet to be held?"

"On the eighteenth of October," she replied without the least hesitation. "It's to be held in the Merlinbilt banquet hall; or possibly in the Waldoria or the Fitz-Caldron. That hasn't been decided. But the main point is you."

"Me?" he queried, forgetting his Supreme-Courtly grammar.

"It's a sort of delicate point, judge. Honest, I don't know how to begin."

Plainly she was confused by her own audacity, for one of her most becoming blushes suffused her cheeks. Judge Haroran leaned over and stroked her hand, a fatherly caress.

"You surely wouldn't be bashful with me!" he coaxed.

"There! You've made it better, old dear. Now I'm going to say it all in one breath. The Golden Poppies want your name to head the list of patrons, but they didn't have the nerve to ask. And I insisted, sort of, so they told me that I'd have to do it. So here we are. It was a mean trick to play on me, judge, and if you feel like sentencing me and the colonel for sixty-five or seventy days ——"

A secretarial young man had now intruded upon the conversation and stood conspicuously apart, in the way secretarial young men have.

"What is it, Sherman?" asked the great man, truly annoyed at the interruption.

"Judge Wimbleton, sir."

"Oh, yes. Tell him I'll be right in." Then he returned to the subject of interest. "So they made you do the hard work, my dear? Well, well!"

"And will you?" she pleaded breathlessly.

"Cer-tainly! Cer-tainly! What date did you say?"

"October eighteenth. Aren't you a dar-ling?"

Judge Haroran smiled reminiscently. Probably she had said just that the day he signed the check.

"H-m. Use my name delighted And you'll excuse me, won't you?"

"How can you be so nice and be a lawyer?" cooed Flossie, rising with him

"It has been done," he admitted, giving his illustrious hands to both the Framms at once.

And here was where Floss really delivered her stroke:

"If I had the nerve to ask—you won't kill me, will you?"

"Girl-slaughter is one of the luxuries denied the Supreme Court," he grinned.

"Well, do you think you would have time to come and sit at the speakers' table and make a speech?"

The white mice, which had remained dormant during most of the parley, now began leaping one over the other, threatening escape from the judicial forehead.

"My dear," he growled, "what in the world would I speak about?"

"Oh, I could think up a speech."

"Ah. And what would it be, my dear?"

"The Supreme Court has just passed a thingumajig to discourage those horrid patent-medicine fakers. Suppose you talk about that."

The secretarial young man had again encroached and stood suggestively at the threshold.

"I'll be here until Friday," said Judge Haroran. "Good morning and you may use my name on the program."

When the Framms got out into the hall they moved silently upon the lift, which they took up to the eleventh floor, the scene of their apartment.

"What's this Golden Poppy Society?" grumbled Chester as soon as they had got out on the landing.

"It's me," said Floss. "I thought it up while we were going down in the elevator."

They found The Spiggoty waiting patiently, as the Framm press agent should, in the drawing-room of their suite. It was a fashionable Spig now, addicted to robin's-egg-blue collars and tan-topped shoes, adornments becoming to his Latin type of beauty. He had represented the Framm publicity in the East for many years, hence had become a sturdy Broadwayite.

"Spig!" shouted Floss, pulling off her smart headpiece and waving it till the blue velvet fell out of the crown. "Hell is popping out of Harlem. Let's jazz!"

She fell into his deft embrace and together they executed a few steps of the latest contortion.

"Whose life have you been spoiling now?" asked the Spaniard as soon as he had recovered his breath.

"Chester's," she announced enthusiastically. "The Golden Poppy Society of California is going to tender him a grand testimonial banquet on the evening of October eighteenth."

"The Golden which?"

"Poppy Society. It isn't formed yet."

"Well, who's going to form it?"

"You are."

"Am I?"

"Yeppy! Right away. What are we paying you twelve thousand a year for? Therefore you must go forth into the byways and shyways and pick up all the Californians you find loose—most of 'em are. I give you forty-eight hours. Sort 'em out, dust 'em off, find out who's the richest and make him president. Then say that Supreme Court Justice Haroran and the Hon. William H. Barbour want the society to give Chester a banquet."

"Barbour's never said he would lend his name," was Chester's comment.

"He will," was Flossie's.

"Man can die but once," was The Spiggoty's.

So together they put on their hats and went out into the world.

Floss came back with William H. Barbour's scalp and other trophies at the dressing hour that night.

"He was a crosspatch," she informed Chester as her maid was hooking her into a pink thing with an exaggerated V in the back. "But I told him that Judge Haroran was to be speaker of the evening and that you had made your start in life—ahem!—by winning the William H. Barbour medal. The old thing looks like a giant ground sloth. If he ever runs for President again I'm going to vote the socialist ticket. But he's fallen in love with me—the way prehistoric mammals fell in love with the top leaves on carboniferous palms. Ain't that a grand word?"

"And he lent his name?" shouted Chester from the other room, where he was having his lawn tie caressed by a Japanese valet.

"Sure! He wouldn't let the Supreme Roar get ahead of him. But when I asked him to speak he showed his buck teeth and I got out before he began nibbling the feathers off my hat. And I've seen all the banquet halls in New York. There's one in the Waldoria with a picture of Venus and Apollonaris spraddled all over the ceiling. I'm sure it was painted by a German, it's so vulgar and homelike."

"Which one are we going to take?" asked Chester, who, his evening tie having been knotted, appeared beside his wife's mirror.

"All the hotel proprietors are jealous as opera singers. You never saw the beat of it! I really believe if we keep it up they'll pay us to give that banquet. It seems they lose money every night their banquet halls are empty, and when I told them I wanted one they followed me round like regular Romeos. One of the proprietors—the fat one with the nice eyes—offered to supply a list of people. But the manager of the Merlinbilt was the wildest of the lot. He promised to furnish all the printing, including twenty-five hundred invitations and souvenir menus with your photo in a frame of golden poppies. I think we'll choose the Merlinbilt, after all."

"And the matter of guests?" suggested the practical-minded Framm.

"Jersey is full of people who do nothing but sit round waiting for the next banquet. Five dollars a plate is nothing to them. The manager says he knows a Tammany Hall assemblyman who wants to be governor. Won't we have the grand speeches?"

"I'll see a nose-and-throat specialist in the morning," soliloquized Chester, "and have him make sure that my"—he almost said hay fever—"my condition is all right. Then I'll go to work composing my speech."

"What are you going to talk about, Old Brutal?"

She had been turning her vain little head from left to right, but he could see that her reflection was studying him from the mirror.

"Ahem. The Secret of Success."

"The Secret of Success!"

She turned and struck a pompous pose.

"Great Scott! Haven't you got over mocking me?"

"Kiss me quick—and let's go down to dinner. The Spiggoty's brought his new wife. Jealous little dog, he just married her to spite me! Then we'll have the Hector Macawbers and the Phil Jasons. Oh, gosh!"

She breathed deep.

The Macawbers and the Jasons were rich people on the fringe of society, whom the Framms had encountered in a business way. Briefly, they were large stockholders in the perfumery trust.

"Light stuff!" remarked Chester, studying the public manner so soon to be his by right.

"Aren't they! We're going to leap from roof to roof all night, stopping to dance wherever it's noisiest. I'm wild to dance! I want to whirl and whirl till I'm sick for the rest of my natural life. Hurry up, pokums! I seem to be always waiting for you to finish dressing."

Which was justice as administered by Florabel Framm.

XIV

THIS is not an account of a public execution, but I am forced to admit that, as would befit an execution, the morning of October eighteenth dawned clear and cold and the prisoner after a restless night awoke early and ate a hearty breakfast of ham and eggs.

"You ought to stop going over that thing," Flossie told him, remarking that his lips were moving over his coffee cup. "A real bright actor once told me that the more you say your part over the worse you get. He said that once he was playing Shakspere or Omar Khayyam—some grand play—and he'd been saying his speech over to himself so long that he forgot how to talk, so they had to ring down the curtain in the middle of the big automobile scene because ——"

"Don't!" groaned the miserable creature.

"Don't what?" She dropped the morning paper and looked truly alarmed. "There! If you don't get your mind off that oration you'll have a gallstone attack or something. Let's be cheerful in spite of the banquet. Did you see the lovely, lovely souvenir menu cards the management is getting out? Take it home and try it on your piano."

She fluttered over to a table and brought back two samples of the Merlinbilt's sumptuary art, and one of these she dropped on the table beside the nervous prisoner's ham and eggs.

Chester was aware of the blue-and-gold marvel which framed his own features, wonderfully reproduced in soft brown tints. It was a fine portrait of a man, thought Chester, and should he make good to-night the likeness would serve splendidly to advertise the new senator from California or our next ambassador to the Court of St. James. On the first inside page there swam before his eyes the pompous list which was to make the occasion notable.

PATRONS OF HONOR

MR. JUSTICE MICHAEL HENRY HARORAN
HON. WILLIAM H. BARBOUR
BARON DA CAMOENS
BARONESS DA CAMOENS
DR. SERGIUS VAN DER MEER
SIG. HENRICI CRUSOE
THE EARL OF DUFF
LADY DUFF

"The Spiggoty tells me," Floss enthused at this interval, "that this is the finest list of patrons that never came to a banquet."

"You mean to say they're not coming!" Chester said this with a tone of relief.

"Mister Simple! Patrons of honor never go to the dinners they patronize. They just put down their names and go to the movies. But Spig's arranged it so that all the papers will say: 'Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. William H. Barbour, the Earl and Earless of Duff—whole tribes of famous people. Just keep your mind on that, boss. Two or three ex-Presidents, a whole flock of colonels, the world's champion middleweight tenor, ambassadors of every shape, size and color. And then I've loaned twenty-two of my ball gowns, and Ethel Macawber's loaned twelve and Belle Jason four ——"

"Furnishing clothes for the patronesses?" he grunted, his mind still wild with the details of that speech.

"Somebody's got to sit in the galleries—haven't you thought of that? Spig and I fixed it. Belle and Ethel have loaned all their servants and told them to bring friends."

"I see"

"And tickets! Goob, we've got to crush seven million people into a room that holds less than five hundred. Of course we'll be raided by the police. Won't it be furious?"

The telephone rang.

"Hello, Spig!" crowed Florabel into the mouthpiece. "Yeppy! . . . Oh, he's all right, except his lips—they're sort of blue. . . . I know, it's a disgrace the way we'll have to overcrowd them. . . . What's that? Open up the Klondike gamblers' annex next door and hold an overflow?

"That's a grandiloquent thought, old lovely. Be here at eleven-thirty and we'll hang the bunting. Good-by."

"I'm going out," gulped Chester A. Framm.

"That's right, sweetheart. Walk and ride and jump into the river. Go see your eye-nose-ear-throat-lung-and-brain specialist, but don't fail to get back by six. I've got to hang you all over with clothes to-night."

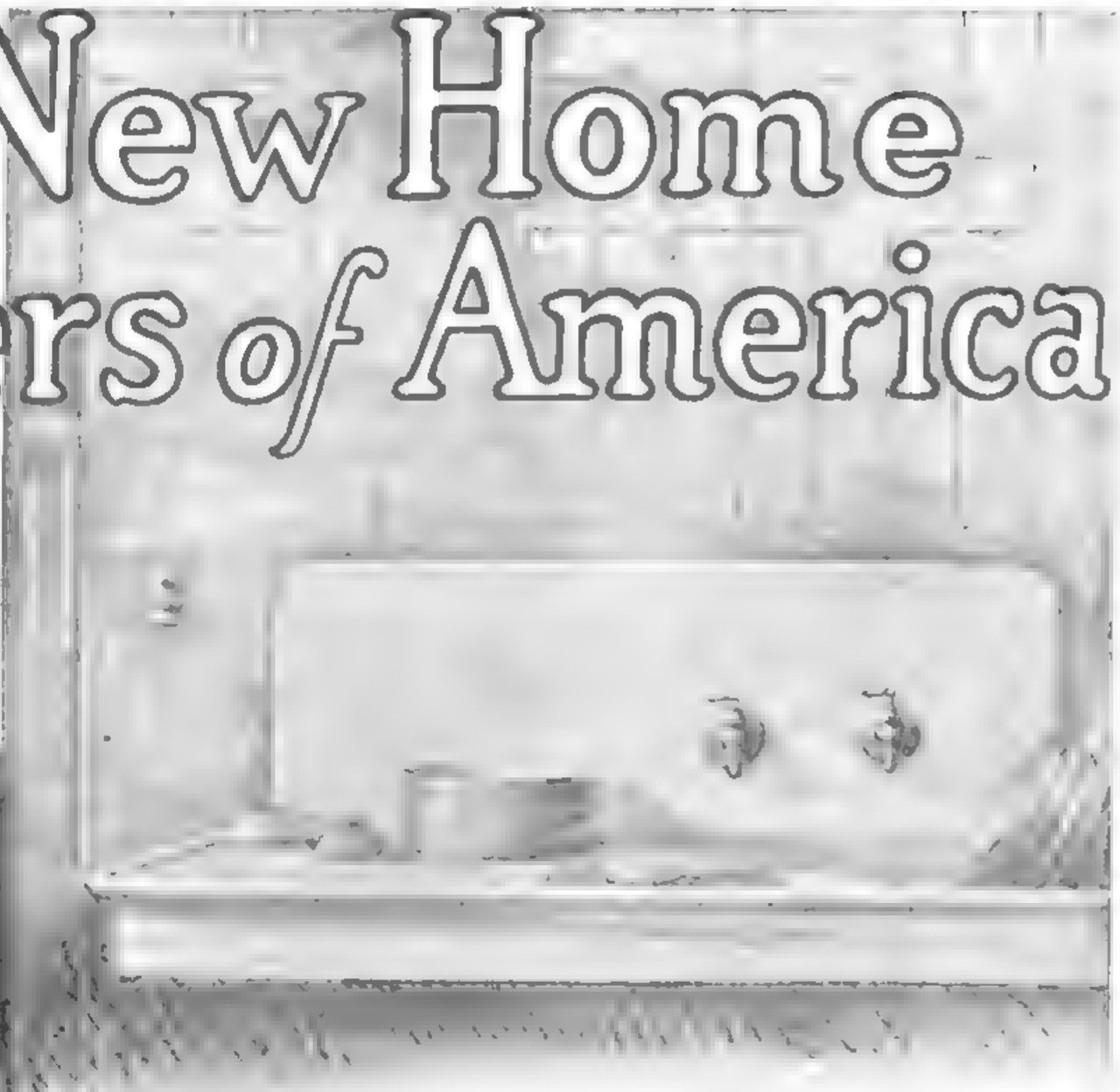
It was evident that Floss was taking her excitement in her own particular way.

Chester went moodily forth, a prey to anxiety on the eve of greatness. His destination was the specialist of innumerable talents whom his wife had mentioned, but his walk that morning was a meandering affair. The past few weeks had been audacious weeks and Chester had a feeling that he was getting run down and needed a rest in some quiet island where even the birds were forbidden to sing. How the efficient Spiggoty had formed, almost overnight, the now vigorous Golden Poppy Society; how he had pitted a California real-estate operator and a California congressman one against the other in the race for the Poppies' presidency; how deftly Floss had dined Mr. Junius McKonkle, made him president of the Poppies and wheedled him into the Framm-testimonial idea; how Floss had used the great names of Barbour and Haroran as loadstones to draw to her other great names; how the newspapers had taken up the enterprise, now in satire, now in praise—all this had become ancient history to him.

His principal thought was upon himself, his speech. Even at this late date there were certain points where the oration could be bettered by a few local touches perhaps—or reference to the national situation. The most eminent platform favorites had a way of passing gracefully from the general to the particular. Possibly his style was a little severe and classic. Possibly it would have been better had he borrowed a few of Flossie's epigrams—the one about

(Continued on Page 119)

To The New Home Builders of America



THERE is no need for your young wife to drudge in the kitchen as our mothers used to do.

The new way—the easier way—the time and step-saving way—is to put into your home a Napanee Dutch Kitchenet.

The Dutch Kitchenet is the supreme achievement in kitchen cabinets.

In construction the Dutch Kitchenet is a masterpiece of the cabinetmaker's art.

Every Napanee Dutch Kitchenet is equipped with an amazing array of absolutely handy kitchen conveniences.

It is a complete systematizer of kitchen activities. Its conception is the product of trained experts. No detail has been neglected.

The presence of a Dutch Kitchenet in your kitchen is the beginning of happiness.

Every man who has an interest in his home and in the comfort of wife, mother, or family, will see to it that a Dutch Kitchenet is a part of the household equipment.

NAPANEE DUTCH KITCHENET

COPPES BROTHERS AND ZOOK NAPPANEE INDIANA

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Sold by First Class Dealers Everywhere

Model "A"

The cost is within the reach of everybody starting a home.

There are various models and prices.

At the right we give a list of the special features of the Napanee Dutch Kitchenet. There is a Dutch Kitchenet dealer in nearly every city. If you cannot find such a dealer, write us direct. We will send you our illustrated booklet, which tells all about the Napanee Dutch Kitchenet.

Special Features of the Napanee Dutch Kitchenet

Selected Oak Exterior
Satin Coffee Oak Color
White Maple Interior in Base Section.
White Enamel Interior in Upper Cupboards.
Rounded Corners and Edges.
Aluminum or Porcelain Sliding Table.
Large Kneading Board.
Block of Food Chopper.
Large Drawer Partitioned for Knives, Flour Box.
Ventilated Non-rusting Metal Bread Box.
Sliding Bottom in Base.
Smooth Dust-proof Curtain.
Dust-proof Drawers.
Will not warp, crack or shrink.
Absolutely sanitary and easy to clean.
Scientifically Ventilated. Cooling Compartment in Base

Dealers will be interested in our exclusive agency proposition.

Coppes Bros. & Zook

Nappanee - Indiana

Manufacturers of the famous Dutch Kitchenet

STICK TO Cinco - IT'S SAFE

I believe that, Dad—much more even than I did a year ago when you first told it to me, because in France I didn't have the spending money that I was accustomed to back here—it was up to me to spend carefully and buy wisely. Wherever possible, I confined myself to CINCO and I noticed the Officers, right up to Colonels and the bigger brass collars, were just as much CINCO inclined as I was.

CINCO quality is hard to beat, and believe me, Dad, when I can get genuine cigar satisfaction for seven cents, I am not going to squander money on dude cigars to satisfy false pride. From now on, Dad, you and I will "Stick to Cinco—it's safe."

7 cents—to preserve the quality

OTTO EISENLOHR & BROS., INCORPORATED
PHILADELPHIA
ESTABLISHED 1850

(Continued from Page 115)

the New York Subway playing whale to five million Jonahs. Undignified.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the Golden Poppy Society: It is with mingled pain and joy that I stand before you to-night and acknowledge the high compliment which, in my heart of hearts, I know that I have done so little to deserve "

"Hear! Hear!" a mocking echo of Floss was shouting in his ears.

"—— pain because this glimpse of so many dear home faces awakens in my breast sad memories of happy hours now forever vanished and gone."

He had gone over this paragraph on an average of thirty times a day for the last twenty days. "How many times does that make, old Nuisance?" Floss would have asked him just to test his arithmetical genius. He had never uttered the speech in Floss' hearing. What he needed after all was sympathy and understanding. For instance, what comfort it would have given him could he have laid the case before his wife, secure in the feeling that she would know and help! Hadn't he put too much stress on the pain he was hypothetically confessing at the sight of so many faces of bygone days? Possibly a joyous note! How was it that Floss had expressed the Subway and Jonah? Oh for a true counselor out of his difficulty! Carlotta. . . .

It was some minutes after one o'clock when he finished his reverie and limped into the office of the helpful throat-and-nose specialist.

Half past six. Chester slouched back to his apartment in the Merlinbilt, and it enraged him somehow to find Flossie mirthfully passing cocktails to The Spiggoty and The Spiggoty's bride. Already they were rigged like the clipper Ben Harrow. Mrs. De Silva, a lithe saucer-eyed blonde, had been married out of the chorus, and in order to maintain her new status she behaved in a manner which was dignified to the verge of paralysis.

"The funeral is almost begun and the corpse not dressed yet!" Floss began it almost before he had come into the room.

"Floral tributes a mile high," chipped in The Spiggoty, whose manner toward Chester sometimes held an annoying remnant of Gamma superiority.

"Flowers!" moaned Chester.

The telephone rang, smothering further protests.

"You answer it, Spig," drawled Floss, still pleased to see her dark adorer waiting on her.

De Silva sprang to the receiver. His bride stiffened slightly.

"What's the name, please? . . . Oh! J. Fawcett Tweed? Yes, Mr. Tweed." The Spiggoty turned and winked at his audience. . . . "No, he isn't in. . . . I can't say, Mr. Tweed. Sorry. . . . Good-by."

"J. Fawcett Tweed!" gurgled The Spiggoty as he smote his sides and came back to the table.

"What does he want?" asked Floss, apparently not understanding the situation.

"To make a speech," declared De Silva, and gurgled some more.

"Clown! What did you snub him for? Who knows what? Possibly State Senator Plother'll break down or fall in a faint. Maybe we'll need help ——"

"From that bum?" upspoke The Spiggoty in scorn and derision. "Do you know what Tweed is? Broken-down shyster, disbarred, thrown out of every club in New York. Why, for twenty-five dollars he'd ——"

A knock at the door.

"Come in!" sang out the Framms in unison.

A page brought in an envelope on a silver tray. It was a sample of the Merlinbilt's best pearl-gray stationery, and Floss after breaking the seal smiled faintly and handed it over to her husband. It was scrawled in an untidy, shaky hand. A dissipated rather than an old hand, he would have said had he been any chirographer.

"*Distinguished Sir:* Knowing that every moment is of value to you I will not detain you with protestations. But probably you will recognize my name and see in me one who may be of benefit upon this occasion. I am ready at a moment's notice to deliver a speech of any length and upon any designated topic. I can recite from the poems of James Whitcomb Riley or my own humorous compositions. I have a repertoire of inimitable anecdotes and my eulogistic themes are unexcelled. My terms are reasonable. Twenty-five dollars for ——"

Framm tore the note savagely across its impertinent face and rushed into his dressing room, whither Floss patiently followed in order, according to her promise, to drape him all over with things.

Chester had shaken hands all round in the large reception room outside the banquet hall. Like a hero already established in public life he had stood next to Mr. Justice Haroran and permitted the world to pay him tribute at five dollars a plate. It had been a confusion of pomp, dressed to the last degree of splendor. Floss in a coral evening gown, glittering with jewels, had looked a little queen and thus far had behaved with dignity in keeping with the occasion. Fame was already here. The great heart of Chester A. Framm swelled beyond the confines of his well-cut shirt front. He heard complimentary voices and said complimentary things. He forgot what he said, but it was much and meant little. His one disagreeable impression was that of a slimy, puffy creature with a face like a mushroom and an abominably ornamental shirt who pumped his hand and introduced himself as J. Fawcett Tweed. So the twenty-five-dollar Demosthenes had risked his five on a chance.

"Yes, he did!" whispered De Silva, when the suggestion was made. "He grafted his way on the management."

The band struck up a patriotic tune and Chester, ushered in by another door, led the grand march to the speakers' table, Mr. McKoncle, president of the Golden Poppy Society, lending him a worshipful arm. The vast roomful of guests rose as to royalty. The band was blaring mighty music; the room was hung with blue and gold. Chester all but swooned in the ecstasy of it.

He had little time for either hope or fear during that mad, glad meal. The waiter poured much wine, which the object of the testimonial swallowed nervously and at frequent intervals. The president of the Poppies, who flanked him on the left, and Mr. Justice Haroran, who hedged him in on the right, were in a bantering mood. Public occasions were nothing to them, and Chester answered their sallies as best he could, wetting his dry lips with vintage wine.

Probably Floss was right when she had warned that the more he said his speech over the worse it got. At a prominent table right under his nose he could see the witch, who had already dropped her ceremonial manner and was having the time of her life with The Spiggoty. The chorus-girl bride sat haughty and cold next to an affable little fellow who was attempting most feverishly to break the ice. Why had Floss arranged this great event? Were things as they seemed? Did she actually, by a freak of pride, hope to launch him publicly, to give him his heart's desire in one golden evening?

It was a golden evening indeed. Masses of gold centered acres of tablecloths. From a giant chandelier in the center of the room festoons of a brilliant yellow something drooped gracefully to the galleries, which were already bright with pretty domestics in Flossie's clothes. Gold, gold everywhere. Some sort of flowers—the thought of flowers increased his nervousness. But the Supreme Court Justice was at that moment telling him a comic story which required attention.

At last the president of the Poppies tinkled his glass for silence and Chester enjoyed the wild illusion that the terrapin he had eaten had come to life and was crawling, shell and all, in the pit of his stomach. He gulped another glass of wine just as the toastmaster burst into his song of praise. Mr. McKoncle drove his musical chariot up the western rainbow and down the other side. The white-tipped peaks of the Sierras got their share, the sun-kissed missions of the Padres still more. Mr. McKoncle, who had made his first million building new old missions in the West, knew what he was talking about until he got on the subject of Col. Chester A. Framm. But even on that unfamiliar ground he knew that Framm had endowed the University of Dyak until it "bade fair," to use the speaker's phrase, "to rival—nay, outrival any similar institution in the Western Hemisphere."

Chester looked down at Flossie. She had just said something behind her hand to The Spiggoty. Chester sensed trouble in the air. He seemed to smell it. The tickling at the base of his nose ——

It requires a long time for a man to be hanged, when you take everything into account. Ceremonies and occasions are mostly designed for the purpose of drawing things out. Chester's upper lip was beaded with moisture, yet there was no reason in the world why, being an intelligent man, he should not have enjoyed what Judge Haroran said about him. The judge, it seemed, was in a reminiscent mood, and the term "pink elephant" was frequently heard, followed by laughter. But Chester was deep in the heights, if the paradox is admissible. The judge's anecdotes went so well that Chester twice made up his mind to begin with Floss' quip about the Subway. Twice he vetoed it. The judge finished, after poking two or three jokes at himself on the subject of the Patent Medicine Bill.

State Senator Plother proved so long-winded that the guest of honor had about made up his mind that the meeting would close without him after all. The state senator was mostly worried about the unjust things that had been said against Tammany Hall. After an age he got down and President McKoncle rose, beaming lovingly upon the evening's martyr.

And at that moment Chester realized what it was he smelled. There it lay, just beyond arm's reach opposite his plate a wonderful glowing harrow of it, a foot high and stretching the full length of the speakers' table. Goldenrod!

"Waiter!" he hissed, beckoning to some phantom.

"Hst!" warned Justice Haroran, squeezing his arm. "The toastmaster's talking about you."

"That goldenrod!" the miserable wretch tried to explain

Haroran merely smiled, the activity of his two white mice indicating that this was a strange moment for the admiration of botany.

" and like all great men, a simple character," McKoncle was raving his eulogium. "Despite the greatness of our nation—which no man lives so base as to deny—I might say that from California has come the finest flower of our manhood! Speaking of flowers, might I tell briefly, before the speaker of the evening begins, what Mrs. Framm said to me only last week? You should all know Mrs. Framm, that charming, sweet-voiced helpmeet who by her silent counsel and soothing woman's touch has blazed the way to success. We were conferring in the matter of decorations. 'The decorations must be blue and gold,' I said. 'Yes,' said the dear little woman, 'but it's too bad we can't find any poppies. My Chester so loves the poppy.' And then she had one of her flashes of inspiration. 'Goldenrod!' she said."

So that was it! Chester leaned far over the table and in a frenzy attempted to poke the yellow, seedy, sneeze-producing bank away with his fork. It was just beyond the tines. He settled back. Perspiration was now rolling from his forehead down to his collar. The effort was superhuman.

"—— and over the glorious goldenrod of the East the man who has so well honored the poppy of the West will rise to greet you. Col. Chester A. Framm."

"He's calling on you," whispered Haroran's kindly voice in his ear.

Chester swam to his feet. His eyes were rapidly filling with tears. But they were neither the tears of patriotism nor of remorse.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the Golden Poppy Society," he began well enough: "It is with mingled pain ——"

His watering eyes traveled down and rested again upon that bank of goldenrod.

Ka-choo!

The audience sat politely still

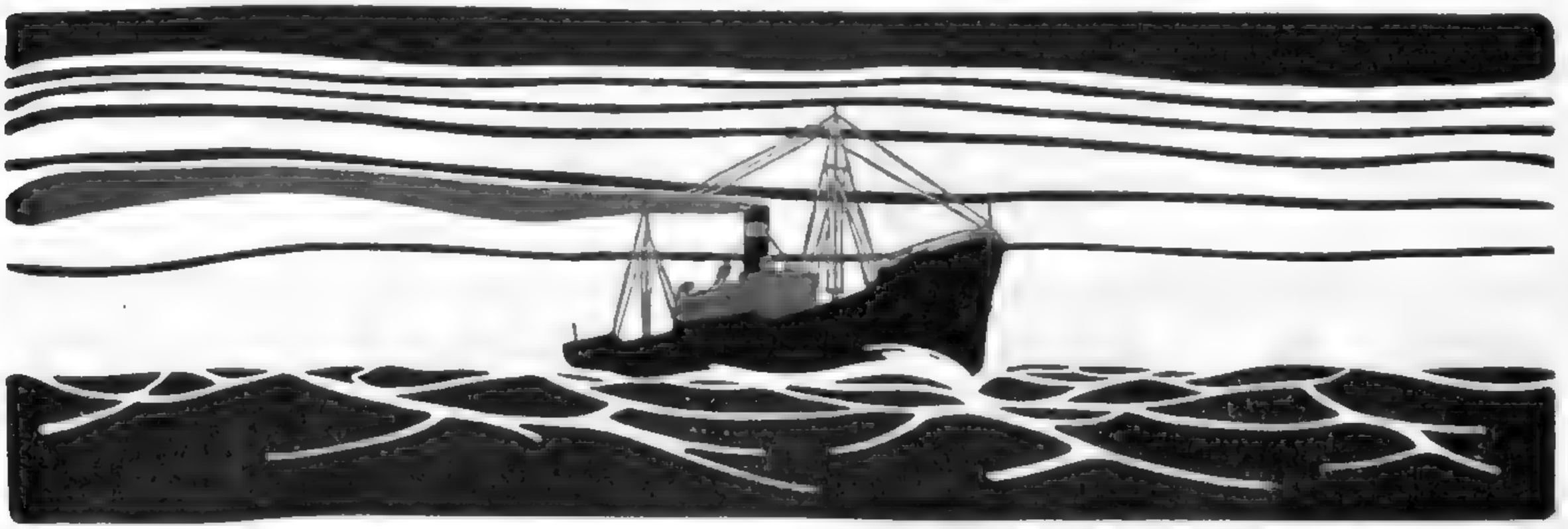
"It is with mingled pain ——"

Ka-choo! Ka-choo! Ka-choo!

"Will somebody ——" Choo! "—— those damned flowers away!"

And Chester sat down, volleying as he sat.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



Barney Oldfield's Message to You

Since my first accident my tires have been my chief concern.

I've worried about tires—I've studied tires—I've experimented with tires—I've learned all that the tire engineers and chemists could tell me about tires.

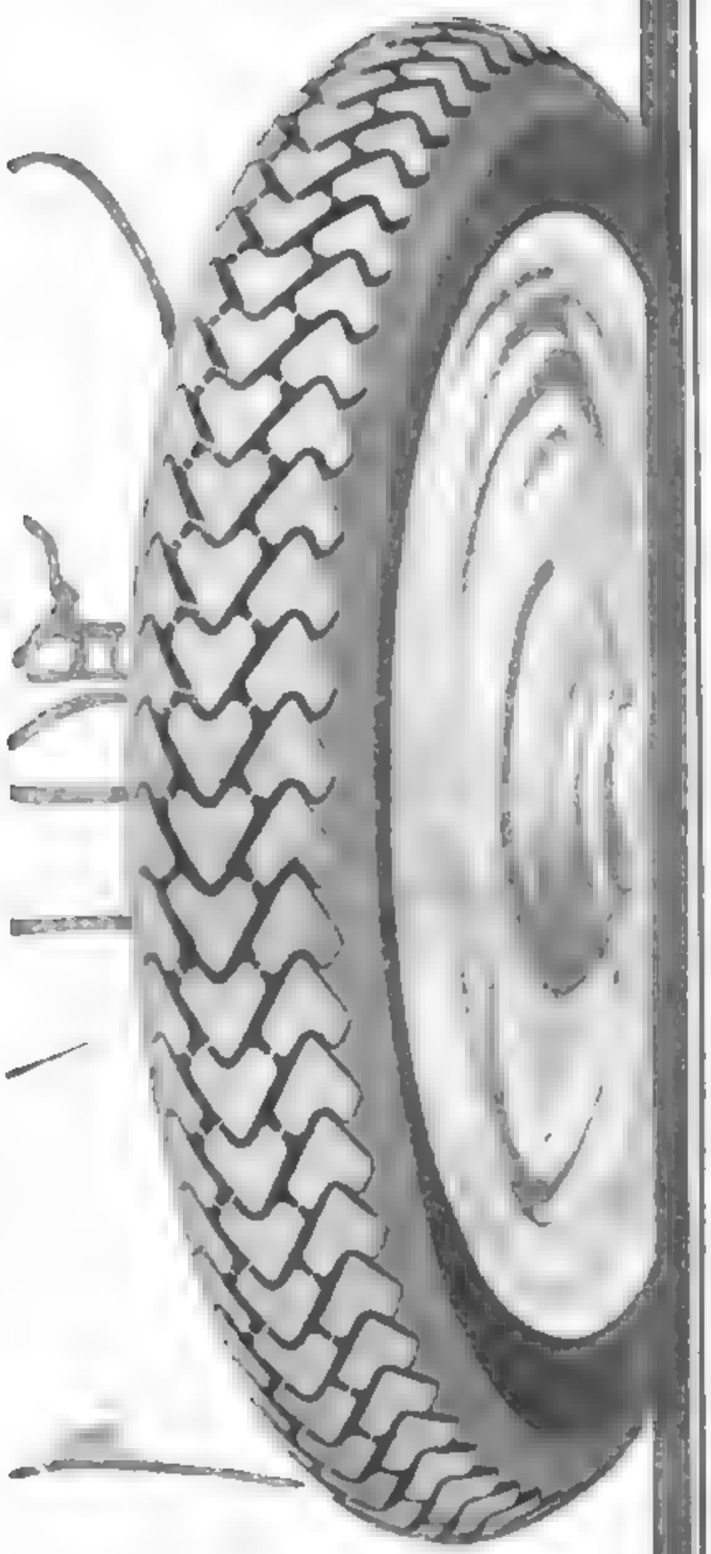
I finally found tire materials and construction I could trust.

You can trust them too.

You know me

Barney Oldfield

OLDFIELD



"The Most Trustworthy Tires Built"

Your motor car is exactly as good as its tires.

It can't be better, for—without tires—it will not carry you a single mile.

Doubtful tires make even the best car a doubtful reliance. You must be able to trust your tires day or night, storm or sunshine, city street or country road.

Service, comfort, even your own safety and that of those who ride with you, depend on trustworthy tires.

OLDFIELD TIRES

are tires founded on the observation, experience and study of Barney Oldfield, the greatest tire user in the world—a man who has, for nearly 20 years, earned his living on tires—trusted his life to them—on track and speedway—on roads of every state, in every kind of weather and going.

Barney Oldfield designs and builds these tires for you, and recommends them as "The most trustworthy tires built."

A strong and resourceful company has been formed and financed to supply your Oldfield Tires. These tires are already being delivered to distributors. You will soon see them on sale everywhere—in every size, fabric or cord, plain or anti-skid.

But you will find them in only one quality—the highest—the quality Barney Oldfield is willing to recommend to you.

THE OLDFIELD TIRE CO.
BARNEY OLDFIELD
PRESIDENT
CLEVELAND, O.

TIRES

Tire Merchants:—

The right to sell Oldfield Tires is a supremely valuable asset to any tire dealer and distributor.

This distinction will give you first call on the tire business of your territory.

Your territory may still be open.

Grasp this opportunity and assure yourself a permanent affiliation that will enable you to grow with us, as we expand the scope of this business.

Write or wire for application blank.

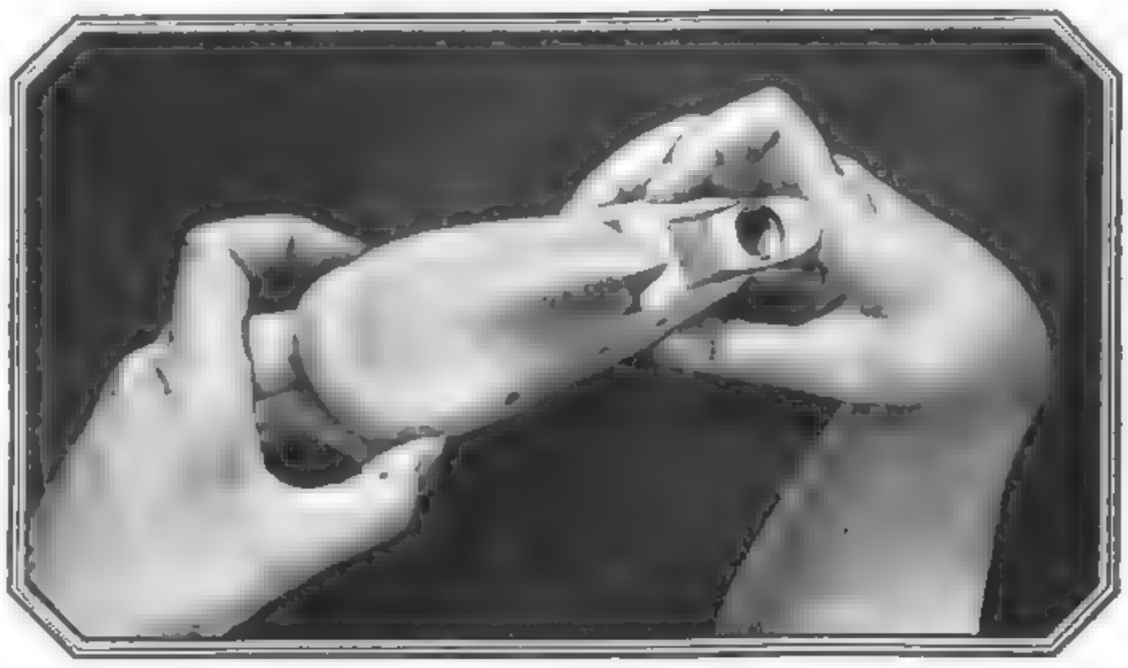
The Importance of Brown Shaping Lasts

All *shoes* are built upon *lasts*. The lasts give *shape* to the shoes—and shoes give *shape* to the growing feet.

The Brown Shaping Lasts are shaped upon correct physiological lines—are expressly designed to develop the feet gradually and properly—to prevent weak ankles, twisted toes and broken arches.

The Brown Shaping Lasts scientifically provide for even the slightest change at toe, ball, arch or heel, from size to size. Nothing is left to guess-work.

There are even different Brown Shaping Lasts for boys and for girls—for boys' feet develop differently from girls' feet.



Note how this Brown Shaping Last tapers gracefully from toe to heel. Note the breadth at base of heel as compared with the trimness of the ankle. No slipping up and down of the heel in Buster Brown Shoes.

The Brown Shaping Lasts insure the correct walking position for the feet to give the body perfect poise.

For Girls BUSTER BROWN SHOES For Boys of 2 to 16

Are the only shoes made upon the Brown Shaping Lasts. They are the only shoes that correctly train the growing feet upon this new scientific principle in shoemaking.

In Buster Brown Shoes you get sterling wearing qualities—plus positive protection from serious foot ailments—combined shoe service and health insurance.

Buster Brown Shoes are sold by good shoe stores everywhere at $3.00, $4.00, $5.00 and up, according to size and style—in button, lace and blucher—high and low cut—and various leathers.

It is your duty to read "Training the Growing Feet," for this book explains the delicate anatomy of the feet, and the necessity for their proper care. Mailed free on request by

Brown Shoe Company

Manufacturers of White House Shoes for Men, Maxine Shoes for Women, Buster Brown Shoes for Boys and for Girls, and Blue Ribbon Service Shoes.

St. Louis, U. S. A.

THE TWO-INCH PIPE LINE TO EUROPE

(Continued from Page 11)

A single, forlorn, drooping fifty-dollar horse, which I could have had for a few minutes perhaps for a hundred dollars, greeted me.

I mocked the driver a little, and walked on, feeling irreverent about human nature. I went over and stood and looked up Madison Avenue and looked down Madison Avenue.

I had come from communing with the sea, from communing with a hundred thousand lonely spruces, and I found myself upon what seemed to me the loneliest, the stillest, the most dreamlike place I had ever seen upon the earth—a corner of Madison Avenue. It seemed like a kind of vision to stand and look up and down that great, white, sunny, praying silence. I looked up at the sign on the corner. It really was Madison Avenue.

It was as if the hand of a hundred million people had reached out three thousand miles. It was as if a hundred million people had met me at the corner and told me—one look, one silence: "Here is this street we offer up that the will of God should go by. We are going to defeat the Germans with the silence on this street."

I stood and looked at the silent empty pavement crowded with the invisible—a parade of the prayers of a mighty people; and it came over me that not only this one street, but ten thousand more like it, were reaching, while I looked, across the country. I saw my people hushing a thousand cities, making the thunder-thinking streets of Chicago, of San Francisco and New York like the aisles of churches.

There was no need of church bells the first gasolineless Sunday, reminding one noisily, cheerily, a little thoughtlessly—the way they do—that God was on the earth.

One could watch two thousand years turning on a hinge. But the first gasolineless Sunday—five hundred thousand miles of still roads lifted themselves up under the sky on the mountains, out on the plains, saying for a hundred million people, "God still reigneth." And twenty million little birds stood on the edges of the trees and stared down at five hundred thousand miles of still white country roads wondering what had happened!

I cannot quite express, and never shall be able to, the sense I had when I waked up in the Grand Central Station that morning, when out of communing with the sea, with a hundred thousand lonely spruces, and out of the great roaring dark of the night I stepped into the street, into the long, white silent prayer of my people—and prayed with a hundred million people its silent prayer for a world. I saw the mighty streets of a nation, from Maine to California, lifted up as a vow to God.

We have learned one thing about ourselves and our attention during the war. One gasolineless Sunday attracts more attention to this country, to the great wager it had put up on whipping the Germans, than twenty-four full page ads in a thousand papers could do.

Mr. Garfield may not have turned out to be a genius in mining coal, but in undermining the daily personal habits of a hundred million people—in advertising to people wholesale, so that people breathe advertisement, eat advertisement, make the very streets they walk on and the windows they look out of into advertisements of the fate of their country, into prayers for a world—Mr. Garfield had few equals.

To advertise a religion or a war, stop the intimate daily personal habits of a hundred million people. Select something like being warmed or like being sweetened that does not leave out a mortal soul or slight a single stomach in the country.

To advertise history, to advertise the next two hundred years to a hundred million people—go in through the kitchen door of every house with ten pounds of flour when they want twenty, with two pounds of sugar when they ordered eight.

Make every butcher boy a prophet. Make people sip their coffee thinking of the next two hundred years. Make streets into posters. Make people look out of their windows on streets—thousands of miles of streets that stretch like silent prayers, like mighty vows of a great people to defeat the Germans!

We learned during the war that the way to get the attention of a hundred million people, the way to turn our own attention in America, the attention of our very cats and dogs, to whipping Germany—was to interrupt people's personal daily habits. Probably it is the way to get the attention of Russians and of Germans, too, to think up and set at work our idea, to dramatize our idea into what they are doing, so that they will look up over what they are doing at us and think of us and think of what we think every day.

The moral for nations in getting their ideas across to other nations: Don't speak to people if you can help it. Do things to them that will make them wish you would speak to them. Do things to them that will make them come over to you and ask you to speak to them. Let a hundred million people do something to seventy million people that will make the seventy million people look up and wonder what the hundred million people think. The true way to advertise is to make the people you advertise to, do it. To get an idea over to the Germans do something to them that will make them come over to us—come all the way over to us, and extract it. Do something to Germans that will make them say, "What do you mean?" Then let them study us and search us and search their own minds and find out.

This morning, with this article waiting to be written, I had the main idea I was trying to express in it fairly thrown at me at my own breakfast table.

Naturally I use it.

What happened was nothing very unusual, of course.

I dare say it happens to many people every now and then at breakfast. I fell into this reflection with the first mouthful with which I began my day:

"The great trouble with buying a grapefruit is that one cannot tell from the outside of it whether it is sweet or sour or insipid inside."

Suppose another man a thousand miles away who has had the same reflection conceives the idea that there is no reason why every grapefruit in the world should be a gamble. He conceives the idea that he will produce the best flavored, juiciest, safest grapefruit on earth, a grapefruit with a guaranteed flavor on which no one needs to run a risk—standardized juiciness, sweetness and tang.

This is his idea of how he will carry his idea out. He begins with an especially game flavor. He begins by finding an especially game sporty tree. Then he cuts it up into twigs, grafts every twig on to a seedling, makes every twig into a tree, every tree into an orchard, every orchard into a valley of orchards, all the time grafting his wild sporty genius grapefruit on to his mild or common or garden grapefruit until finally you have genius grapefruits in this country, going about in crowds everywhere like common ones, hundreds of miles of trainloads of grapefruits steaming across the country, the one same, unanimous, insured immutable flavor, a kind of national aqueduct of tang and sweetness from Maine to California.

This is the grapefruit man's idea as he begins working it out.

Then when he has his idea in shape to dramatize it he puts up a billboard in a dozen magazines and confides to the world that he has an idea that he has the best grapefruit on earth. Then he goes on to add in his advertisement—not in so many words, of course, but practically: "I do not know any way to advertise my grapefruit idea. All I advertise the idea of my grapefruit for is to get a chance to dramatize it. All that I am asking the reader of this magazine on this page is to give my grapefruit a chance to speak for itself, a chance to give one splash on the roof of his mouth. Then you can turn it over and see the colored label on it. Then you will know that wherever you see this label on the outside of a grapefruit there is waiting for you on the inside of it another splash like the one you have just had on the roof of your mouth."

This morning at breakfast my grapefruit made me so happy I turned it all over slowly and gratefully afterward and looked at its outside. The juice was all gone, but it was a pleasant and grateful experience to look a minute at the outside of where the juice came from. I found a label in colors branded on the grapefruit. The firm that brought me the grapefruit had already dramatized to me how good the grapefruit was, and when I looked at the outside it dramatized to me the way I could get another.

If America would begin expressing its idea of world peace to other nations as pointedly and practically as this man expressed his idea of grapefruit to me world peace would be gained in a few months, and everybody would be shown in his own dooryard the way of keeping it.

We shall get world peace by dramatizing samples of it.

Fifteen years ago the Germans had the idea that they must stop the emigration of German citizens to America. They tried advertising to Germans how much finer Germany was; but still the Germans, called over by letters from their relatives, by offers of new positions, big wages and promotions, and by definite opportunities, kept on, whole cities and villages at a time, moving to America. When the German Government saw it was not putting its idea through it faced about. It gave up altogether trying to advertise the idea that Germany was the one place in the world for workmen to get what they wanted, and began dramatizing it, began offering opportunities to labor on every hand, right and left, which labor had never dreamed of in Germany. The emigration of German laborers to America stopped with a bang. Everybody knows the result. We have been reaping it for four years in Germany's heaped-up economic efficiency during the war.

It looks as if the thing for us to do in America is to stop our eternal harping and moralizing about our idea of reducing national armaments, and our tumty-tumming on how foolish and wicked it is to fight.

Why not keep still and set to work all round everywhere in sight of people our substitute for fighting? Instead of yearning at the nations and recommending our idea of a substitute for war, why not dramatize our substitute? Why not also dramatize our idea of how much we believe in it?

How can America now dramatize its idea of a substitute for war?

II

SOME fifty years ago an American gentleman who lived in Illinois invented going to bed and waking up four hundred miles away.

If he had lived on a little island like England Mr. Pullman would never have thought of a sleeping car. There wasn't room in England for an invention like a sleeping car to turn round. It had to be invented in a big, hurrying three-thousand-mile country with a people in it who naturally and instinctively went to sleep every night, most of them, wishing they were somewhere else, and wishing they could just close their eyes and get there.

The same thing is happening now to another invention. The Germans are an old-fashioned, mechanical-minded people, who have never really invented much of anything of their own except by taking some little thing, some abandoned clever thing made by other people, and making an unconscionable lot more of it took an old humdrum idea like fighting, for instance, which all nations had already tried, and proceeded the other day to manufacture war on a colossal and incredible scale with forty nations in it; and now the whole world of forty nations all day and all night have not thought of anything for four years but some invention that will make it possible for all the forty nations to drop war forever. My feeling is that now a billion people are all engaged in wanting something and are dying to get it, and that now they are all engaged in wanting the same thing and are all engaged in thinking of some way to get it—someone out of the billion is going to think of a way.

My own particular invention, to be considered among others, is what I have called superadvertising, or advertising between nations, the science of a nation's being believed in.

My idea is that if forty nations all want the same thing and all want it more than they want anything else they are going to get it; and though of course my invention as it stands can only be perfected by forty nations, I believe that the time has now come when they will be compelled to sit down together and put their heads together and see how to perfect it. Forty nations have never really wanted to get on together before; they have never before been collided together with steam and electricity, and exposed to each other with wireless telegraphy and moving pictures; and they have never seen before that they had to get on together, and what would happen to them if they did not. We are beginning to think it out in Paris now. We are beginning to feel along our way.

When the nations of the earth all get together, all hold their breath together and say, "We must find a way of stopping war!" and then say, "No way can be found!" they lie. Necessity is the mother of invention. What Germany has been doing in the last five years to forty nations is to whisper to them in her hoarse, guttural whisper five continents wide: "Here is your necessity! Mother is here; now for your invention!"

III

AMERICA reminds me just at this moment in the state of the world of the man in David Harum who sat all the morning on his bed in his stateroom because he couldn't make up his mind whether to put his left shoe on first or his right one.

We have in America a vague but very lively idea that war is going to be prevented by a substitute for armament; that it is going to be prevented by organizing the mutual interests of nations so that no nation can be fooled again into thinking it will pay to fight. Part of our people believe this idea strenuously. Part of our people are strenuously afraid of it, or afraid of depending on it.

The real truth about America is that we have two different ideas about preventing war. We are not doing anything wholeheartedly about either of them. Why not do something whole-heartedly about both? Instead of keeping still and acting as if we didn't believe either way, when all the time we really believe both, why not act both?

Let us dramatize the truth about America in the face of the world, act vividly, keenly, as we are, and let ourselves go.

First, I propose that our War Department—whether we drop the name "War Department" or not for the present—be practically treated by our people, and practically organized as a National Defense Department. The National Defense Department may be expected to defend us in every possible way a nation can be defended, and will be divided into two sections—one section to be called the Military Section and the other the Mutual Section. The first section shall be conducted by soldiers and natural fighters, the second by business or advertising men or natural coworkers. The Mutual Section, which could be manned by men who have shown genius in the organization of the better type of trusts and who have gifts in putting through large business deals based on the discovery and pursuit of the mutual interests of men and classes—shall devote itself in dealing with nations to combining mutual interests and to what might be called preparedness with other nations. The Military Section in dealing with nations shall devote itself in the conventional way to preparedness against other nations.

Second, I propose that the appropriations for the preparedness-against section of the National Defense Department be made by Congress in proportion to the size of the majority in America that seems to depend on it and believe in it. I propose that the preparedness-with section—the advertising and business section of the Defense Department—be given appropriations to carry on its work in proportion to the size of the minority that believes in it.

If America adopts a plan like this, as rapidly as the advertising and dramatizing section of the War Department makes the fighting section unnecessary it can be automatically sloughed off.

In this way all concerned can act wholeheartedly, sincerely and safely in the defense of the nation.

We do not wish in America to moralize, philosophize and give good advice to other nations as to what they ought to do about world peace and preventing war.

The quick, effective and conclusive way for America to get other nations to do what she thinks ought to be done is to keep still and do it herself.

(Continued on Page 127)

Don't Enter the Future Blindfolded

Whatever your plans for your business, your visions of its possibilities, your ideas and ideals—enlarged as they must be by the opportunities of today—*you cannot see clearly into the future unless you have a clear picture of the past for comparison.*

Every business man, whether he will or no, has to study and compare and weigh the same old prosaic things: sales records; costs; inventories; the *statistics of his business.* Unless these records are dependably kept, up to date and quickly available, they are a handicap to him, a limitation of his vision—whether immediately felt as such or not.

Getting the best tools for obtaining, recording and analyzing the significant facts of your business, can be put down as one of the most profitable, most satisfactory and most conservative investments you can make.

There are few institutions in the country so well fitted to help you in securing the vital figures for your business in a quick, economical and accurate way as the Burroughs organization. What it has learned, in its contact with practically every kind and size of business, has something of value to every business man who is determined to make today's knowledge work for tomorrow's profits—who refuses to enter the future blindfolded.

The A B C of Business

There are Burroughs Machines (priced as low as $125) for every kind of figure-work in business—Adding, Bookkeeping, Calculating. Consult your banker or telephone book for the address of the nearest Burroughs office, of which there are 207 in the United States and Canada, and others in principal cities abroad.

Adding—Bookkeeping—Calculating Machines

Burroughs

Adding—Bookkeeping—Calculating Machines

Burroughs

A Gift and an Heirloom

"With this new silver I want you to have some pieces that I received as a bride. The patterns are widely different, but the brand on the silver is the same. It should last throughout your lives as mine has."

The picture above is imaginary, the incident is typical of 1847 Rogers Bros. experience. The testimonial letter is one of hundreds that come to us unsolicited.

1847 Rogers Bros. plate is made in only one quality—the best.

Teaspoons, $3.00 a set of six. Other pieces in proportion. Sold by leading dealers.
Send for Catalogue "D-90."

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, MERIDEN, CONN.

Extract from letter dated October 5, 1918

"I have six teaspoons of a pattern most quaint and pleasing. They were given to me by my husband's mother. She purchased one dozen some forty-odd years ago, and used continually six of them . . . I saw these teaspoons last Christmas and they were in fine condition. No one could think they had seen such service . . .

"I don't know exactly why I have taken time to write to you this; I think to prove to you that truth is stranger than fiction, and that Rogers Bros. 1847 Silverware has no peer. Surely no other silver, plated silver, could boast of forty years of continual service."

(Name on request)

1847 ROGERS BROS.
SILVERWARE
The Family Plate for Seventy Years

(Continued from Page 123)

Other nations can look over and watch our two sections in our National Defense Department working side by side—the section for advertising and dramatizing our ideas at other nations, and our section for shooting our ideas at other nations—and they will judge by the way the two sections work how they like them, which they like better and in what proportions they would like to adopt them.

Then all the nations will adopt them and begin sloughing off their shooting sections with their dramatizing sections.

Then all the nations will pick out the best men in their dramatizing sections and form a dramatizing section for the League of Nations.

Then the League of Nations will deal with any obdurate, self-centered, foolish nation by dramatizing to it, by dramatizing to it within an inch of its life.

All the nations in the league will have tried dramatizing.

They will know it works.

Then the League of Nations will not need to bother with an international army.

Or if it wants to the league can have two sections too—one section a shooting section, a section for shooting nations into what they have got to do; and the other a dramatizing section, a section for making them want to do it.

Then all the nations will stand by and watch the dramatizing section sloughing off the shooting section.

I have given in this chapter an instance of what I should like to see America do first—dramatize herself and her exact state of mind about armament to the Allies and to all the friendly, doubtful and worried nations of the earth.

Instead of muffling, whiffling and wabbling and compromising in America we will let ourselves go, we will dramatize the truth in ourselves.

The truth as we see it, which we want to dramatize and which we hope to make people believe as fast as they dare, is this:

A fire department that specializes on being ready to put fires out when it has allowed them to get going—which is precisely what our War Department is supposed to do with wars—would be admitted by us all to be a second-rate fire department, even in putting fires out. Nine-tenths of our fire organization and effective fire fighting to-day in America has been transferred from measures for putting fires out to measures for not letting fires start.

Why should not the War Department of the United States of America take steps to begin to run itself on as intelligent a principle as the fire department in almost any back-county town in this country?

Why should our American War Department keep on trying to defend this country from wars in the same way that people, not many years ago, were defending it from flies? We fought flies for fifty years in America by arranging little mountains of manure everywhere all about us for flies to be conceived in and born in, and then by spreading molasses on paper for the flies to stick in and die in. We felt efficient about flies and did not propose to submit to flies and proposed to show flies we could fight them. With garbage piled up round our doors we used to have those elaborate little cages, or what might be called chandeliers, of dying and struggling flies, hanging up over our eating tables for flies to get caught in and buzz in while we ate.

This also is practically what our War Department does with war.

We are not doing things like this with flies now, and why should our American War Department be run, and run exclusively, on this old manure-and-flypaper, garbage-and-buzz principle in defending the country from wars? It does not do or arrange to do a single thing to prevent wars from breeding all round it. The problem of fighting flies has been essentially solved in America. It was a scientific solution, partly biology, partly advertising and partly legislation, which put the fly on a new basis in American life; and it is going to be the same with wars—a scientific solution, partly an expert study in international human nature and in international advertising and dramatizing our national idea, and partly a matter of international law and of police work at home and abroad with the people who make America look as if somebody would have to fight her.

A state of suspicion between two countries can be as scientifically, implacably and relentlessly dealt with as yellow fever in Havana. The study and the mastery of the attention of men who suspect us because they will not listen to us are as accurate and precise a science as bridge building and as the electrifying of railroads.

It is the science of visualizing, motorizing, personalizing and dramatizing ideas between nations.

IV

I KNEW a four-year-old boy who got in the way of amusing himself in the nursery by going over and stepping on the fingers of his little brother, who was learning to creep. He did it again and again, and every way that could be thought of to prevent him and to get him to understand had been tried by his mother. Finally in sheer desperation she made him put his small fingers down on the floor and creep, and then crunched her heel on them.

The small boy, who is now a lieutenant in the army, has never been sorry since. If she had stepped on his fingers in wrath or in the spirit of an eye for an eye or a tooth for a tooth he might have been sorry, but as a way of expressing an idea—of conveying the information to a boy without imagination that it hurts to have one's fingers stepped on—the mother, after a good cry over it, found she had been successful.

An idea she had for weeks failed to convey in words had been conveyed forever in three seconds by dramatizing it. She did not do precisely what the boy had done—do it over and over again to him—but she did enough to convey the idea. The four-year-old boy knew how his creeping brother felt when his fingers were being stepped on, and knew he did not want to do it.

This is what the world is going to have to do, apparently, with Germany. Without the spirit of vengeance, or of an eye for an eye or a tooth for a tooth, the next serious undertaking of the world is to dramatize to Germans samples—one-tenth of one per cent samples of what our feelings are to-day through all civilization about what the Germans did in Belgium.

We may have to use in our terms with the Germans two-tenths of one per cent samples. It is for the Germans to say.

As long as it is true that the Germans have not the remotest idea what the feelings of civilization are, the one short, thorough way to make it safe for this planet to allow Germans on it, and to establish peace, is to convey this idea to the Germans by dramatizing it.

The short and thorough way for the Germans to hurry their credit up is to dramatize to us their understanding and realizing. Let them turn round on us, and let us see them swiftly, desperately act out how sorry they are.

The problem the world has to face when it looks at it rigorously and gets down to details, instead of being a military problem or a lawyer's problem or a problem of treaties, is a dramatic problem, a problem of dramatizing to Germans how Belgians feel, and how French farmers feel with a hundred thousand square miles of topsoil blown off their farms by defeated Germans—standing and watching defeated Germans hoeing and smiling in their fat fields in the sun just over the line a few miles away.

Dramatizing to Germans once properly attended to there will be a thinkable, workable basis for peace.

In the meantime, with men who have not tried to realize what they have done to us, with men who are rank and smiling in their sins, with men standing and warming their hands and toasting their backs at the bonfire of a world—the less peace the better.

Thank God that, do our prettiest, we can only trim up a little frail, foolish, momentary pasteboard peace with Germans who look us blankly in the face or who do not look at all, and who do not begin to try to try to understand!

People need not think there is anything idealistic or sentimental about demanding that the Germans realize soul and body what they have done. It is plain, ordinary, practical horse sense to think up, to have a whole department of our Government daily devoted to thinking up things to do to Germans that will make them sorry, that will compel them to turn round on us and do things to us to prove that they are earning their credit back, that they are seriously stooping over, picking up now and piecing together now, the scraps of paper they threw into the wastebasket of the world.

Not in the spirit of looking backward or of settling a score do we say this—but in the spirit of looking forward, and of looking forward together, the Germans and all of us, to having a world—a world a decent and manly man will have the face to teach a boy to say his prayers in.

V

ONCE upon a time in a town I used to know there was a factory that was very handsome and sleek, very becoming to the business and decorative to the town.

Hundreds of automobiles an hour went by. People craned their necks to appreciate it.

It had beautiful bright gray walls, and light-hearted blue windows and yellow sunny tiles, and while it was building and a few days afterward it had a notice on it saying in beautiful big pink letters:

THIS FACTORY DESIGNED AND BUILT BY
SMITH, SMITH & SMITH
CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS
——, MASS.

Hundreds of automobiles an hour went by.

Everybody saw why the builders had signed the building.

Two years whiled themselves away, and great streaks of yellow and white and black and mighty cracklings and peelings spread out all over between the beautiful blue windows and gaped at people from out of the yellow tiles.

And hundreds of automobiles an hour went by.

When the owner was asked one day why he didn't put up to the builders the idea that they do the walls over again he said that he had, that he had put up the idea to them several times, that they hadn't said that they wouldn't and wouldn't say that they would, and that he couldn't really seem, somehow, to get their attention to the idea at all.

The owner was asked: "Why don't you try dramatizing it?"

A day or so after, when I went by, I looked up and saw the big sign that was on the building when it all looked so rosy and fine, put back over the cracked walls and white and black streaks—a hundred autos an hour going by—and plump on the corner of the lonely road, with nothing else in sight, the big sign said:

THIS FACTORY DESIGNED AND BUILT BY
SMITH, SMITH & SMITH
CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS
——, MASS.

I was away from that part of the state for a few weeks, but when I got back I saw that at last the walls of the building, which had been dramatizing what its builders were like, dramatizing who they were, dramatizing what anybody would get who dealt with them, were all done over again. There the factory was, once more looking sweet and pure and dainty, standing like a maiden in the gate of the town beckoning to everybody what the town was like and saying: "Why don't you come here and live?"

The next serious business of all peoples is to have this world—this world that we have had made for us, and that we are having now and have had for four years—signed by the people who have made it.

The nations are going to step up to this world, this world we are having now, and put up a big sign on it saying,

MADE IN GERMANY

This is the first face we will dramatize to the Germans until every man, woman and child in Germany admits it, signs his name to it—that this world we are having now is theirs, one they have made in four years. And if they want to be in ours they must prove to us—individually and personally prove to us, one by one that they can be the kind of people who belong in it.

The most reasonable, practical and human way for the nations to face our present crisis with the Germans is to study the whole problem out as a problem in salesmanship.

The Germans have sold us a bad piece of goods. They must begin now and sell themselves all over again to us. They will have to begin the way all good salesmen do, by studying what we are like and listening to what we think, and asking us what we want.

The moment we have all Germans in Germany curious about us and searching eagerly for mutual interests with us the German war menace is over and the world is safe for democracy.

VI

THERE were two methods for the grapefruit to follow after it had once supplied me with that first fetching, memorable splash on the roof of my mouth.

One was to sign the grapefruit, tell me on the rind at once, while I was sitting there and oo-ooing about it, just where and how I could get more like it all my life.

The other was to tell me on a wrapper in the coal hod out in the kitchen, tell the cook, tell the retailer at the counter, tell wholesalers, stevedores and draymen and a whole lot of people I would have to run to and ask—instead of just quietly and privately telling me where the grapefruit could be had, catching me in the act of enjoying it and clinching me on the spot.

The same principle would seem to hold good when a hundred million people in America are trying to sell liberty to seventy million people in Germany.

How can we find a way when we have shown a German—a particular German at a particular time—a splash of liberty on the roof of his mouth, how can we tell him then and there precisely where it came from and precisely how he can keep up, while he is tasting it, the liberty habit?

The first principle we shall have to conform to in selling liberty to seventy million people is the principle of dealing with them individually and contriving an individual approach and personal follow-up.

One hand-picked customer in Germany—one customer who feels hand-picked, who feels that you have singled him out and that you are asking him to single out you to deal with the rest of his life—is worth a hundred customers got at through government machinery, through cooks, got at by telling other people to tell other people to tell other people to tell them whom the grapefruit came from.

If America could have found a way to sell liberty in Germany direct to the German people instead of through a middleman like the Kaiser there would never have been any war.

Whatever method we may settle upon of getting liberty through to the German people and the Russian people as a habit, I should like to put it down as the first principle to follow, that we must find some method of approach to the German people and the Russian people which will give us some direct contact with our individual and ultimate customers, a contact which the individual Germans and Russians will like and insist on having with us, whether their cooks and their governments and other retailers and middlemen like it or not.

In other words, if we have a brand of liberty in America to sell to Russians and Germans which is different from the liberty substitutes the Bolshevist middleman in Russia and the Socialist middleman in Germany are trying to palm off on the people at their own price, some way must be found of cutting in past the cooks in Russia and in Germany and of dealing directly with people at their tables.

With direct contact with plain people, dealing with them as individual fellow human beings to whom we are responsible as salesmen and who feel responsible to us, we can make liberty as catching as harvesting machines and phonographs.

What is this contact, how can we put the label on our national grapefruit, have all the people in Russia and in Germany smacking their lips and looking at the little trade-mark on the rind?

I have an idea. But perhaps the reader would rather think of his. Possibly it is his—I don't know.

VII

WHEN William G. McAdoo gives up the biggest financial job in the world—that of the head of the Treasury of the United States, in the greatest crisis of its history—and almost in the same gesture throws up the biggest executive job in the world—that of director general of all the railroads in America—to take a position with Miss Mary Pickford and with Mr. Charlie Chaplin, naturally the first thing a man from Mars would ask would be, "Who is this Miss Mary Pickford and what has Mr. Charlie Chaplin done, to hire away the head of the Treasury of the United States just on the eve of the greatest loan in history?"

People could talk to the man from Mars or any other planet in the whole sky except

(Concluded on Page 131)

GLIDDEN
ENDURANCE PAINT
GLIDDEN
HIGHEST GRADE
IMPLEMENT-TRACTOR
BLACK
GLIDDEN
FLOOR
VARNISH
GLIDDEN
VELVET
WHITE ENAMEL
GLIDDEN
VARNISHES - ENAMELS - PAINTS - STAINS

Weather and Wear Insurance

With property values higher there's greater need than ever for weather and wear insurance. Upkeep is not only an economy, it is now an "essential."

The repairing and painting of old buildings saves new building expense; refinishing of old furniture puts off the need for new; a protecting coat on the auto gives it another year's life. These are a few of the upkeep essentials that save time, labor and cost.

Just as there is more reason for protecting your property today, there is greater need for doing the job well. The difference in gallon-price between a Glidden Finish and a near-Glidden Finish is small, but the difference in amount of surface covered and length of time protected will quickly show you real economy in Glidden Finishes.

There are as many kinds of Glidden Finishes as there are different kinds of essential finishing. Glidden Dealers are prepared to give dependable advice in the use of them.

THE GLIDDEN COMPANY
CLEVELAND, OHIO

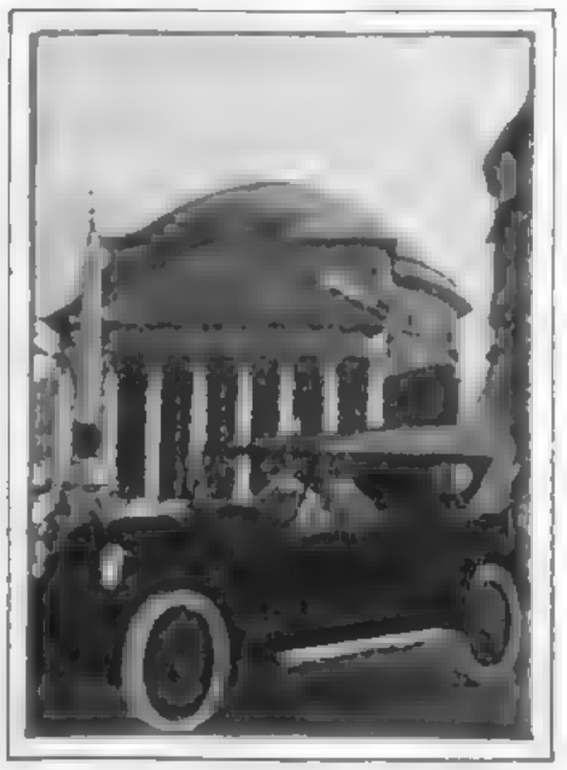
Factories:
San Francisco Cleveland Toronto

Branches
New York Chicago Kansas City London

Stocks in principal cities

Boston

Rome



DISTEEL WHEELS

The Wheels That Complete The Car

The class of motor cars you see equipped with Disteel Wheels—the comfort, the elegance, the distinction, the smartness of them—is the most convincing proof we can offer of precisely that sort of popularity which we hoped and believed Disteel Wheels would win,—the well considered approval of those motorists of the world who recognize, appreciate and buy only the best in motoring. That today is the clientele of Disteel Wheels.

Not only do Disteel Wheels lend character and distinction to the well-designed car. Their many mechanical superiorities add greatly to the efficiency of the car and the comfort of motoring. They are stronger and very LIGHT. On the larger cars they are LIGHTER than the old wheel equipment. Consequently, Disteel Wheels make wheel-changing and tire-changing simple and easy. They are easily cleaned. They are easy on tires. They have eliminated rattling and squeaking. They bring a new factor of elegance, safety and economy to motoring.

If yours is a Quality Car, you will be interested in the Disteel Wheel Books.

DETROIT PRESSED STEEL COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

New York Factory Branch: 1846 Broadway at 61st St.
Boston Factory Branch: 925 Boylston Street
Chicago Factory Branch: 732 Michigan Avenue

(Concluded from Page 127)

this one; people could talk till doomsday to the man from Mars explaining to him what it is about Charlie Chaplin's feet or what it is about Mary Pickford's face that could lure away, in the breathless financial crisis of a world, to devote his genius to them—to Mr. Charlie Chaplin's feet and Mary Pickford's smile—the head of the Treasury of the United States—the man who was counting the pulse of a planet. But no man from Mars would ever understand! It would look dark for Mary Pickford's forty-nation smile and for Charlie Chaplin's international feet.

But people on this planet understand. Millions of people every night for years—people who do not know W. G. McAdoo's initials, who never heard his name, who never saw his name even on a railroad ticket—every night for years and years have meekly followed Charlie Chaplin's feet and hung on Mary Pickford's smile.

I do not comment on this fact. But there is something about it that makes it tag round my mind—the look in Mary Pickford's face, the thump, the soft international thump-thump-thump of Charlie Chaplin's feet—and it may butt into the next chapter, which deals with what America can do to dramatize its ideas and get its ideas through to the German people in Germany.

VIII

MOST people when they talk back to my not unhopeful remarks about getting the Germans to be sorry and show they are sorry and earn their way back into civilization point out to me all manner of difficulties in making propaganda in Germany.

But I do not believe in propaganda in Germany. It may be better just now than guns; but propaganda is an essentially German condescending idea, a spiritually military idea, and though it might work better for a little while with Germans than it would with us, like all military ideas, or doing things efficiently against people, it is visionary. It is soon seen through by everybody. Everybody feels hateful.

The last thing I believe our new advertising and dramatizing section should undertake in Germany is propaganda among the people. Propaganda is the sort of thing that Germans would try to use on us. Propaganda is militarism moved over from the mouths of guns to the mouths of people.

Propaganda seeks to destroy what is different from it, what is of the opposite spiritual sex, instead of seeking to develop it by combining with it to some mutual result.

Propaganda seeks its results by finding a way of forcing people to accept things.

Salesmanship makes people want things and keep wanting them until they get them.

This is as true of selling the liberty habit to people as it is of selling telephones, dentifrices, ice cream and peanuts.

Nobody ever wanted peanuts. When they were first dug up out of the ground and put before people half a nation despised them.

Peanuts had to have a prophet.

I have forgotten his name, but he butted away on a nation a long while in a kind of dogged missionary spirit, explaining to people how much good peanuts would do them, do their calories and red and white corpuscles and things; behaved about peanuts for all the world the way any prophet would, telling people how good his tons of peanuts would be for them and then having to eat his tons of peanuts himself.

Finally P. T. Barnum got hold of a peanut.

P. T. Barnum was not a prophet. He was a salesman. He stood with peanuts in the door of his tent, his mouth watering, and made people want them, made half a nation in its hour of holiday, in its trapeze-jumping afternoon, in its sublime moment of swooping through hoops in the beautiful spirit of the wild animals they had come to see—want peanuts.

Hundreds of tons a day

Great crowds surging, hungering, howling and chawing peanuts!

That was all there was to it.

The peanut had become established in American life like baseball.

Any objection anybody may have to my program of having an advertising and dramatizing section for America or for the League of Nations will please take it for granted that I am talking about something very different from propaganda.

If America is going to take up the idea of making the world safe for democratic institutions, and is going out with a kind of missionary spirit to other nations to make them as nice as she is, we shall be doing something far more helpless and far more visionary than what Germany has been doing the last few years.

It is only fair to the idea I am trying to advance for me to say in so many words that except in a very special brand I do not believe in missionaries.

As Old Bill Spear used to say: "I would like to see anybody round being a missionary to me!"

And I would like to be equally thoughtful with other people.

The first principle our new advertising and dramatizing section will have to follow is the spirit of mutual interest and exchange.

A missionary who does not know how to get any good out of a heathen—if there is one—does not know enough about him or about himself or about anybody to do him any good.

Good is always teamwork. This would not be a bad working principle. If the man you are doing good at does not do anything and merely stands there and lets you whale him with it, it is probably something else you are doing.

P. T. Barnum standing in the door of his tent with his peanuts, his mouth watering, was profounder about peanuts than most people and most nations are about selling their virtues.

Courage, for instance. The way to sell courage to people is to have some in the way one sells it. A League of Nations that goes snooping round to the back door of great peoples with peace, which is scared nearly out of its wits even at itself, naturally will have a hard time trying not to be sent round to the back door.

Peace, too, and faith in human nature, and trust of the motives and the powers and intelligence of common people—can only be sold in dramatized cartons. A League of Nations that stands up for open dealing by sitting down behind closed doors overlooks the first principle of salesmanship, the principle that what sells a thing is the dramatic principle. What sells a thing is having some to show and showing it until everybody wants some.

Salesmanship too. We have the idea in America that what we really want to do with the Germans is to sell them salesmanship as a substitute for war. If we want to sell to Germans the practical common sense, the shrewdness, the long-reach power of salesmanship or of mutual interest as a substitute for force we will sell them samples of it.

We will stand in the tent with the thing we want them to want, our mouths watering with it.

IX

IF I WERE going to try to be a great statesman—that is, a great engineer in making nations want things and in making nations happy—I should much rather, in looking for a man to model myself on and to fit myself for my task, run the risk of being too much like P. T. Barnum than of being too much like Jeremiah.

P. T. Barnum had his faults, of course. He did things which, even if he could get out of being tangled up with his generation, he would be the first man in not doing to-day. But he had the root of the matter in him. He was human. He had humor and imagination about himself and other people. He was a companionable fellow human being who liked things himself and shared them with others. His secret was that he liked his circus himself, from the pet mice up to the elephants, and from the peanuts up to the flag on the top of his tent. All he ever did all his life was to let millions of other people look over his shoulder at it and like it with him.

This is, I suspect, the core of the thing in being a statesman and making nations want things.

Jeremiah was a fine orator, but he whined at people about what he wanted them to want. It always seemed to me a pity that it was virtues that he wanted them to have. It was not fair to the virtues.

If the great statesmen of the world in the crisis now before us would stop modeling themselves on Jeremiah, or other experts in telling people what not to do, and will study the great amusers of the world, the people who make forty nations want them, who make what they want catching, so that everybody else goes round wanting it—we should soon have good and happy nations in rows all round the earth.

If good people cannot begin very soon now selling the virtues and making people want them it is because they are more superficial about selling virtues than they are about selling other things.

The plain fact moralizing nations have to face and deal with now, unless goodness once for all goes out from under in this world, is that every single virtue is at bottom a jolly, rollicking idea. Saving people's souls ought to be a perfect lark.

I do not care what lark anyone may think up to confound me with, I will undertake to prove to him that no lark can be so superficial, so fundamentally irreligious as a virtue that is not made alluring, and as a virtue that does not come under the head of recreations. If we are not going to be deep enough in America to bone down to the concrete in dealing with the Germans on how good and how beautiful we want them to be, if we are not going to make the virtues we are trying to sell them alluring, if we are going to be propagandists with the Germans, go to the Germans with our Bible in our hands and the salvation of the world in our vest pockets and beat them about the head with our virtues and wow-wow to them about their souls—the sooner we triple the size of our Navy in America and put every baby boy in training for a universal army the better.

We must sell virtues to people the way amusements are sold to them.

The fate of the world and the peace of nations hang to-day on salesmanship, upon dramatizing and making catching our League of Nations, so that the peoples of the earth will flock up to goodness, will steal round and snoop along goodness to get in, like boys along a board fence at a circus.

X

HOW is it that Mary Pickford makes nations want what she wants? And Charlie Chaplin and D. W. Griffiths and Doug Fairbanks?—the four people Mr. McAdoo has resigned from directing three hundred railroads and heading the Treasury of the United States to be with?

It has a queer look at first, perhaps, but not on second thought, that statesmen, people who are selling the fate of a world to the people in it, who are selling heavens and hells to nations, should want to take a leaf from Mary Pickford's experience in making a planet want things.

"How is it?"—a League of Nations and Boards of Trade in ten thousand cities well might ask—"how is it that Mary Pickford, in spite of being a little woman, almost a slip of a child, in fact—manages to be such a great salesman. What is it she manages to do and in what spirit does she work to make forty nations want her?"

Great emperors used to have their faces stamped on gold and silver coins circulating in their people's pockets, in their own private nations; but Mary Pickford has stamped her face in some private corner of the inner folds of the brain of nearly every man, woman and child on earth.

It is all right, of course, if they want to, for people merely to laugh at Charlie Chaplin's feet and think it is over.

As long as Charlie Chaplin's feet—nine hundred thousand regiments of Charlie Chaplin's feet go marching through the inner laughter, through the stored-up memory smiles and tears, the imagination, good cheer and rollic of a world, vast omnipresent armies of Charlie Chaplin's feet across the vision of a world—well, all I can say is that if Jeremiah or the other good people who try to whine at people or who try to knock people—even Germans—on the head with virtues would sit at Charlie Chaplin's feet and would look long and earnestly into little Mary Pickford's face, it would not be long before they would be amusing enough to do some good.

It would not be long before the world would be having, from one end of the earth to the other, day in and day out, a perfect lark of righteousness.

We should not have to whine and worry four billion men and women—crowds of nations all afraid to be wicked and all afraid to be good—into a weak, teasing, pottering League of Nations, twitching at everybody, wishing they would be good.

In the desperate crisis for leaders and statesmen the world is having now I am inclined to believe that Mr. McAdoo might do worse, after his glorious but somewhat plodding position up on top of the topmost rim of a tired and worried world, than to vault gracefully—so—come down plump in the middle—so—of a World's Amusements.

I will not dwell on it, but I cannot quite say how encouraging it is to me, prowling round desperately in my mind for ways of getting the attention of nations, to think that the time has come when a Treasurer of the United States will resign to be cheek by jowl with D. W. Griffiths.

I hope that when Mr. William G. McAdoo has learned all he wants to from Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin and Doug Fairbanks, and has earned enough money to afford it, he will resign to be President of the United States, and take all he has learned into the White House to use for the prayers and the hopes of peoples, to use to sell the destiny of America to the people in it, and to sell America a world.

The idea of making anything—anything on earth—as familiar to everybody in all languages as Mary Pickford's face, is an absolutely new and revolutionary idea, and makes a League of Nations, which would have been ridiculous day before yesterday, a hard-headed, proved, practicable idea.

The idea has been tried out in haunting a world with Mary Pickford's face. What we are going to do is to haunt a world next with the face of Liberty or with the face of Peace, instead of Mary Pickford's.

With a creative man like D. W. Griffiths as genius-in-waiting to a League of Nations, giving it a face and feet and hands and dramatizing it, even Senator Borah probably will not have such shuddery, lonely Idaho feelings about letting America go out and play with the other nations in the great yard of the world.

XI

IT WOULD be convenient to end this article by tucking two long chapters into two telegrams in the next paragraph, giving some more or less definite illustrations of what I have in mind for a Dramatizing Department to do.

The motion I am rising to make in these columns is that the Government shall start a department at once to study up and work out ways of dramatizing America to Germans and to Russians.

We are going to make, and make in a desperate hurry, in this country some substitute for our present two-inch pipe to Europe—some definite arrangement for getting ideas through to Europe by highly concentrating them, by dramatizing them instead of dribbling words about them.

Of course one need not deny that for the last few hundred years, with the nations all tucked away in nice, neat, safe little pigeonholes in this planet, just trying to be nations all by themselves, the way Senator Borah wants them, a two-inch pipe to Europe would answer every purpose; but to say that as things are going to-day, that two great continents like Europe and America are going to put up with a two-inch pipe to get enough news to run a world with, is an intolerable, stupendous and whopping lie.

Nobody at heart believes it.

Billions of people are waiting this minute for some excuse not to believe it; they can all be seen standing in line all day, all night, round the earth to rush in and say they don't believe it, the moment one man, be it ever so faintly, from way down in the back corner of the sky, gets up and peeps the truth.

What is the truth? Why is it that great nations lie down and cry in a desperate moment of the world because they cannot talk?

Why is it that great nations shoot because they cannot talk—when all the while little, simple, direct, almost childlike actions, dramatizings, will tell anything about any nation any minute that any other nation needs to know?

Here we all are, great nations and little nations, all of us living under the same great big blue common of the sky, with every invention for expressing, personalizing, visualizing and dramatizing ideas that could be conceived, and who really believe that all we are really going to be able to do after all is to keep on in the same old empty way saying tra-la-la to each other with guns?

I do not mind, if some people like it, having my country tum-tumming along trying to express American ideas to other nations by putting them on guns; but when I see our American Government having billions of dollars to spend on expressing ideas by shooting them at people, and not a cent to spend on dramatizing them to people, it seems to me my country is not being hard-headed, that it is not facing facts, that it is sentimental and visionary.

The 12,408 holes in these Four Sugar Evaporator plates were drilled 1-47/64″ with "W & B" "Hercules" H. S. Drills and reamed to 1-49/64″ with "W & B" H. S. Rose Shell Reamers.

TRADE MARK
REG U S PAT OFF

12,408 Holes—Quick!

THE best drill presses and the most skilled mechanics on earth cannot drill accurate holes without good Twist Drills. Every Drill job requires speed, whether it is a rush order or not. Speed makes profits, conserves machine tool investment, cuts overhead, raises production and increases employees' income. Speed depends on Drill quality.

"W & B" Twist Drills as Speed Factors

Most makers of high grade machine tools invariably use "W & B" Twist Drills to demonstrate hole cutting capacity.

A "W & B" Twist Drill will test the machine where many other drills would break.

"W & B" Twist Drills retain their temper and cutting edge. They do not overheat. Less time is consumed in sharpening and grinding.

Manufacturers in all lines can reach a new production limit by using "W & B" Twist Drills and Reamers in their regular equipment.

"W & B" Twist Drills as Profit Factors

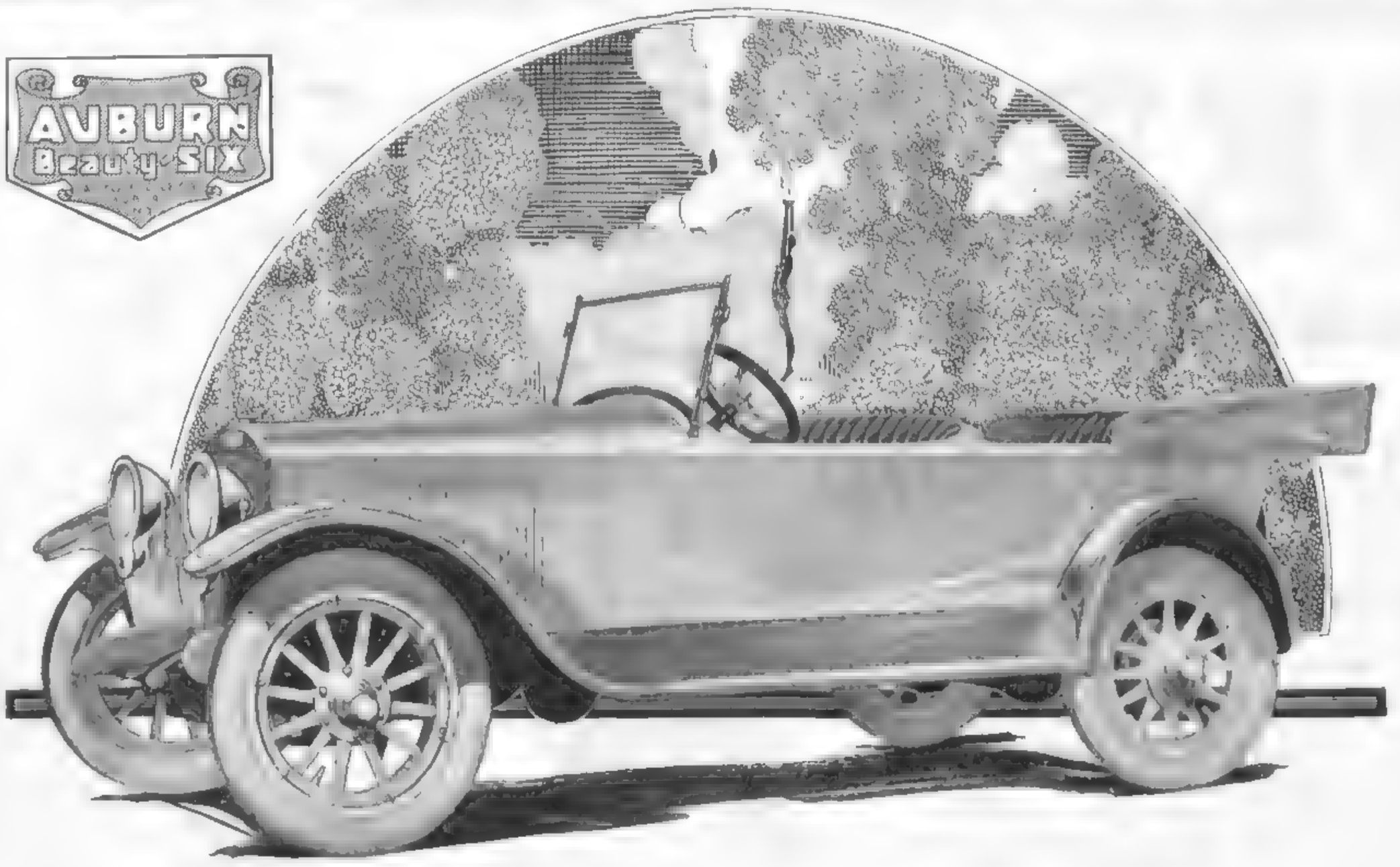
Your investment in machine tool equipment yields the greatest profits when "W & B" Twist Drills and Reamers are used.

"W & B" Twist Drills and Reamers stay on the work more hours, cut more accurately in more kinds of metals, produce more holes, more profits.

"W & B" Carbon and High Speed Twist Drills and Reamers are right for *every industry*. The "W & B" Diamond trademark has international recognition as a mark of achievement, capacity, extreme accuracy, ability to deliver and reasonable cost.

The Whitman & Barnes Manufacturing Co.
General Offices: Akron, Ohio
Factories: Akron, Ohio, Chicago, Ill., St. Catharines, Ont.

Established 65 Years
Whitman & Barnes
TWIST DRILLS — REAMERS — WRENCHES — DROP FORGINGS



Beauty in Possession

AUBURN Beauty-SIX

BEAUTY—truly a word to conjure with! The flash of a jewel on a white hand, the soft harmony of tones in an Oriental rug, the grace of line in period furniture—all of these testify to the delight the discriminating find in pure beauty. Today you rightly demand beauty in a motor car—and you will find it completely expressed in the *Auburn Beauty-SIX*.

The *Auburn Beauty-SIX* has beauty of design, beauty of power, beauty of possession, beauty of permanence, beauty of price. Its identifying individuality is neither ultra-modish nor freakish. The boldness of its lines is a fine expression of daring mellowed by experience—and best of all, the *Auburn's* beauty is the cloak of its power and the mask of its brute endurance.

There's an instant pride about the *Auburn Beauty-SIX*—a delight in possession you would never find in just an ordinary car. And your pleasure in its ownership will be continually heightened by its super-service, because the *Beauty-SIX* has the deep, underlying beauty of chassis construction which is the primary requisite for genuine motor car enjoyment.

We ask you to consider this statement of the *Auburn's* superiority as a challenge of comparison—to test the *Beauty-SIX* by any sort of demonstration—to consider its adaptability to any kind of service you require. Two models—6-39H Five Passenger Touring; 6-39K Four Passenger Smart Tourster. Smartest color combinations—blue-black, purple-lake and Auburn grey; priced at $1,595

Write for DeLuxe Catalogue Auburn Beauty-SIX now ready

Dealers of Standing write or wire for unusual opportunity

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

AUBURN, INDIANA

Automobile Engineers for Nineteen Years

FEDERAL

DOUBLE CABLE BASE TIRES

Re-enforced

To Insure Longer Wear, Safety, Economy

IT is obvious why engineers re-enforce a bridge

But there are still thousands of car owners who could save money and trouble if they realized why tires, to render maximum service, *must* be re-enforced at their *base*.

The most strain on a tire is centered on its base, in fact, the durability of the whole tire structure is dependent upon its base.

Look at the sectional illustration of a Federal Tire —see those four twisted steel cables? They are there for *scientific* reasons, the same as a bridge is reenforced or a skyscraper is anchored with steel.

This Double-Cable-Base construction is an *exclusive* Federal improvement. It holds the tire *firmly upon the rim* at all times and despite every possible service strain that can be imposed. This means your Federal Tire is *not* wearing itself out *upon its rim*.

Every inch of mileage of Federal Tires is preserved for service *upon the road*. This improvement keeps the tire from rocking, shifting, or blowing off—the toe of the bead does not pinch the tube. There are no rim-cuts or blow-outs just above the rim.

Make *your* tire-money go the *longest* distance by seeing a Federal dealer.

THE FEDERAL RUBBER COMPANY OF ILLINOIS

Factories, Cudahy, Wis.

Manufacturers of Federal Automobile Tires, Tubes and Sundries, Motorcycle, Bicycle and Carriage Tires, Rubber Heels, Fibre Soles, Horse Shoe Pads, Rubber Matting and Mechanical Rubber Goods

Ask the Federal Dealer to show you this Rugged Tread (Extra Ply Fabric), the Traffik Tread, or the Federal Cord Tire.

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Louisiana Gulf Coast

MUCH of the disgruntled attitude of the Middle West toward the Federal Wild-Fowl Law, which stopped spring shooting, was due to sheer angry jealousy and envy. The new dates for the upper zone allowed the shooters plenty of time to shoot, but they had not so many ducks in the fall as they had been accustomed to seeing in the spring, when the flight, condensed and banking up back of the receding ice, stopped on its way north in the spring longer than it did on its way south in the fall. Of course all these sportsmen of Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, and so on, started out with the proposition that they must kill ducks in one season or the other; the principle of lessening the slaughter did not come into their minds, and their only concern was how they might increase it for themselves.

On the contrary, after the birds had gone south they were banked up along the Gulf Coast in yet greater numbers than they were when going north in the spring. When the weather was very severe in the North half the wild fowl of the continent might be found along the Gulf Coast of Louisiana and Texas. In such conditions, long after the shooters of the upper zone had been obliged to lay up their guns, the men of the South might kill all they liked, while those of the North must simply bite their thumbs and gnash their teeth.

It was agreed by all the Middle West that the new law oppressed the poor man, who could not go South in the wintertime to shoot. The facts that this poor man would go if he could, that he would kill just as many ducks down South as anybody if he could, and that the increased total of dead ducks would need to be taken from the total supply of live ducks, never came into the argument at all. The one thing was that somebody else was having shooting while the men of the Middle West were not; hence it all was wrong. Illinois, Arkansas, Missouri and all the rest of the malcontents reviled Louisiana and Texas as homes of all uncleanliness in sport, and summoned high heaven to witness their own wrongs.

But the truth is that there are quite two sides to this whole question. There is no doubt that the game laws in Louisiana and Texas ought to shorten the old seasons, and ought to cut down the bag for the day and for the season. This would leave more ducks to go north to breed, and hence more ducks to come south for the Middle West the next fall. But it is by no means true that the coast shooters have given themselves over to unregulated slaughter. The contrary is the truth. There is no state in the Union which more than Louisiana has recognized its position as custodian and trustee of the nation's wealth in migratory game. The Louisiana game refuges are the greatest in the world; the very best examples of good sportsmanship this country can produce.

I say nothing of the enforcement of the game laws of Louisiana or Texas, for of those matters I know nothing at the present time; but as to the refuges and their splendid effect on the supply of wild fowl, no doubt can possibly exist. The Marsh Island Refuge, the Ward-McIlhenny and other great perpetual reserves are magnificent gifts to a nation which does not appreciate them, but which wants to break them open and clean them out.

As I have shot in both sections—the South and the Middle West—and have studied both, I believe it is fair to say that the whole attitude of the Gulf-Coast country toward game protection is broader than that of the Middle West, which has been raising most of the howl against the Southern shooting—the howl of jealous men who simply want to kill more to their own guns and not to save a bird for the future.

Now comes yet another Louisiana reserve, which ought to strengthen this assertion in the minds of some of those who have been loudest in their protests against the Federal law and against the "Southern slaughter." A newspaper dispatch, printed in the Brooklyn Eagle, covers it very well:

"Jefferson Island, former home of Joseph Jefferson, in Iberia Parish, Southern Louisiana, and named by him Bob Acres after the character in The Rivals made famous on the stage by the actor, is to be developed into a sanctuary for wild fowl by Lawrence Jones and J. Lyle Bayliss, who recently purchased the property.

"It comprises ten thousand acres. A contract has been awarded for the construction of a dam along one edge of the property in order to reëstablish a cypress swamp drained some years ago. When the water accumulates it is proposed to establish an immense heronry in order that the many species of herons in Louisiana, especially the egret, [may build nests and raise their young over water, as is their habit.

"In addition, the new owners of Bob Acres have petitioned the Louisiana Conservation Commission to set aside Lake Pelgneu, adjoining the property, as a wild-waterfowl refuge. The lake is a noted resort for ducks during the winter months and they flock there by hundreds of thousands."

Increasing the Food Supply

IF THERE is one expression more than another distasteful to this particular writer it is the phrase, "true sportsman." I was raised on that sort of journalism and am fed up on it. As a matter of fact, the true sportsman is no specially created product whatever and is owner of no divine right whatever. The average sportsman is just the average citizen in a different suit of clothes. So you will find among sportsmen a great many selfish men and a great many foolish ones, as well as a great many thinking men and a like number of kindly men. The proverbial generosity of sportsmen is simply the latent generosity of the average man. He puts it on when he takes off his harness of work; it goes with his old clothes.

But sportsmen frequently meet even in their workaday conventional harness. They have their leagues and organizations, like anybody else; and it is not to be denied that these organizations have great weight in the country, because they are made up largely of influential men and include a great many members of distinction in all lines of human endeavor. Since they ally themselves with preservation they make a force to be reckoned with politically. Every great sportsmen's society of America came out in favor of the Greater Roosevelt Park. All of them favored the Federal Wild-Fowl Law.

The Camp-Fire Club of America is located in New York and has attained a membership of many hundreds. The Boone and Crockett Club of the same city is a much smaller organization, composed of the very best type of wealthy big-game hunters and naturalists in that city. The Lewis and Clark Club, of Pittsburgh, is similar in all ways. The Hunters' Fraternity, of New York, with its stiffly selected and exclusive membership, is another powerful organization of gentlemen sportsmen.

In Chicago they have a Camp of the Hunters' Fraternity, bearing the curious and rather clumsy title of Camp-Fire Club of Chicago and Hunters' Fraternity Camp Number Two. The reason for this name was that the Chicago club first organized as the Camp-Fire Club of Chicago, and was commanded by the Camp-Fire Club of New York to drop the title, which it refused to do on the ground that Chicago was not a province of New York. This body then went in with the Hunters' Fraternity, with the composite name above given, remaining, however, quite independent in its own practices.

There are a great many of these high-class organizations of gentlemen sportsmen in different parts of the country. Perhaps the largest, numerically speaking, is that known as the Canadian Camp, also of New York, which has the curious distinction of having no constitution, no by-laws and no dues. Its membership, which numbers about two thousand now, is increased solely by invitations to good men as they are found. It also is beginning to establish camps in other cities.

This last organization gives a great annual dinner in New York, at which sometimes rather curious things are said and done; so quite often the banquets have broken into print by reason of their oddity. Bison, beaver tail, moose muffle, rhinoceros, alligator—almost anything you like—may be found on the menus of the past. In February of the current year this club had as one of its speakers the Arctic explorer, Stefansson, who, it seems, has a food theory of his own.

In Mr. Stefansson's belief our domestic animals originated in the tropics, since which time we have been trying to push them north; whereas, in his estimate, it would be simpler to go north and try to push something south. Mr. Stefansson is strong for the musk ox, because it needs no protection against the weather; also he is of the firm belief that the semidomestication of the northern caribou and the increase of the Alaska reindeer herds are destined to solve the meat question for the United States.

At the banquet in question reindeer meat was served. It came all the way from Nome. The Seattle banker and mining promoter who shipped this meat to New York owns practically all the reindeer round Nome, and once tried to introduce the meat into Seattle at a price of about four or five cents a pound. It did not go very well; so after a time he tried shipping it to New York and charging twenty-five cents a pound or more for it; and the public took it avidly. The meat as served at the club dinner was not unpalatable, but, of course, hardly what it would have been if fresh killed and properly hung in camp. Mr. Stefansson was convinced that this was the answer to the beef trust, which Mr. Heney seems unable to discover elsewhere.

Our party of four entered into a discussion on items of diet, since all of us had branched out now and then from the conventional in the way of food. One said he could never quite like porcupine, though he did not dislike muskrat. Another, the ex-governor of a Western State, was very fond of muskrat. As for myself, I have, upon extreme occasion, eaten dog and survived it, and sometimes have eaten muskrat and not suffered therefrom. Skunk I have yet to achieve. Perhaps we may look forward with mild interest to the next banquet of this club. Something strange gastronomically is almost sure to happen.

Some people will not eat rabbits or squirrels, declaring they would as soon eat cat. I have never tried cat, but I have talked with many old-time hunters and have read the statements of many others, who declared that the meat of the panther is about the best wild meat there is; and the panther or mountain lion is nothing if not cat—and a good deal of it. The next time you get a mountain lion try a rack of chops, some cutlets, or a ragout of the ham.

The raccoon is very good to eat if you know how to cook him. The scent glands must always be removed. They are like small kernels underneath the front legs and in the small of the back. Parboil the raccoon as long as you like, skim off the grease; then roast him, stuffed. You can use a porcupine in much the same way; but if it has been living on pine needles it is apt to taste a little bitter. Even the woodchuck is edible, though you must be sure to get the kernels out from under the forelegs. If you use any of these doubtful animals, or any doubtful duck, parboil it first in one or two waters; then bake, seasoning it rather highly; and use freely that blessed esculent, the onion.

Hints on Skinning

DO YOU really know how to skin a squirrel? Of course skinning a rabbit is simple; you catch the hide on the back in the middle with both hands close together and rip it apart, pulling it off over his head and heels, one-half in each hand. Don't let go your first grip or the skin will roll over and get fur on the flesh, where it is very hard to get off. Unless you have a very old and tough rabbit you will not need to cut the skin on the back to start it ripping; it will tear between the hands.

Skinning a squirrel is by no means so simple, for the hide is far tougher than that of any rabbit. Did you ever see the new hired girl try to skin a squirrel? It takes her about two hours; and then she quits her job after mussing up the kitchen with the butcher knife and the ax. She will try to skin the squirrel the way you would a bear. Perhaps the head of the house may try to skin the squirrel as he does a rabbit. Both of these ways are wrong.

The old Virginia and Kentucky way of skinning a squirrel is thus: You cut through the tail bone close up to the body from the under side—not from above. Now you run the point of your knife, which should be sharp, not down the inside of the hind leg, or down the back edge of the hind leg, but in a curved line down over the ham. These two slits run from the cut tail toward the point of a V on the belly in front of the hind legs. If the squirrel is young you do not need to make the cut clear through, as the skin will tear along the line of the slit. The idea is to take off the squirrel skin in two sections, one of which remains behind on the hind legs.

Put your foot on the tail, close to the body; take hold of the hind legs and pull up strongly. If you have made that overcurving cut correctly the skin will rip free along the backbone, will run down along the hams to that V, and then break away clean from the hind legs. It will turn inside out as you pull the hind legs upward. Be careful not to tear your squirrel in two if it is young. Pull out the forelegs when the skin gets down to them; and when the hide rolls down over the head take your knife and cut off the ears, eyelids and nose, so that the skull is left free and clean. It is now very simple to take the free end of the skin between the knife blade and your thumb and skin out the hind legs. Then you cut off all the feet. A good old-time squirrel hunter will skin a squirrel a minute in this way. Any other way is apt to produce considerable muss in the kitchen.

Of course if you trap or camp much you know how to "case" a hide. Fox, mink, otter, marten, weasel and lynx are all cased skins. You run a slit down the back of each hind leg, leaving the tail on, and turn the skin inside out all the way down over the head, skinning out the legs as you come to them and, of course, being very careful when you come to the feet, ears, eyelids and nostrils. Here a little slip of the knife might cost you from five dollars to forty in the value of the pelt.

How is the tail of the fox left on so round and fluffy? And how did the bone get out of the sable's tail? When the skinner came to that part of his job he skinned back the hide along the large part of the tail bone as far as he well could, rolling the fur inside out. When he got toward the fine bone, close to the tip, he could not keep on rolling the fur back on itself, so he took a couple of sticks and straddled the tail bone with them, holding them tightly together; then, with a steady pull on the tail bone, he pulled the entire bone out of the rest of the tail, not even breaking the tip. The first time you try to do that on a fifty-dollar hide you are apt to sweat a little in anxiety; but that is the way it is done.

A bear, a beaver or a raccoon skin is split open along the inside of the legs and along the middle line of the belly; and such hides are nailed out or stretched out flat—the beaver laced on a hoop, the bear on a pole frame, the raccoon tacked on the barn door, perhaps. All of these plantigrade skins are apt to need considerable fleshing after the hide is taken off.

An otter hide is another one that is very hard to flesh, and one really needs a beam and a good fleshing knife, like the back of a drawing knife. A bear or a beaver also takes a lot of fleshing—it is very hard indeed to get down to the real hide. Rats, foxes, minks and martens go much more easily. You cut off the beaver's tail or the muskrat's tail; but the tail of the otter you leave on, of course, and split it and tack it out on the stretcher, because there is considerable fur in the tail of an otter.

I have noticed that in the Far North, especially in the Peace River country, the Indians are never very particular in skinning a bear, but allow considerable meat to stick to the hide. I often had them rebuke me for skinning off the hide too clean. They said that if considerable meat was left on the hide they could flesh it better after they got it spread out on the ground, as the meat would roll up and give them something to work on; whereas a clean hide would be harder to clean down.

Why Live with Cracked Walls and Ceilings When They're Easily Covered Up

Beaver Board will cover them up for all time and you'll never have the job to do again.

While Beaver Board is doing away with the danger of falling plaster it is covering up old dingy wall paper on walls and ceilings and giving you an ideal surface for painting and decorating. Many an old homestead has been revived with this knotless, crackless manufactured lumber. Room after room has been made over—one at a time if you please—without muss or litter.

The big sturdy panels of Beaver Board are nailed directly over the old papered wall or to the studding of new partitions. They are treated in unlimited decorative fashion and all former monotony is entirely eliminated—Beaver Board transforms the whole house.

Beaver Board is real lumber. It is built up into large panels from the strong, pure fibres of the spruce tree. Each panel is treated with the patented *Sealtite* process which prevents warping.

The booklet "Beaver Board and its Uses" tells about this worth while building material and gives many decorative suggestions for its use. Write for a copy. Ask our Department of Design and Decoration for plans and color suggestions.

THE BEAVER BOARD COMPANIES
12 Beaver Road Buffalo, N. Y.

UNITED STATES BRANCHES
at Boston, New York, Baltimore, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Kansas City, and San Francisco.

CANADA:
113 Wall Street, Beaverdale
Ottawa

ENGLAND:
4 Southampton Row
London, W. C.

AUSTRALIA:
149 Kent Street
Sydney, N. S. W.

NEW ZEALAND:
Victoria and Harris Streets
Wellington

Manufacturers also of Beaver Greenboard and Beaver Blackboard.
Distributors in principal cities, dealers everywhere.

BEAVER BOARD

FOR BETTER WALLS & CEILINGS

Inside of hot cylinders—

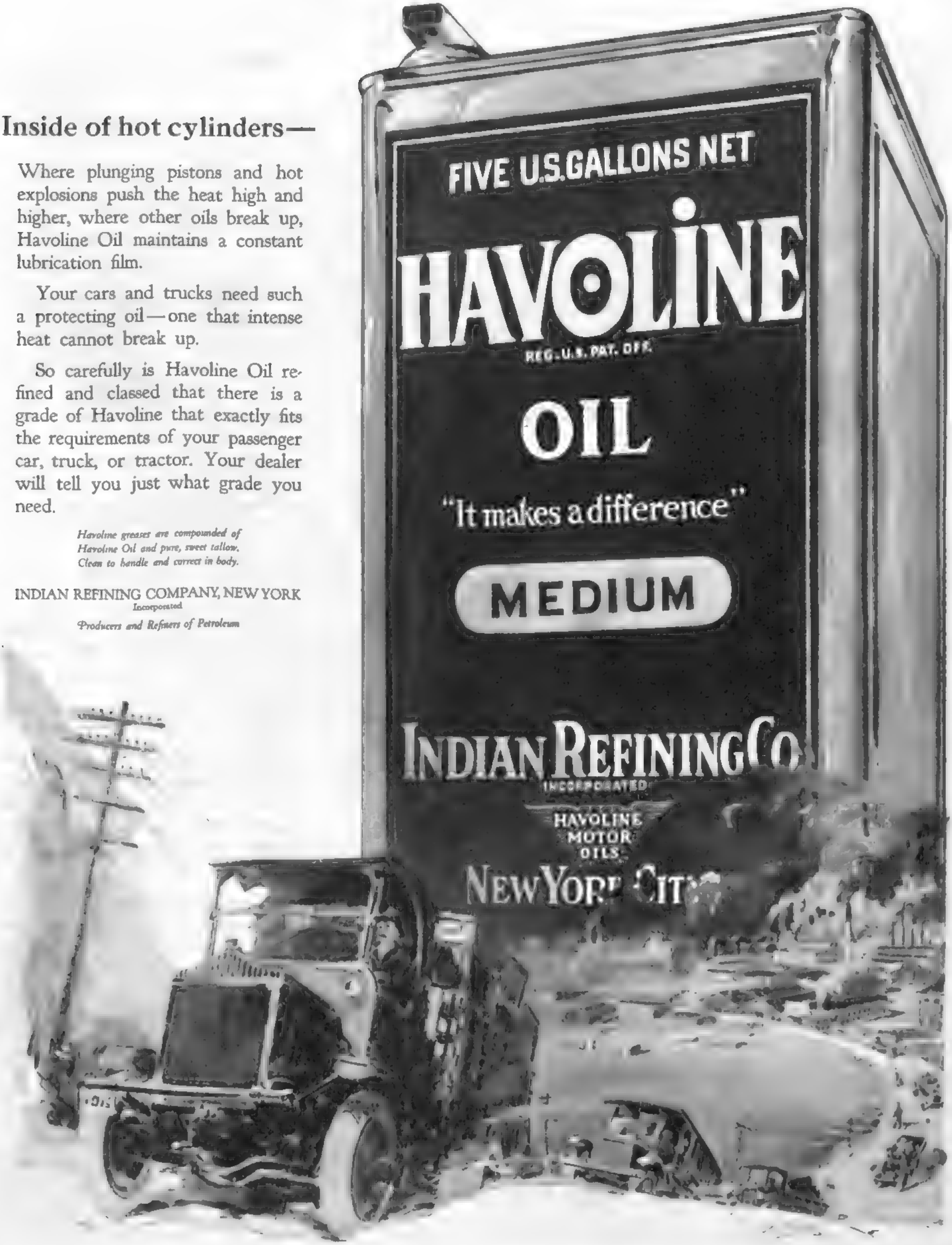
Where plunging pistons and hot explosions push the heat high and higher, where other oils break up, Havoline Oil maintains a constant lubrication film.

Your cars and trucks need such a protecting oil—one that intense heat cannot break up.

So carefully is Havoline Oil refined and classed that there is a grade of Havoline that exactly fits the requirements of your passenger car, truck, or tractor. Your dealer will tell you just what grade you need.

Havoline greases are compounded of Havoline Oil and pure, sweet tallow. Clean to handle and correct in body.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, NEW YORK
Incorporated
Producers and Refiners of Petroleum



Follow the Surgeon
In Buying Rubber Goods

GO to the drug store that he goes to—to the selfsame counter where he buys his rubber goods. For now the home as well as hospitals can get the *Miller Surgeons Grade Rubber*—used 27 years by medical men.

Your Hot Water Bottles, Syringes, Gloves for household work, Nipples, Diapers and Sponges, etc., should all bear the Miller trade-mark—a brand denoting uniform quality.

No matter what rubber goods you need for the home, for toilet, nursery, bath, sick room or kitchen—ask your druggist for Miller Surgeons Grade. These are the kind you may *depend* on—Surgeons do! They know that the name Miller means to rubber goods what "sterling means to silver."

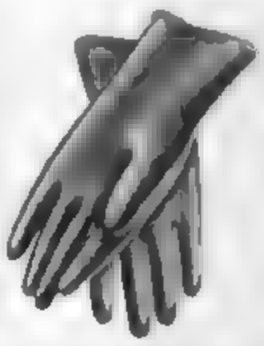
If you don't know the name of the nearby Miller druggist, write to us. Meanwhile, inquire at the drug store.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Uniform Mileage Tires, Tire Accessories and Miller Balloons

Miller Surgeons Grade Hot Water Bottles withstand a ton test of pressure. No seams to leak or separate. And our patented C-Kure-Nek prevents neck leaks. $1.25 upward

Miller Rubber Sponges—Surgeons Grade—cleanse the pores on the suction principle. Beneficial to skin and complexion—delightful for toilet and bath. 15c to $1.50.



Miller Household Rubber Gloves not only keep hands lovely but stand the wear of housework. 50c up.

Miller Fountain Syringe, moulded in one piece, without seams or binding. No weak spots to come apart. Advocated by physicians for internal bath. Three flow pipes and tubing included. Prices $1.25 up.

Miller Sanitate Diaper. Buttons right over the cloth diaper and protects the clothing. Quickly sterilized by boiling. Recommended by specialists.

THE SIGN OF THE MILLER DEALER

Miller

Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods

Ole Hanson and the Big Strike

By PAUL C. HEDRICK

WHEN he was elected mayor of Seattle in March, 1918, Ole Hanson, called by many a Swede, but of pure-blood Norwegian ancestry, native of Wisconsin, where he was born in a frontier log cabin forty-five years ago, was accepted by the business public and the politicians of the old school as the best way out of a difficult situation.

A radical municipal ownership of everything that was not tied down to earth was his opponent in the finals.

Hanson had not been in office three months before the men and the conservative interests who had taken him on as an easy way out of a bad bargain figured that Ole, as everybody here calls him, was a political if not a psychological misfit. They complained because in himself there was constituted the most efficient little propaganda mill ever found working overtime in this town of swiftly moving political currents. Ole was in all the newspapers all the time. Errorless days with Ole in these early months of his administration, now only a year old, were anything but rare; meaning that the mayor usually pulled a perfect score in that each day he'd have a story in each of the three afternoon newspapers, with the morning paper batting for him 1.000. Sunday he rested with one or two stories in each of the two Sunday papers.

Mayor Ole Hanson and His Family

Highest-score performers in past publicity gasped in amazement and then vainly sighed with heartiest regrets from the back benches. Ole planned on a big scale. A $15,000,000 street-railway purchase and $30,000,000 municipal hydro-electric power plant in the mountains of the back country were only two of the big schemes the mayor incubated in his first summer's work.

A Hard Man to Bluff

Then, one morning in February, when forty thousand workers went on a general strike and the terror of a gasless, waterless, lightless Seattle—even the hospitals were not exempted from the first promulgated strike order—hung like a black pall over the people, Hanson pulled the epic of his career by issuing a proclamation carrying defiance to labor as represented by the Central Labor Council's strike committee; armed three thousand special policemen, threatened the water and light civil-service employees with dismissal if they struck, and proclaimed that "the seat of government is at the City Hall, and the people will be protected in their property and in their business, and law and order preserved" with the backing of United States regular troops.

The radical labor leaders bossing the strike were more than thunderstruck. They sent a committee to his office, headed by James A. Duncan, secretary of the labor council; and including Anna Louise Strong, radical internationalist; Hulet M. Wells, now out on bail pending appeal to the United States Circuit Court at San Francisco; and a Russian named Leon Butouetsky, business agent of the Electrical Workers' Union and labor council committeeman. They begged the mayor to "ask exemptions," meaning for him to beg for lights and water for the hospitals, which might be granted by the strike committee and "thus avoid bloodshed."

"You are revolutionists!" the mayor shouted at them. "We will not deal with you. There'll be no compromise. Your only 'out' is abject surrender. Call the strike off before it starts!"

Duncan told the mayor the soldiers from Camp Lewis—veterans of the war and armed with machine guns and truck loads of hand grenades and rifles—might not prove loyal. He suggested that perhaps the troops were "with the strikers."

"We'll get fifty thousand of them here to prove the loyalty of the American Army to the American flag if necessary," the mayor snapped back. "Try them, if you want to."

At midnight of Wednesday, February fifth, the day before the big sympathetic walkout of the forty thousand union workers of all crafts in sympathy with the twenty-five thousand shipyard strikers, the labor council pleaded over the phone for the mayor to come to the Labor Temple for a final conference. Hanson, who had not seen his bed for three days and nights, left home with his motor driver and faced a hundred strike managers for three hours.

"No compromise, no recognition," was his answer. At three o'clock the mayor left, telling the strike committee that the laws would be enforced and that anyone interfering with the city's light, power, water and railway plants would be shot. In twenty-four hours the newspapers everywhere were carrying stories of Mayor Hanson's defiance of the strikers, and within two days the revolution was dead.

"It didn't even get to first base," Ole telegraphed to a New York paper. Three days after the walkout street-car service was slowly resumed, and on the fourth day the executive committee at Labor Temple officially called the strike off. The people had gas, water, light and food; and there was not a single act of violence.

What L. F. Post, Assistant Secretary of Labor at Washington, said was: "A frank attempt at social revolution and a very skillfully handled one" died stillborn.

Contradicting several hundred telegrams from publicists, national, state and city officials, and from commercial organizations in practically all the states of the Union, crediting him with the decision against the Union attempt to govern Seattle, the mayor says the fight was won by the Americanism of Seattle's people.

"The people were ninety-five per cent loyal to our flag and government, and the troops and our police force greatly outnumbered the other five per cent," said the mayor. "Public sentiment won. Bolshevism, soviets, anarchists and the red flag will not be tolerated here."

Ole Hanson, his wife and three children drove in a prairie schooner from Racine, Wisconsin, to Seattle in the year 1902. He had lost one child and had been partially paralyzed in a railroad wreck in Texas, and took this means of crossing the continent and regaining his health. It has been told repeatedly in Seattle that when Ole pitched his tent on Beacon Hill, then in dense woods, he announced what he was going to do in Seattle. Ole is said to have said: "I will be mayor of Seattle by and by. It will take some years but I think I would like to be mayor, so I will be mayor." The residents who surrounded the prairie schooner laughed and told the story as a good joke.

During the Taft campaign in 1908 Hanson was a candidate for the state legislature. One of the candidates for sheriff asked him for his support. Hanson refused. The next day his opponent wrote Hanson a letter saying that he recognized in him an ex-convict and that unless Hanson came through he would expose him. Hanson went looking for the writer of the letter and at ten o'clock that night found him at a great Taft rally, where Judge R. A. Ballinger, afterward Secretary of the Interior, was presiding. Hanson marched up the center aisle, grabbed his opponent by the scruff of his neck, pulled him out into the aisle and gave him a thorough beating before the assembled audience of some twenty-five hundred people. No one interfered. Hanson handed a newspaper the letter, and on election day his opponent did not receive a vote in his ward, while Hanson received every vote but ten in his district.

Hanson said at the time: "Hell! Who would vote for him? The Irish hate him because he got licked by a Swede; the rest of us dislike him because he is such a liar."

Against Crooked Racing

At Cœur d'Alene, Idaho, in 1916 Hanson was billed to make a speech for Wilson. Just as he rose to speak he was handed a telegram stating that his father had died back East. Hanson read the telegram to the audience and told them: "Dad would not want me to quit right now if he was alive. He will understand that to finish this job is my duty." He then made a speech on the Americanism of Wilson that carried the house by storm. Cœur d'Alene went for Wilson, and they say that Ole's speech did it.

When Hanson was in the Washington legislature he forced through an unwilling body the anti-race-track-gambling bill. In his opening speech he said: "I have played all the games I know of, from shooting craps in an alley to the New York stock exchange, but this race-track game as conducted at The Meadows in Seattle makes every crooked game I ever saw look like the Golden Rule."

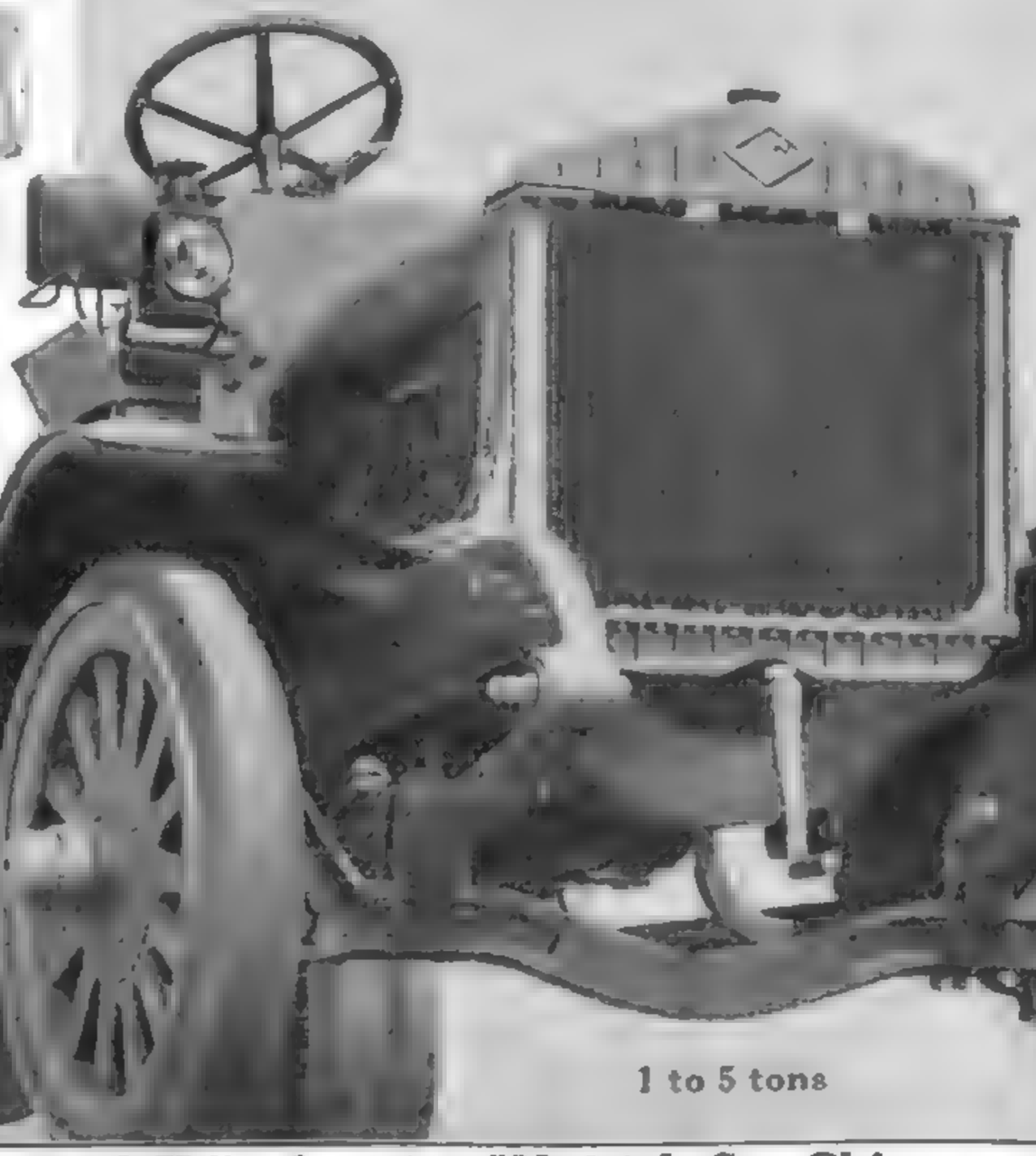
He realized the value of publicity and it is said of him that when a newspaper friend

(Concluded on Page 143)

A good reputation has to be earned by performance.

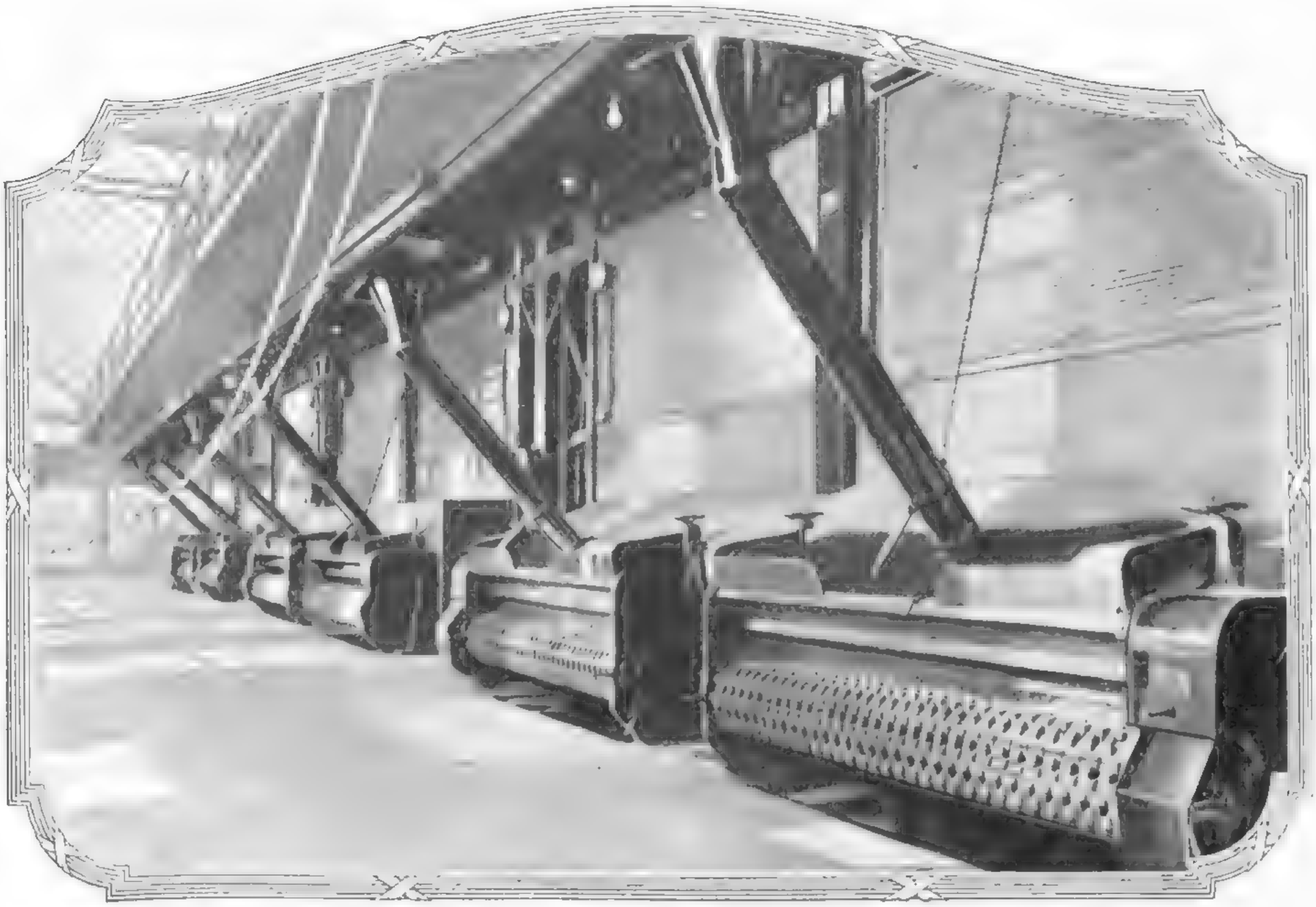
More than thirteen years of performance has earned for the Diamond T its reputation for efficiency and economy.

DIAMOND T
THE NATION'S FREIGHT CAR



1 to 5 tons

Diamond T Motor Car Company 4519 W. 26th St., Chicago



How This Plant Saves $380.00 *Every Day* in Coal and Labor

Six years ago the A. E. Staley Mfg. Co. (Corn Products), Decatur, Ill., installed four Laclede-Christy Chain Grate Stokers. In 1917 they installed two more. The six Stokers are shown in the above photograph.

Recently we asked this concern what results they were getting from their stokers. The General Superintendent, Mr. G. E. Chamberlain, reports a record of money saving and general plant efficiency that scarcely seems possible—and yet such a record is to be expected from the

Laclede Christy Chain Grate Stoker

The Staley Co. say *first*, that through the *complete combustion* produced by their LACLEDE-CHRISTY STOKERS they save 50 tons of coal every day, amounting to about $150.00.

Second, they are able to maintain their necessary steam production, and at the same time burn a grade of coal costing 50 cents per ton less than that required if they fired by hand. As they burn 300 tons of coal daily, this means an *additional* saving of $150.00.

Third, through use of the LACLEDE-CHRISTY STOKER, they effect a *labor* saving which amounts to about $80.00 per day.

This makes a total saving of $380.00 every working day in the year!

On top of that the Staley Co. say: "We find it possible to operate with practically *no smoke*, which we could not do under hand-fired conditions." Is it any wonder that they are enthusiastic about the LACLEDE-CHRISTY STOKER?

Why not put this time-tested, money-saving equipment on *your* payroll? Mail us the coupon and we will send you complete particulars, a list of Laclede-Christy installations in your vicinity, etc. Mail the coupon *now*.

B22

LACLEDE-CHRISTY
ST LOUIS MO

Send us complete particulars of the LACLEDE-CHRISTY CHAIN GRATE STOKER, and list of installations in our vicinity.

Firm Name

Individual

Address

Kind of Boilers to Use

Number of Boilers Total Horse Power

LACLEDE-CHRISTY, SAINT LOUIS, MO.

Chicago Office, 1366 Peoples Gas Bldg. Pittsburgh Office, 901 Oliver Bldg.

THE application of electric power to housekeeping has received the same attention and study from General Electric engineers that has characterized their services to American industry

"Send this one—with the G-E Motor, it must be good!"

NO two vacuum cleaners are the same. Their construction differs; their weights vary. But the thing that makes any vacuum cleaner—no matter what type—either dependable or undependable, is its electric motor.

You cannot see the motor on most cleaners—it is enclosed. And if you could see it, that wouldn't aid very much in helping you decide how good it is. You must be guided by your knowledge—and others' experience—that the motor on your electric cleaner is both efficient and dependable.

That is why, when you know a vacuum cleaner has a G-E Motor on it, you can be sure of excellent service, because everybody knows that G-E Motors have an established reputation for high quality.

You will never find a G-E Motor on an electrical appliance of poor quality. When a manufacturer builds a G-E Motor into his vacuum cleaner he does it to be absolutely sure the vital part of his cleaner will uphold the quality reputation of his appliance.

Look—and ask—before you buy. To be sure of the best results insist on household appliances operated by G-E Motors.

Look for this—
the mark of leadership in electrical development and manufacture

G-E motors

—from the Mightiest to the Tiniest

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Concluded from Page 139)

once handed him a paper and commented on its being the greatest newspaper in America Hanson said: "I think it is a very poor newspaper. I am unable to find my name in it."

At a conference of political workers in Seattle many years ago a mayoralty campaign was on. Hanson was invited, or rather he came. The question came up about the red-light district. Of the twenty-five all but Hanson talked of segregation and so on. Hanson, when they were all through, demanded to know what was planned.

"Have any of you a daughter to spare for such purposes?" asked Hanson. The twenty-five reversed themselves and the red-light district was cleaned out.

When he was a member of the legislature a rifle shoot was held at Olympia, the state capital. Hanson refused to enter the lists, saying it was unfair for a man who could shoot as he could to compete for prizes. After the shoot was over the boys kidded Hanson into showing his prowess. He placed ordinary business cards on end with the sharp edge toward him, and placed them at a distance of two hundred feet. He then marked with chalk the target at the top and bottom of each card as the card itself was absolutely indistinguishable. Then he proceeded to clip each card as fast as he could pull the trigger. He is a dead shot with rifle and revolver and has no superior in Washington, except perhaps his present chief of police, Joe Warren, who has a 45 marked with many notches.

Hanson fights to the last, never compromises, but after the victory is won there is none so gentle and kind to the vanquished. After fighting the labor leaders off their feet during the strike he was the first to appeal to the employers to reinstate the men and treat them in a just manner.

One of his pet beliefs is that as long as he does right, as he terms it, seventy-five per cent of the people will be with him. He laughs at the statements of politicians that the people don't know. He says: "The people know all about you most all the time. They know you as well as your wife. The only one a man can fool is himself. The four-flusher and the hypocrite last but a season."

Hanson has six boys and three girls and a grandson. His boy Teddy, named after Roosevelt, keeps Seattle on the qui vive a good share of the time. He is ten years old and always starting something. He left Seattle on his pony two months ago and had got into the mountains more than a hundred miles away when caught. He was cooking his supper at nine o'clock at night in an abandoned logging camp. He was on his way across the Cascades to join the Yakima Indians. Time and again the Seattle papers have featured his escapades, which have consisted of everything that Tom Sawyer ever did, and then some. He is red-headed and had a well-organized boy army with trenches and so on during the entire war.

On the wall of the mayor's private office, near and facing his desk, is a large poster, containing David's Twenty-third Psalm Hanson says it's his favorite literature. The first and fifth verses, he admits, he likes fine.

He put up the poster during the first week of his term of office.

PSALM 23

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

MUSIC OF HELL—By Lowell Otus Reese

"THIS," said Pack, "is the way I see it." He took a short stick and set it upright in the sand. "Here's where we left the automobile burning in the road along the railroad track, half a mile below town." He planted another stick in the sand and drew a line between the two. "This," he said, indicating the second stick, "is where we are now."

I studied the diagram with eyes that were hot and staring with excitement and loss of sleep; for we had been on our feet all night, fighting cactus and greasewood brush in the desert. It was the gray-white hour just before sunrise. My partner planted a third stick to form the other corner of a triangle. "That's the sheriff!" he said.

I nodded. "Maybe you're right," I said. My tongue was thick with alkali dust and my throat felt swollen and raw. "Maybe you're right, Pack. You know that always was my failing—I couldn't ever develop a sense of location."

Pack pulled up the third stick and moved it slowly across to the first one. "That's where the sheriff is this morning," he reasoned. "He left Divide City last night, as soon as they wired the news up to him. He came down off the pass in his automobile, of course. There's a good road all along the right of way. That's where we fell down, Joe; we should have cut the telegraph wires."

"We were careless, Pack," I agreed. "That's a fact. We thought this job was too easy. We thought that people who lived outside of cities were stupid and timorous. We never dreamed that this town would wake up. We expected to slide into the place, pry open that silly old box and be back in Los Angeles before anybody found out we'd been there."

"We might have pulled it off, at that," said Pack bitterly, "if that damned fluke bullet hadn't found our gas tank! But what can you do when your machine catches fire and fifty or sixty crazy desert men are coming down the road filling the air with lead until it sounds like a swarm of bees going over your head?

"I guess we were lucky to be able to grab the bag of gold and make away with it into the brush."

"And the water bag," I said. "Don't forget that!"

"Yes," said Pack, "and the water bag." He picked the canvas water bag from the ground and regarded it. "Not more than half full," he said. "You remember we used some of our water in the radiator."

We rested. Pack held his breath and listened. So did I. But there was nothing to hear.

"The sheriff started an hour ago," said Pack. "At daylight. From the place where our automobile burned."

I was thinking the same thing. "And I shouldn't wonder if we left a trail a blind man could follow too!" I complained. "We were in a hurry, you know. But if we can beat them to the hills yonder ——"

We were conversing in low, hushed tones—though God knows there was no one to hear us out here in the middle of the desert. We looked ahead toward the hills; but some way or another the hills didn't seem any nearer than they had seemed yesterday when we rolled so smoothly up from the valley on our way to rob this desert town. We had been so comfortable then—and so complacent. It was nothing serious; we were merely going on a holiday! But ah, how we were disillusioned!

I licked my dry lips and sighed. "We'll start in a few minutes," I said.

For we knew the sheriff was on our trail by this time. There is something peculiarly awful in the feeling that someone or something is on your trail. Something inside of you wants to run wildly away and something else inside of you cries out in a frenzy and wants to turn at bay and fight it out—to run madly at the trailer and end the horrible suspense. Between the two you suffer agonies.

"Of course," I observed, "he is twenty-five or thirty miles back ——"

"But he has a good supply of grub and water," objected Pack. He had been thinking my thoughts. "If we had a plentiful supply of grub and water we could keep out of his way. We're game. But we don't know the desert, Joe. And we're soft. We'll get weaker and weaker; and if we can't beat him to the hills yonder ——" He didn't finish.

Still we stopped on, for we were very tired. And we had never before been in the wilderness. A chill was on the land—a gray-white chill that settles sometimes upon the desert at night. We were alone and the solitude awed and frightened us. We had lived our lives among men. We who had preyed upon men now knew how much our lives depended upon men. We drew together and talked in whispers.

"I wonder if hell isn't something like it," said Pack after a while.

"Like what?" I asked him; but I shuddered—for I knew what he meant.

"Dry silence!" said Pack.

He held his breath and listened. I held my breath, too, and listened to that awful silence. We were not used to the desert. There wasn't a ghost of sound. There wasn't even the spirit of a breeze to tremble the ash-green tips of the greasewood brush. There wasn't a single living creature to break the dead monotony; not even an ant moving along the sand. All life had gone into the ground to escape the chill of the night. The desert seemed a dream. The mountains ringing the wide waste were gray and dreamlike in the far distance. The vegetation about us was gray and lifeless in appearance. Here and there about the roots of the stingy brush grew clumps of stunted cactus, and it too was gray and lifeless to the eye.

It had the look of a thing so old that the world has moved on and forgotten that such a type ever existed.

And the tomblike silence beating at our ears!

The sun rose. It was a great red ball of fire as big as a washtub; and as it rolled into the sky above the gray desolate mountains fifty miles away it glared across at us like some terrible living thing.

"The eye of Moloch!" I whispered. Pack looked and his face worked. We both felt like hiding from that red accusing glare. But we didn't say so.

"Come on, Pack!" I urged, struggling to my feet and picking up the water bag. "We've got to travel three miles an hour to the sheriff's three miles an hour. If we don't he'll overtake us out here somewhere. And remember, he'll have rifles with him. A rifle makes a revolver look like a mighty puny thing, Pack!"

"I wish I dared drink all I want!" complained Pack. He looked ahead as he swung the heavy bag of gold to his shoulder—looked ahead to where a blue-gray cleft showed in the range under the red sun. "I wonder if we'll find water there," he muttered.

But I was thinking: "I wonder if we'll last to get there!"

I didn't know the desert; but I did know that neither of us could last very long without food and water. We were both used to an abundance of everything we wanted. Already I felt a premonitory numbness in my fingers. I always grow numb when I am hungry or thirsty. Heart, I suppose.

The sun was now high enough to slant its rays directly upon the earth. Coördinately life began to appear upon the ground; gray lizards and striped ones; horned toads that skittered on flat bellies before our feet. A black filthy raven came out of the sky and circled twice about our heads with a guttural squawk, then flew on ahead.

The sun was scorching us now. It seemed a liquid heat. Doggedly we labored on through the wilderness of brush; scraggy brush, with here and there straggling yucca trees rising above it; ugly, misshapen trees ten or fifteen feet in height, each holding its three or four twisted spiny arms toward the sky, like a lost soul beseeching heaven to look upon its misery.

We could not sweat. The alkali dust splashed up from our feet at every step; boiled up into our faces and stung our eyes. Along about noon Pack staggered and dropped the bag of gold.

"I'll carry it now," I said.

"We ought to have something to eat!" gasped Pack. "I'd be all right if I had something to eat—and a cool drink of water!" He went forward in silence for some minutes. "I'm thinking about the park in Los Angeles," he panted. "Can't you see it, Joe? All green sod with trees growing here and there. And the brick walks, with the big fountain in the center of the square! Water pouring out of it—hundreds of gallons—going to waste! Hundreds of pigeons and blackbirds playing about the fountain and people feeding them. Water going to waste—and all those people don't appreciate it!"

I said nothing. What was the use? I might have told him of the strange numbness that was crawling up past my elbows and making the calves of my legs shaky. But I didn't. What was the use?

I don't remember much of the afternoon. Nor of the night that followed. The morning was a repetition of that first morning, multiplied in horror. Less than half a pint of water remained in the canvas bag when we set out next morning. We had eaten nothing. We might have killed lizards; but our stomachs revolted at the idea. Besides, what use to try to eat when there was no water? About noon our last drop of water went. We threw the bag away and held forward toward the cleft in the far sky line.

But though we had been traveling steadily for the best part of two days they were no nearer! As surely as there is a God in heaven those hills were no nearer! They were farther away! For a quivering heat blink had settled across the land and the horizon seemed to have retreated back into a dream world. Suddenly then we walked out of the brush and stood at the edge of a vast plain; a wide expanse of sand, barren save for scattered clumps of ankle-high vegetation which spotted the ground, right, left and ahead, as far as our inflamed eyes could see.

Away ahead we made out a low butte which lifted itself a few feet from the earth. We set our steps toward the butte, because it was easier to walk with some visible landmark ahead. It was too hot here even for the lizards, though everywhere we saw their tracks and the little marks where their tails had dragged in the loose sand. Here and there, too, we saw where earlier in the day a desert rattlesnake had wallowed along the ground. But again all life had gone into the earth, hiding now from the red sun hanging in the sky and glaring down like the eye of Moloch. Suddenly Pack gave a hoarse yell and started to run.

"What is it, Pack?" I cried.

"A lake! A lake!" yelled Pack thickly.

"My God!" I said.

I felt the hair rise upon my scalp and I shivered, even in that deadly heat. But a moment later my partner looked round and grinned with his bloated face and cracked lips.

"Certainly fooled me for a moment!" he said. "Of course it's a mirage. You see it too, don't you?"

"I see it!" I assured him, and my heart beat again. "Carry on, old-timer! And remember—no weakening!"

"No weakening!" Pack mumbled like a parrot. "But I wish I had a drink of water!"

So we plowed on and the numbness seemed to be getting into my shoulders and the bag of gold kept slipping off and falling to the ground. But I always succeeded in getting it up again. We could still see the low butte, though the heat blink made it dance and quiver like the fantastic vision of a dream. All the ambitions of our lives seemed now to center in the butte. For no reason we felt that everything depended upon a safe arrival at that low swelling upon the desert. For the moment we had forgotten the sheriff. Our failing minds had decided that there was water at the butte. Why, I do not know; perhaps because we wished it so terribly.

"My feet are all blisters!" muttered Pack. His voice sounded as though coming from a mask.

"So are mine," I said. "The sand gets in your shoes and grinds the skin away. How's everything else?"

"Going strong, Joe!" But I knew he lied.

The sun was floating down to the Coast Range, far to the west, when we dragged

(Concluded on Page 147)

Lexington
MINUTE MAN SIX

All the Beauty and Vigor of Youth

WHEN Spring beckons, young and old respond. With this Lexington Tourabout, the joys of all outdoors are yours.

Its body lines are the very newest; compelling instant attention, without any tendency toward freakishness.

Its size is adequate for all ordinary occasions, having ample accommodations for five passengers.

Its lithe, energetic motor has all the vigor of youth; always master of the situation—whether it be the snail's pace of crowded traffic or the straining stress of lightning speed or sudden grade.

There is an air of finality about the Lexington Minute Man Six due to careful attention given every detail of construction, design and finish.

Ten great plants, each one specializing in motor parts, contribute to the success of the Lexington.

These cars are equipped with the Moore Multiple Exhaust System, giving greater power and effecting a considerable saving in fuel.

The one-finger emergency brake, unified non-rattle frame construction, oilless bushings, light weight, non-metallic universal joints and many other exclusive Lexington features make these cars particularly desirable.

The phenomenal increase in sales is proof positive of their downright value.

—And we can give you immediate deliveries on these brand new models.

See your Lexington dealer today, or write to us.

Lexington Motor Company **Connersville, Ind., U. S. A.**

The Right Hat for Real Men

When you seek a real man's hat look for the LION shield in the windows of good hat stores.

To millions of America's most critical hat-buyers it stands for dominant style, undeviating quality, extremest durability.

Sixty years of the acquaintance of discriminating dressers has set the seal of approval on LION hats. Everything that makes the hat the crowning detail of gentlemen's dress is found in this chapeau *de luxe*.

At any price—if your hat is a LION—you know there is nothing better.

LANGENBERG HAT CO.

8316

St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

ESTABLISHED 1860

MANUFACTURERS OF LION HATS, CAPS AND GLOVES

Gone—and a Pyrene would have saved it!

A hundred miles from home; 5 miles to the nearest garage. The carburetor choked, then gasped and bang—a backfire. A flash; and in an instant tongues of fire leaped through the bonnet vents.

In ten minutes the car was ruined.

You never fear fire with a Pyrene handy. Put one on your car today.

Pyrene
KILLS FIRE
SAVES LIFE

SAVES 15% ON AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE

Sold by hardware and electrical supply dealers and garages

PYRENE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
52 Vanderbilt Ave. New York

ATLANTA-CHICAGO-CLEVELAND
KANSAS CITY - SAN FRANCISCO

Pyrene Manufacturing Company of Canada, Ltd., - Montreal, P. Q

(Concluded from Page 143)

to the foot of the butte. We had been traveling all day with the butte as our objective; but now that we were here it didn't seem at all worth the trouble. Just a mound of broken rocks, red and black as though they had been burnt in some giant kiln. Hot, too, as though just out of the kiln. Club cactus grew among them.

We sank down upon the hot ground, and the heavy bag of gold lay between us. I had clung to it to the end. We rested for a time, looking back over the dry plain toward the indistinct line of gray which was the greasewood brush out of which we had traveled earlier in the day.

"No use trying to deny it to ourselves," said Pack. "We haven't averaged a mile an hour to-day."

I didn't say anything.

"And the sheriff's coming at three miles an hour," he added. Still I didn't reply.

And again that awful silence beating at our ears.

After two or three efforts Pack put forth his hand gropingly and shook the bag of gold lying upon the sand between us.

"Hear it!" he chuckled; but his eyes were fearful, all shot with red streaks and sunk deep in his drawn face. "Music!" he whispered raucously; "music of hell!"

"You're talking like a woman!" I said; but my own chin was quivering and the numbness seemed to be feeling for my heart. "Brace up, Pack. We've had close calls before!"

"But we had water and grub," said Pack. The words whistled from his throat and he spoke disjointedly, two or three words at a time. "What fools we've been, Joe! Crazy after gold—and we were rich all the time! We had water and grub—more than we could use! and we had to ramble out of heaven to risk death—for this!" He was watching the bag of gold as though he hadn't seen it before.

"We went to hell for it!" he chuckled, and again my scalp bristled to hear him laugh. "A long time ago, Joe, I read about Orpheus. Orpheus went to hell for a woman and they immortalized him. What of that? Any man would go to hell for a woman. But you and I, we went to hell for this!"

He touched the bag again. It clinked softly and he drew back as though he had touched a snake. "Music of hell!" he panted again, and I couldn't stand it any longer.

"Come on!" I said and pulled Pack to his feet. "Let's climb up on the slope and camp for the night—up the slope among the rocks where we can keep watch over our trail. More air up there too. We'll watch back over our trail. They may come in the night."

"I'm—I'm game!" My partner spoke and acted like a drunken man, but underneath the collapsed exterior I could sense the old reckless spirit. "We'll fight, Joe. . . . Will we fight, I wonder? Is it worth while? Ought two fools to fight? Maybe two fools would do better to die and let wiser men live. . . . Two fools ——"

I struggled up the slope a few yards and he followed. I still clung to the gold. I fell as I started to climb, but I got up again and went on. Halfway up the slope I stopped to listen. I couldn't hear Pack coming.

"What's the matter, old-timer?" I called. There was a long silence. Then: "I'm through, Joe! I fell in a bed of cactus and I can't seem to get up again. I'm through, Joe!"

"Muscle cramp," I told him. "Wait a moment and I'll be with you. Wait."

But I didn't go just then. A sudden numb languor had crept all through me and I slid down softly with my back to a rock and my face turned to the west. The bag of gold slipped out of my hands as I fell. It bounded down the slope, struck a jagged rock and burst open. I saw it happen. I saw Pack lying there, sprawled among the cactus; then the yellow coins spattered all over and about him and sowed themselves thickly among the hellish vegetation.

I tried to get up and go to my partner, but my muscles refused to obey my will. Maybe my will was dead; I don't know. I felt no pain. I was no longer hungry and I had no thirst. The only active thing about me was that overwhelming rebellion against muscular activity. Over and over I tried to use my will to compel the sullen muscles, but it was all in vain. Something in me was alive and eager to fight—but my body had quit! Pack lay still among the cactus with the yellow coins spattered over and about him. Gradually my eyes came back to a contemplation of the gray dead landscape.

Before my gaze our line of tracks led back across the barren waste until they were lost in the sun. Even as I stared the great flaming sun touched the dark crest of the Coast Range and pressed down like a monstrous red soap bubble, flattening slowly at the lower edge as it settled. Presently it sank from sight. Behind it a poisonous yellow afterglow flared into the sky. I saw this change to a leaden gray and then move through all the color phases into a darkness which crept slowly up our line of tracks until gradually they were wrapped from sight.

Finally I could no longer see Pack lying below me, and the yellow gleam of gold was no longer visible either. I drifted away into the coma of exhaustion, a stupor which was not sleep and was not death, but which was a part of both. I think it was about midnight when I became conscious again. Pack was talking! I do not know how long he had been talking, but this much I heard:

"—— and that same night I escaped. But after I had escaped I found that I was still a prisoner! For when a man commits the first crime he walks through a door which slams shut behind him and never can be reopened! The man may swagger and laugh and sneer but his swagger will always have a tinge of fear and his laugh will be a mockery and behind his sneer will hide the scared soul of a child, lost in the dark and trying to make believe that it is not afraid!

"I was drunk when I committed that first crime, Joe. But here is the pity of it: A drunk man can walk through the door just as easily as a man in control of all his senses! . . . 'Captain of my soul!' Hell! A captain drunk on the bridge! A soul adrift in the dark—and a drunken captain on the bridge! No man is master of his fate so long as he is a fool.

"Orpheus! Didn't somebody mention Orpheus? I forget. Anyway, Orpheus was a man. He went to hell and got out again; didn't he? I forget. But the poor fool who sells his honor for a few pieces of metal marches straight down to ruin, and his feet his feet keep time—to the music of hell!"

There were a few incoherent words, spoken at lengthening intervals; then silence.

I listened for a long time, still in my dull state of deadly apathy. Inside me I raged and battled with my stubborn will and after a supreme effort I achieved speech for a brief moment.

"Pack!" I croaked. "Are you still alive? Pack! Pack!"

Then my voice left me and once more I sat paralyzed, unwinking, staring into the night, numb in body and brain. As I slid back into my coma, away out on the rim of the silence a coyote laughed.

When next I became conscious my glazed eyes still stared unwinking across the desert. The sun was rising behind me; and its first rays slanted across the butte above my head, and again I saw the line of tracks leading out of the west. My fixed gaze followed them out until they were lost against a dimness which I knew to be the sea of greasewood brush. While I stared I saw an object detach itself from the dimness and advance along the line of tracks. So far away it was that I thought it was a rabbit. Soon, however, I knew by its walk that it was a man. Presently a second man appeared, and then a third. These were three men following our trail across the spotted desert!

And that part of me which still survived looked on indifferently and did not care! Nemesis was trailing my steps before my eyes—but I did not care! After a long time they came near enough to pass beneath my line of sight. My dry eyes could not close. They continued to gaze out to the west. I knew that Nemesis was below me—but I did not care! Presently coming up the slope below me I heard feet among the rocks. The feet stopped and I heard voices conversing in low awed tones. After a few moments someone started up the slope. A face lifted itself into my line of vision—a bearded face, burned red with the desert sun. It looked once at my fixed eyes.

"Sheriff!" said the man. "Come up here—for God's sake!"

"What is it?"

"I've found the other one!"

"Dead?"

"I—I don't know! I—hurry, sheriff!"

Then followed the scrambling of other feet coming up the slope. The other man worked his way to the side of the deputy and looked at me. My dry unwinking gaze did not turn from its indifferent contemplation of the west. I did not care.

"God A'mighty!" whispered the sheriff.

KISSEL Custom-Built Six

Kissel Custom-Built Four-Passenger Tourster.

Motordom's 1919 De Luxe Edition

The ALL-YEAR Car

PROLIFIC in those individualized body appointments and specialized mechanical features the connoisseur would demand were he the designer.

Inspirations in custom-made coach designing and building—rare examples of the hand-wrought art of the skilled artisan.

The 4-passenger Tourster in Silver Blue and the 2-passenger Speedster in Chrome Yellow are mounted on the Kissel custom-built chassis—unsurpassed in mechanical excellence for twelve years—and crowned with the new Kissel custom-built motor.

The new 7-passenger Standard Touring to be sold at a moderate price will be mounted on the new Kissel custom-built chassis.

Kissel Motor Car Co., Hartford, Wis., U. S. A.

Kissel dealers in all principal cities. Literature on request.

A picture of supreme comfort! After the evening meal, a few chapters in one's favorite book. Then comes delightful drowsiness. Then the convenient PUSH BUTTON—the quietly reclining back—the luxuriously comfortable upholstery—the friendly leg rest—and then, away to the "Land of Nod!"

A PICTURE of comfort indeed—but *realized* only in a Royal Easy Chair. Royals, famous as the World's Easiest Easy Chairs, were *made* famous by the "Push Button." Concealed in the right arm of the chair it enables the occupant to easily raise or lower the back *without rising* from the chair.

Pushing the button releases the back, which reclines or automatically rises to any comfortable position. Releasing the button rigidly locks it. Simple—durable—silent in operation—absolutely trouble-proof. Found only in *Royals*.

Using the *Leg Rest* and supported from crown to toe, you can relax, rest, *sleep* as in no other chair. Leg Rest concealed when not in use.

Showing Leg Rest Concealed

Royal Easy Chairs

TRADE MARK "PUSH THE BUTTON - BACK RECLINES" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Royals are highly artistic. Modern and Period designs. Handsome tapestries, velours, genuine or imitation leather. Finished in Oak or Mahogany.

Built in the most durable and dependable manner possible, Royals are chairs you will take comfort and pride in for years.

Every genuine Royal has the *name* stamped on the push button.

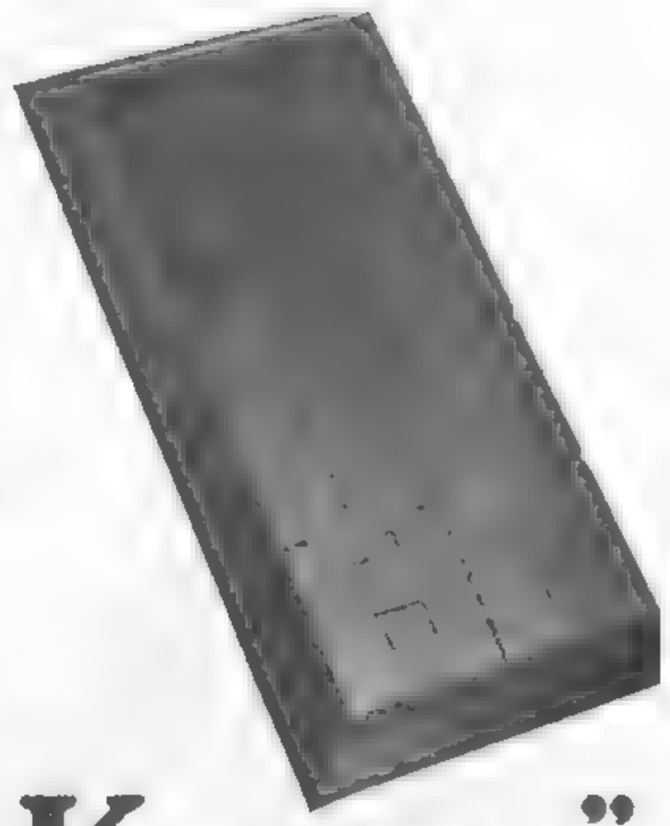
On sale at leading furniture dealers'. See your dealer today and ask for a demonstration of the SPECIAL Royal Easy Chairs shown herewith.

Meanwhile write for our free and most interesting illustrated book "Conscious Rest."

Showing Leg Rest Concealed

ROYAL EASY CHAIR COMPANY (5888)
STURGIS, MICHIGAN

Smoking Tobacco and Chocolate!



"Your Nose Knows"

Everybody likes chocolate! We all know that adding chocolate to anything as a flavoring always makes that thing still more enjoyable! The same holds true in the manufacture of smoking tobacco. *All* smoking tobaccos use *some* flavoring. That is the secret of the delicate, agreeable, *pure fragrance* of Tuxedo.

The finest of carefully aged burley tobacco + a dash of pure chocolate gives that fragrance "Your Nose Knows" from all other tobaccos.

Try This Test: Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

"Your Nose Knows"

Guaranteed by

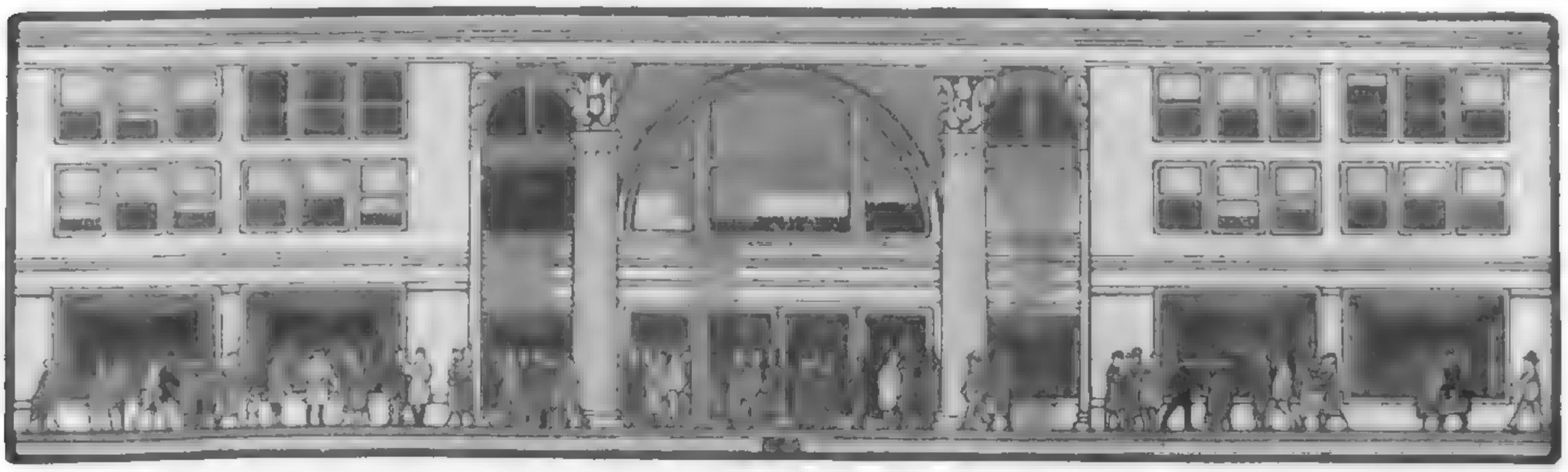
The American Tobacco Co.

INCORPORATED

PEPPERGRASS

By IDA M. EVANS

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE



THE Wood, Kurroughs and Wray wholesale textile house saw itself, in the wide prism of its times, as a bright pillar of modern industry, leaned against lovingly by labor and by capital. The Typists' Union saw it as a stile between business-college pasture and the green highway of fatter-enveloped, more exacting establishments. The West Madison Street motormen saw it as a large overbearing hornets' nest; toward five-forty P. M. its employees swarmed at their car doors like angry buzzing insects.

Josie Kopp saw it as a dull place, high-walled and thick-shelved, where you punched a cold time clock four times a day and got nine dollars a week. Josie was eighteen. She had pert lips, sophisticated black eyes, plucked aloe eyebrows, a shrill voice, and dark hair, which she wore in large flat, tepee style over each small ear. Josie did not belong to the Typists' Union. Pay dollars for dues that you could put toward high, glazed tan-topped shoes? Well, hardly!

James Wood, senior of the firm, drew his spectacled eyes together in pain whenever Josie crossed his path. He was sixty-nine years old and ready to retire.

"That short blue-serge skirt of hers seems to get shorter every month," he fretted to his confreres. "I really have a horrible fear that some day, when she—ah—crosses her knees while taking dictation, it will not prove—ah—adequate to the—ah—knees!"

"I don't care anything about the length of her skirts," grunted Henry Kurroughs, middle member, who was sixty-eight and dyspeptic, but not in the least thinking about retiring. "If she'd only go lighter on that wretchedly strong twenty-nine-cents-an-ounce Lily of the Plaisance perfume! I can hardly"—in despair—"endure it. Pah! Faugh! Ugh! But if you fire her, and hire another, what's the use? You'd get another just like her." He snorted hopelessly.

"Her type," sighed Timothy Wray, junior of the firm, who was sixty-seven and had a soul divided between optimism over the textile future of his land and pessimism over the mental future of the race, "is, I fear, fast taking possession of the country—like peppergrass in a field of wheat. At Forty-second Street and Broadway—along Michigan Boulevard—along Main Street, in Kalamazoo, Michigan—watching the evening train come in at Six Corners, Iowa—everywhere you find her kind." He spoke in a tone of resignation and sad philosophy. "Imitation muskrat coat, make-up box, cheap silk ankles, shaved eyebrows, and an aplomb as great as the smattering inefficiency behind the eyebrows! And men"—his voice held mournfulness and horror—"men marry 'em! By the hundred! The next generation ——"

"The next generation don't worry me," broke in Kurroughs, the dyspeptic, whom Wray often wearied. "But two l's in textile ——"

"I'm going to retire this year," declared Wood. "I mean it! I find, toward certain aspects of the industrial situation, I have not the patience I was able to summon in younger years."

However, had Messrs. Wood, Kurroughs and Wray been aware, Josie Kopp had opinions too.

"I certainly wish that old fossil, Wood, would retire!" she feelingly confided to Clara Cushey, of the colored-cotton-goods stock room. Clara had plucked blond eyebrows and an imitation bearskin coat. "The way his false upper teeth rattle when he talks—especially on long words like distribution and exportation! They seem to get looser every day. I have a horrible fear, Clara, that some day while he's giving me dictation the plate'll drop—drop clear out in his lap!

"And that bald-headed Kurroughs!" Josie's shrill young soprano was edged with great resentment. "I don't mind so much, Clara, the way that old man fusses and stews over semicolons—that I don't see any use of using at all—but, honestly, I can hardly endure the odor of those mint tablets he chews perpetually! He buys the strongest, I know, on sale in this town. And he never stops to consider that some people might detest mint.

"And as for Old Wray"—pinkish powder puff paused in mid-air while justice was done to the subject—"that smug stoop-shouldered know-it-all! With his whine-whine about the good old times that are gone, and the bad times that are now, and the worse times that are coming, he never seems to tire of the sound of his own voice!" Josie's sigh was pure fatigue. "I wonder"—musingly—"how his wife ever came to marry him!" With conviction: "Men must have been awfully scarce in those days.

"However"—the powder puff moved in brisk application and her voice took on brisk resignation—"if you quit and get another job you'd likely run up against other old men just as irritating as these. So, what's the use?"—cheerfully.

"None," agreed Clara. "Every employer's got some point that gets on your nerves. Working eight places in two years, I've learned that much." Clara sighed pensively.

Josie sighed pensively also as she applied a lip stick.

"It's the truth."

"Absolutely the truth!" declared Clara. "Lend me your lip stick, dearie?"—beseechingly. "I've mislaid mine—and I'd be ashamed to go on the street with my lips this way."

"Sure!"

Josie drew a last careful rose-red flange before surrendering it. And then her small, high-instepped tan-topped feet did a spirited Marathon out of the Wood, Kurroughs and Wray establishment and down West Madison Street, whose straight dusk-grayed length the arc lights of evening were pricking yellowly.

Yellowly indeed to Josie Kopp! Daytime was dull time to that young person—time clocks ticked its hours tiresomely; creaking elevator cables chanted them slowly; carbon copies and colored cottons wrapped them in staleness; elderly employers and cold cries for efficiency marked them monotonously. But evening ——

Evening was a period of an altogether different complexion. It differed—that complexion—from day's as gold from gray. Evening was goldenly beaded with minutes of content; it was marked as it passed by music and talk and felicitous refreshment. Its hours were mellowed by street lights, restaurant lights—and love light. Evening held—usually—Kil Harris; Kil being short for Kilpatrick.

Kilpatrick Harris was twenty-seven years old, straight-shouldered, and possessed of young, conspicuously white, firm teeth, which were usually biting nonchalantly the fine brown end of a cigar that puffed fragrance over Kil's vicinity.

Nearing that puffed fragrance, the small white-powdered tip of Josie Kopp's pert nose sniffed with satisfaction. To smarter adjustment she instantly smoothed the little butterfly-medallioned brown veil that stretched the brief length from her tiny straw hat to the small white-powdered tip. To more dapper hang she hastily twitched her short blue-serge skirt. From purse mirror she took a last swiftly anxious scrutiny of make-up; and then into the bright gray eyes above the cigar Josie smiled.

That smile! It is safe to say that Wood, Kurroughs or Wray had never beheld it. It had more humbleness than it had aplomb. Over the pink-and-white make-up of the pert little face it crept sweetly, eagerly—like the early breath of spring over a careless land.

"Haven't kept you waiting long, Kil?" This was asked anxiously.

"Few minutes," said he. "But"—the retort came glibly, ardently—"you're worth waiting for a lot longer than that, kiddo!" Ardency, like a fire, lighted the dark gray eyes turned down to hers.

"Aw, Kil!" Her smile deepened; dimpled from pink cheek to pink cheek. "The way you talk!" She giggled irrepressibly. "I wish old Henry Kurroughs could just hear you."

"I wish he could too," said the young man, linking—like an owner—his larger arm within her slender one. "And some day when I have time to spare I'll step round and talk where the old boy can hear me. Shall I, girly-girl?"

"Oh, Kil!" Her giggle rippled. "I do believe, though, you'd just as soon!"

"Just as soon as not," he agreed. "A lot you should worry, though, about old Kurroughs or the rest of 'em, anyway!"

Her small left cheek just touched his overcoat sleeve as they turned in at the six-doored, palm-decked multilighted front of the Chi-Cho-Cha Cozy Café.

"Oh, they don't bother me much," she admitted demurely. "I don't know as I should care how many f's textile needs. I don't know as I'll need that word much in my life after—after ——" Her hesitation was demure, pink, pretty.

"I guess you won't need it much!" said her companion promptly, his glance glowing at her across the small white-clothed Chi-Cho-Cha Cozy table. "I guess love, honor and obey are the longest words you need know how to spell, girly. That so?" There were swagger, demand and masterfulness in his voice.

There came docility, a subdued radiance, and that texture which is joy's, to the girl's face.

"If you say so, Kil."

"I say it pretty often, don't I?" he demanded warmly. "Nearly every night and Sunday too—except every other Thursday, when the Electrical Brotherhood says 'Be present or be fined'—don't I, kiddo?" His grin was glowing and challenging too.

"Aw!" The small satisfied smile that fluttered across the pert young face suddenly took on deprecation. She lifted black eyes that were wistful and demurely inquiring. "There's lots of better-looking girls than me in this town, Kil; lots with more class. I wonder sometimes what you see in me. There's lots ——"

Kil Harris smiled at her and snapped his fingers at a passing waiter for some attention forthwith. It was the bland smile that a man bestows on a foolish feminine person he cherishes. It was the snap a man gives when no mere waiter can awe him.

The waiter spun on his heel on the instant. Josie repeated weakly:

"There's lots, Kil, that ——"

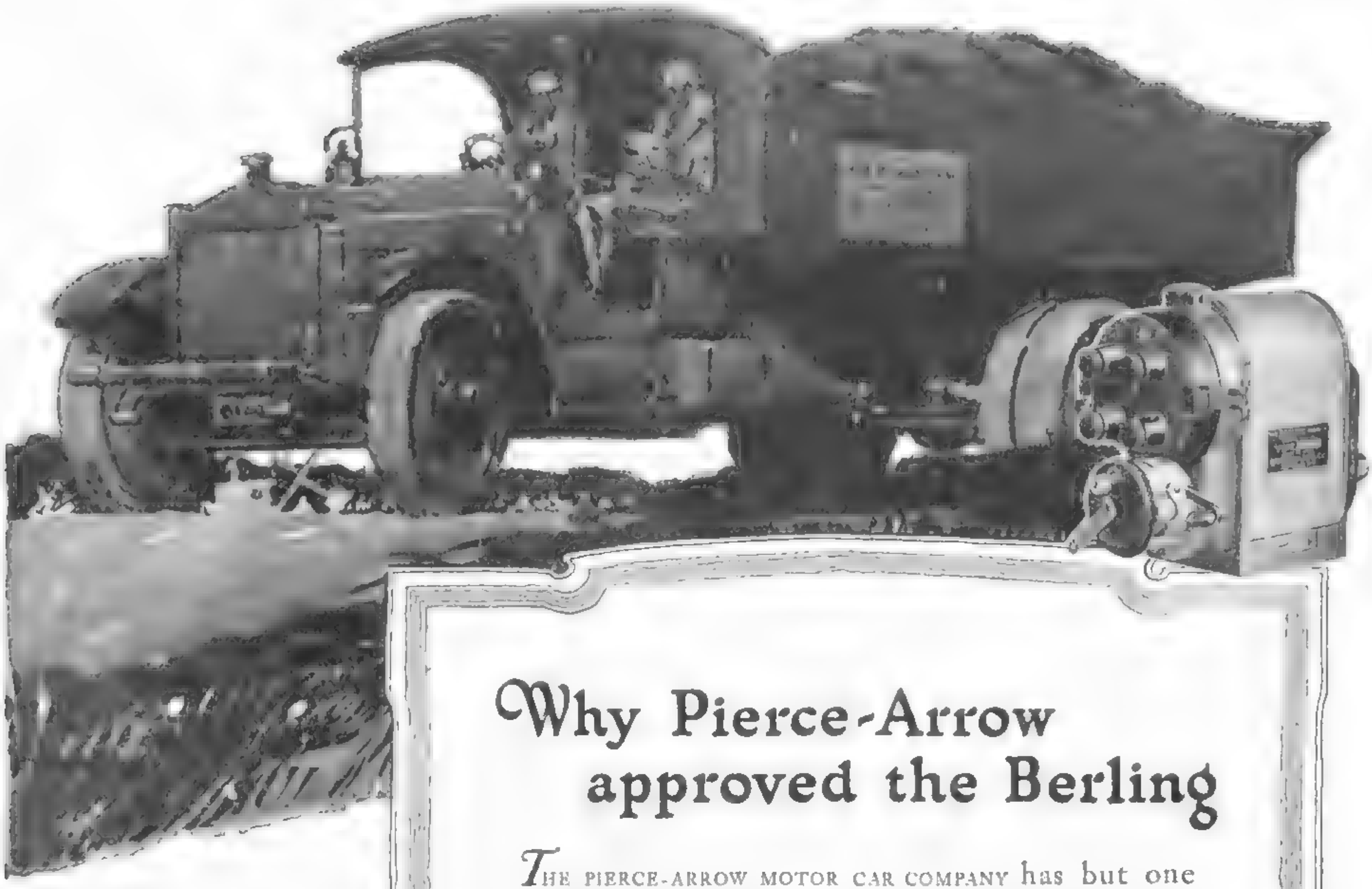
Kil gave his order to the man and commanded:

"Show me one! Show me the girl that's got anything in the way of looks on you, kiddo. Point her out."

"Aw, Kil!"

Like a pretty young moon's, the corners of the girl's mouth irrepressibly turned up; a soft light suffused itself

(Continued on Page 155)



On this seven ton Pierce-Arrow Truck, the Berling Magneto helps insure dependable ignition.

Why Pierce-Arrow approved the Berling

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY has but one standard for the quality of materials and parts that enter into Pierce-Arrow trucks.

They must be the best obtainable.

And when, after their own exhaustive tests, they approved the Berling Magneto, it was because they were convinced that it was:

First: Absolutely dependable.

Second: Very simple in construction and practically trouble-proof.

Third: Possessed of a hot, fat, power-making spark.

ERICSSON MFG. CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Berling Magneto

WORTH MORE DOES MORE

The Giant Blacksmith who works for the world

A BILLINGS & SPENCER forging is hand wrought as truly as the horseshoe on the blacksmith's anvil.

But modern science uses, instead of the hand hammer, a great drop hammer which crashes a ton blow down on the white-hot steel, again and again, with stupendous force until the forging is perfected.

Instead of the approximate exactness of anvil forging, Billings & Spencer first cuts a master die out of solid steel—and it is the exact form of that die, gripped in the descending ram of the hammer, which gives every forging shape—which makes every forging exact to the hair's breadth of an inch—which gives every forging such strength as only a Titanic blow can attain.

All the care of hand work—with greater exactness. All the care of hand work—with the economy of modern quantity production. All the care of hand work—with half a century of knowledge, half a century of supremacy.

That is why a giant blacksmith has come into being who now works for the entire world.

In all the days since the Civil War, Billings & Spencer forgings have been making possible great industrial achievements, have been taking their part in industry's steel skeleton, all the world over.

Every Triangle B product is the expression of the Billings & Spencer creed, "Into every forging goes our entire reputation."

"RELY ON ME"

The BILLINGS & SPENCER CO. Hartford

© 1919 B & S Co.

The First Commercial Drop Forging Plant in America

Drop Forgings ℄ Hand Tools ℄ Forging Machinery

How we do appreciate good white bread, sugar in our coffee, and delicious desserts, such as nice, thick cocoanut frosted layer cakes!

During the days of conservation, we discovered some things that make good dishes better.

One of the greatest of these discoveries was the wide adaptability of Dromedary Cocoanut.

Those who used it in corn muffins were so pleased that they will never make corn muffins without it.

Other dishes that are improved by the addition of Dromedary Cocoanut are Puddings, Macaroons, Pancakes, Waffles, Salads and Light Desserts.

ECONOMICAL—LABOR-SAVING

Dromedary is economical because it does not dry out or lose its flavor. The last shred is as good as the first.

Time and effort of grating are saved. It comes to you ready to use with all its original flavor. Dromedary is the only guaranteed cocoanut.

Write for Free New Book of Dromedary Recipes

The HILLS BROTHERS Co., Dept. K, 375 Washington St., New York

Murphy
Univernish
The Universal Varnish
Supplied clear and in six transparent wood colors

A Varnish as impervious to hot water as glass or china.

WOODWORK around a sink ought to be the most sanitary part of the house—and is often the least so.

Univernish gives it a surface almost as hard as glass—a surface which boiling water will not injure or turn white—a surface you can scrub with hot water and soap—one that will not stain or offer lodgment to waste.

And how a smooth Univernish finish in kitchen, pantry or bath room does save work! Sweeping is easier. Washing floors or linoleum varnished with Univernish is hardly any work at all.

Anyone can flow on a coat of Univernish. Use it to touch up worn or scarred woodwork and floors. Univernish is as necessary as soap to modern sanitary housekeeping.

Write for the name of a merchant who sells Murphy Univernish and for our brochure "The Modern Sanitary Kitchen."

Univernish is furnished as clear varnish and in the following transparent colors:

Dark Oak
Light Oak
Bog Oak
Mahogany
Walnut
Green

Murphy Varnish Company
Franklin Murphy, jr., President
NEWARK CHICAGO
The Dougall Varnish Company, Ltd., Montreal, Canadian Associate

(Continued from Page 151)

in her black eyes as, at the command, they scanned the smoke-luminous large room for an example.

It was a crowded room. The Cozy of its title was a misnomer. Table legs scraped chair legs too fractiously for coziness. Cigar smoke quarreled cloudily with cigarette smoke for journeying space among the great gaudy electroliers that hung fulsomely from the pink frescoed ceiling. Waiters' trays often banged into other waiters' trays. Orchestral stringings were hard put to to make themselves heard above the clatter of shrilly talkative women and men. Coated and chiffon-bloused shoulders rubbed other coated and bloused shoulders at narrow quarters. Back hair caught itself in other back hair's ornaments. For a forty-five-cent table d'hôte in the Chicago Loop, in these days of madly mounting food, draws more devotees than ancient faiths.

"Show me one!" He looked defiantly round the bright-lighted tables.

"Oh"—Josie giggled deprecatingly—"there's lots, Kil!"

"Point her out! Where is she?"

"Oh—— There! That tall brown-haired one in the coral chiffon waist." She was plaintively triumphant. "I'm not even in her class, Kil; and you know it."

"Her!" Kil laughed derisively. "You mean she ain't in yours, girl. That mountain! Say, she weighs two hundred if she weighs twelve pounds."

"Aw, Kil!" Josie Kopp's low pleased giggle rippled like pure music, though a trifle shrill for a fastidious ear—say, one Wray's. "The way you talk about folks that don't happen to strike your fancy!"

"She don't strike my fancy, all right," vowed her companion with vim, snapping his fingers to accelerate a second approach from the waiter.

"Now, Kil! Just because maybe her hips ——"

"Hips is right!" Kil Harris grinned lightly, eyebrows elevated disdainfully. "The Lord sure was generous when He gave 'em to her."

Josie giggled beyond control; and with naïve content she glanced down furtively at her own anæmically slim person.

"The way you talk, Kil ——"

But Kil was not listening.

"I know the fellow with her," he remarked. His bright dark-gray eyes streaked knowingly through the ever-thickening haze of the café's smoke. And the interest he had grudged the woman he gave ungrudgingly to her small sallow escort. "Harvey Howard. Embezzled fifteen thousand dollars from his firm. He's out on bail; they say he's sure got some bright lawyers."

"Has he?"

Josie heard this with idle interest while, with acute interest, she sipped her ginger ale. She liked ginger ale for its tang and for its color. Then her questing eyes returned to the place's various women. A mind for one idea at a time had Josie Kopp.

"There's another," she presently sighed "the one with blue eyes, like saucers, and red earrings."

Kil brought his gaze somewhat absently from Harvey Howard.

"That blonde in fish scales?" he inquired.

"Oh!" Josie turned pink of face, and coughed and sputtered as ginger ale and a giggle met amidships in her small throat. "Sequins! They've come back in style."

"Call 'em sick ones if you like," allowed the young man tolerantly. "They ——"

"Se-equins, Kil!"

"Look like fish scales to me."

"Oh, Kil!" Her mirth was paroxysmal; but almost at once she laid mirth away for the wistful mien of involuntary envy. "If you knew how much those fish-scaly things cost, Kil Harris, you'd use a different tone."

He was blandly unimpressed.

"They can cost a million plunks or more—the old girl in 'em has got nothing on you, kiddo, in the way of looks. You on your little old nine a week!" He spoke ardently and firmly.

Whereat, hearing, Josie Kopp delightedly wriggled her chair closer to his, while her pert irises took into their black depths a suffusion of pure content that would linger in them till and through the next day, thereby exasperating severally and greatly Wood, Kurroughs and Wray.

"I think I know that woman," said Kil absently, after a moment.

"Do you?"—indifferently, eyes roving to others of her sex.

"Yes; I'm pretty sure she's Mat Tully's sister. 'Member Mat Tully?"

She shook her head, eyes settling on a beaded-bloused person.

"Don't you read the papers, girl? That Wargo Express driver who one day drove off with thirty-four thousand dollars' worth of securities! Got sent up for six years; but"—the shrug was the Loop's own wise, cynical movement—"got off on a technicality."

The girl at his side heard this uninterestedly. Her eyes still held their suffusion of content. Nevertheless, a certain envy glowed hard through that content. In the turn of her head after beaded blouse or satin pump one detected the Eve-old passion for the best fig leaves. In the push of one red lip against the upper other was to be discerned the desire of the moth for better wings. In the tap-tap of her small foot under the table was the eternal query of the daughters of Eve: "Why has she got 'em—and not me?"

Kil Harris, being an observant young man, noted all this. And thereupon his bright dark-gray eyes seemed to darken; to brighten, too; to become a shade grayer.

"Don't go worrying, kiddo. You're all right as you are; but I'm going to get the duds, too, honey."

"Oh"—like a flash—"I'm satisfied with what I wear—if you are, Kil!"

This was uttered with a submission of inflection, a docility of black eyelash and a meekness of manner that would have quite dumfounded one Henry Kurroughs, who at times was firmly of the opinion that one Josie Kopp deliberately and of malice aforethought spoiled good bond paper with weird orthography as often as she could manage it.

"I'm satisfied in one way," said Kil frankly. "In another I'm not." His glance rested on her cheap little low-cut blouse.

"Oh!" But his explanation crowded over her exclamation.

"Oh, you suit my eyes, girly. Don't register woe! But I'd like, too, just for a little side satisfaction, to know that no other skirt could give you the once-over and then raise her crayoned eyebrows like you ain't all silk. And some day"—his voice took on a peculiar earnestness, and his abstracted glance seemed trailing over a future like a reflected beam over bright sands—"some day I'll fix it so you and I, kiddo ——"

"Go as far as you like with the pipe dreams, Kil," said Josie calmly; "but meantime tell a waiter to hurry up the consommé and the rest of the d'hôte. I'm hungry." She looked round with zest.

"Call 'em pipe dreams if you like"—tolerantly, and visually warning a waiter—"but ——"

Josie interrupted with her own tolerance:

"Your thirty-five dollars a week in the Illinois Electrical Shop is pipe dream enough for me, Kil. More than enough! Why, Joe Hebel ——"

It was not quite a sneer that flickered over the countenance of Kil Harris as he removed his elbows that the waiter might deposit a plate of consommé; but it was very like one.

"Well, it's not enough for me, my dear girl. I can tell you that."

"——Joe Hebel was getting only twenty-eight a week when Min married him; and—believe me—you'd think they are spending forty-five the way Min manages!" briskly continued Josie. "And I can manage every bit as good as Min Hebel. Say"—indignantly to the waiter—"cough up another cracker for the soup! Hoover's laid off a little, you know."

"That's all right for Joe and Min Hebel," Kil coolly interrupted her small boasting—"all right for them, kiddo; but you and me—you and me are a different proposition. We want to live while we live—not just manage to live." This time it was a sneer, acrid, vicious, leaving its shadow behind in sullen planning eyes.

"Any way with you, Kil"—she said this low, letting one good cracker slip to the floor instead of into the plate while she spoke—"would be living for me."

"I know. But"—with candor—"besides glad rags for you, there's other things I want; a good car—not a secondhand tin Lizzie; and money loose in my pocket—not three measly tight-folded tens and a five."

"Some folks haven't the tens," giggled Josie. "Think of that, Kil."

But he went on passionately:

"I want—I want what other men have got—plenty of 'em; the owner of the Illinois Electrical Shop, for one. And, believe me, I'm going to get what others have got!"

Josie looked calmly, but with a certain blaming, at his empty glass.

"Always after the third you talk this way, Kil."

"Do I?" He laughed shortly and lost some of his passion, attacking his soup. "Well, don't forget I'm going to do more than talk—some day. You and I, my girl, are going to do this living business right. I give you my word."

His voice, raised a little in assurance, carried across the tables near. Josie, tingling to it, smiled down at her plate with content and with faith—after, with astute black eyes, she had indignantly flashed rebuke at a young woman in marmot furs who, across the intervening tables, was ready to smile come-hitherishly at good-looking purposeful Kil.

And possibly it was that calm content and that free faith, still lingering in her mien daytimes, that so irked Wood, Wray, and others of wiser stratum. Knowing that life is a sad thing and a serious thing and a weary thing, for the years had told them so with dreary decisiveness, naturally they experienced antagonism toward a young person pertly bearing herself as though it was an ordinary and comfortable thing.

Clara Cushey, whose point of view was less circumscribed by a lot of years, found Josie's attitude quite justifiable.

"Some folks are certainly favored by providence," declared Clara with candid envy. "There isn't a terrible lot of actually good-looking fellows floating round, and ——"

"I know I'm lucky," agreed Josie with the sweet agreeable smile belonging to one for whom the salient rasping facts of usual existence have been smoothed down by the rare file of unusual good fortune. "I wish you could see the way some women eye Kil! Believe me"—with vigor—"I give 'em looks that tell 'em where to get off at!"

"And getting thirty-five dollars a week too ——"

"It is some money these days," calmly agreed Josie. "My sister Jen's Will gets only thirty, and in three years Jen's got the furniture all paid for but three instalments. And my cousin Hattie's Rank is getting only twenty-two-fifty."

"Thirty five's grand!" said Clara feelingly. "Steady too electricians always have work."

"Kil's awful ambitious, too," boasted Josie, turning her black head and her small purse mirror toward a wider angle of light.

"Is he?"

"Awful! Always planning how he can make more money—he says he's sure going to take care of me right. I shouldn't wonder but what he expects a raise soon."

"Ain't that nice!" sighed Clara eloquently, plucking carefully at her left blond brow while four pages of an inventory of percales fluttered to the floor.

"I shouldn't wonder but what we'll start in with a phonograph in the beginning, with the rest of the furniture."

"Ain't that grand!" said Clara with emphasis. "A lot you should care when old Wood boils over because the time clock's ten minutes fast."

Josie shrugged her small pert shoulders and laughed aloud—a pert peal of sound that reached the high dingy ceiling of the stock room and fell back in derisive tinkle.

"A lot I care, Clara! That old person could stretch round to glare at that clock till his poor old spine stretches out of place—I should worry!"

"Or old Kurroughs ——"

"Or him either." Josie smiled cheerfully. "Three months from now that man and his mint tablets won't mean anything in my life. Instead of them, I'll be sniffing baked spareribs round four o'clock in my own gas oven."

"You're the lucky girl!"

Josie radiated smug agreement with this sentiment.

As two months went by she continued to radiate it. Fatuous satisfaction with life, as life was being lived by her, marked her every action. The Wood, Kurroughs and Wray textile establishment she seemed to regard with kindly serenity, as though, since its dissolution as connected with her was imminent, she could forgive it much.

"If at my age, with my experience, I had aplomb in proportion to hers," whimsically sighed Timothy Wray, "I'd ——"

"You'd likely be doing time for wildcat textile deals," grunted Henry Kurroughs, sniffing distastefully as Josie, hatted, coated, twenty-nine-cents-an-ounce perfumed, perkily flitted past for the front door and yellow-lighted West Madison Street beyond.

"I'm apprehensive that she and her kind plan entirely to eliminate eyebrows and skirts," gloomed James Wood, drawing his spectacled eyes together in pain as he somberly looked after her. "I must retire before it quite comes to pass."

Flitting out the front door, Josie comfortably remarked to Clara:

"Gee, I'm glad fellows like Kil are in the world too." And she immediately waved a sudden good night to her friend. Josie was not one to waste good moments on Clara when Kil was waiting on a corner.

Nearing him as he puffed his cigar, her small nose sniffed with satisfaction. To smarter adjustment she smoothed her small-medallioned brown veil. To perkier hang she tried to twitch her short blue-serge skirt. From her purse mirror she took a hasty anxious scrutiny of small made-up face—a scrutiny that she had never yet, it is safe to say, bestowed on one of Henry Kurroughs' typed sheets. And then into the bright dark-gray eyes waiting her approach she smiled. The months merely added a little humble intensity to her smile.

"Waited long, Kil?" This anxiously.

"Few minutes. It seemed longer."

"It did?" She snapped purse and mirror shut.

"In a hurry to tell you something, kiddo." He proprietorially linked his arm within hers and briskly led the way to the Chi-Cho-Cha Cozy Café's six-doored multi-lighted front.

"What?" she asked quickly.

His low laugh had a tantalizing undercurrent of excitement as he rapidly guided her to a table in their usual corner.

"Something, kiddo!"

Her eyelashes flashed up wide. Her black eyes got big with anticipation.

"Got a raise, Kil? Not that you need it—thirty-five's plenty."

He seated her and himself, with a curious smile lighting his good-looking purposeful face.

"Plenty; but we could use more than thirty-five if we had it to use. That so, girly-girl?"

"Oh, we could use it!" Her smile readily dimpled from pink cheek to pink cheek.

"Well"—he spoke with a curious grimness—"I didn't get a raise. The Illinois Electrical Shop isn't strong on raises. Nevertheless, we shan't have to limit ourselves to thirty-five, my girl."

He nodded his good-looking head at her and snapped his fingers at a distant waiter for immediate attention. It was a nod that betokened accomplishment long planned. It was a snap that went half across the crowded smoke-hazy café and brought sharply round a black pair of servitorial shoulders.

"What's happened, Kil?" demanded Josie. Her pretty eyes drew together in a small frown of curiosity. "Tell me!"

But, smiling, first he must attend to the waiter. She waited impatiently, expectance making her aquiver. Teasingly, with a smile, he delayed the order to the waiter.

"Oh, Kil, I don't care what I have!"

The teasing smile left his face as the man went away. He bent a glowing glance on the girl expectantly staring at him across the small table.

"I've done it, kiddo! I've collected part of the score this old world owes me—as well as other men."

Over Josie's expectance went a startled flash.

"What do you mean, Kil?"

"Mean just what I say, dear girl. Thirty-five dollars a week where some men collect thirty-five thousand doesn't satisfy. And as they say the Lord helps those who help themselves—why, I laid the way for being helped."

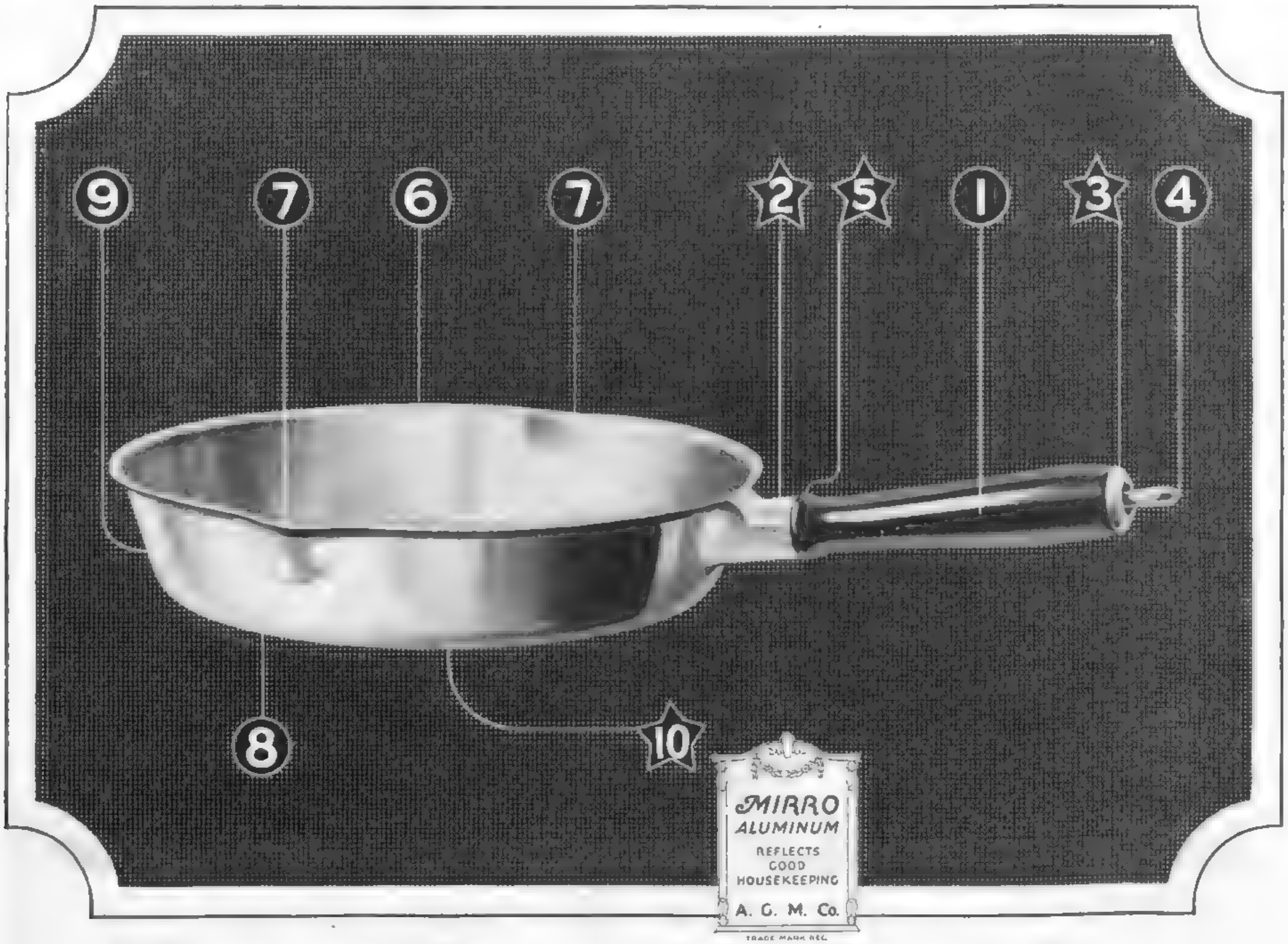
The frivolity of his words and tone jarred with the unsuppressed emotion of his manner.

"What do you mean, Kil?" Her look of expectance involuntarily seemed to stiffen over her small face. "Tell me!"

He drummed long complacent fingers on the small table; his eyes in a sort of abstraction dropped to the drumming fingers.

"Well!" Josie's shrill voice took on a sharpness of intonation she did not often use for Kil Harris—though Clara Cushey and others in the textile stock rooms were tolerably familiar with it.

"Well——" Kil Harris' laugh was low and brief; but at the sound of it two or three table d'hôters near by turned in their chairs and eyed indulgently the glass at his right elbow. "Well, I helped myself, kiddo." (Continued on Page 159)



Every Day Is Fry Day

to This Ten-Feature Mirro Fry Pan

A FRY pan is either a lifetime friend or a daily annoyance. One single, solitary shortcoming will outweigh a host of qualities that are good.

Here, though, is a Fry Pan that "measures up" a full hundred per cent, every day, from every standpoint of beauty, durability, convenience, and all 'round dependability. Of course it's a Mirro Fry Pan.

Mark these features, if you please: (1) The ebonized handle is replaceable, which means that the durability of the article is not measured by that of the handle alone. ☆(2) The handle socket is welded on—no wobbling—this is an exclusive Mirro feature.

☆(3) The handle has a metal cap to prevent splitting—another exclusive Mirro feature. (4) Bolt with eye for hanging. ☆(5) Prongs are built into socket to prevent handle from turning, still another exclusive Mirro feature. The handle cannot possibly slip or give.

(6) The smooth flaring edge is wear-resisting and easy to clean. (7) Fry Pan is double-lipped for easy pouring with either hand. (8) Smooth, rounded corners cannot collect grease, and are easily cleaned.

(9) This is the famous Mirro finish, and ☆(10) is the Mirro trade-mark stamped into the bottom of every piece, a guarantee of excellence throughout.

A quarter century experience is wrought into every Mirro article. And Mirro Aluminum, with its unusual features, is sold at a price that is truly moderate. Better dealers everywhere have it.

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company, General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.

Makers of Everything in Aluminum

MIRRO ALUMINUM

Reflects
Good Housekeeping

This Book Exposes the Dangers of Unscientific Home Heating

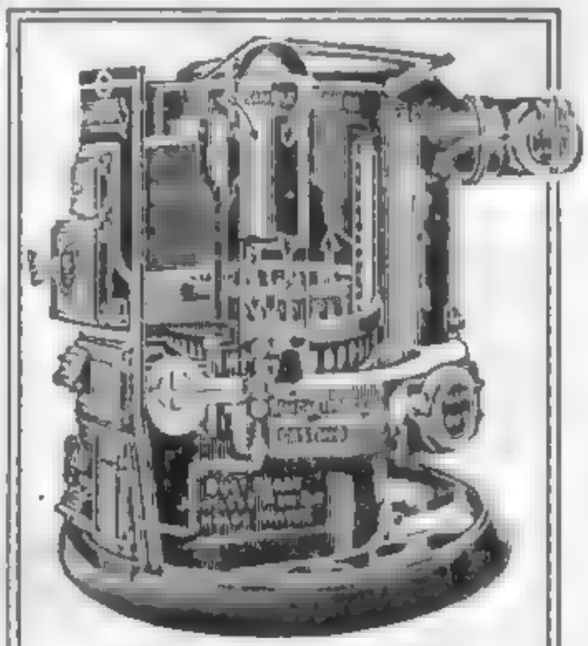
THINK OF IT: the average family spends *one-third* of every year *indoors*—with windows tightly closed! Thousands of homes are heated and reheated from day to day with practically no change of air! Physicians everywhere say that the greater percentage of coughs, colds, pneumonia and kindred evils are due to these "bad" air conditions They *urge, warn* and *implore* people to flood their homes with a constant stream of warm, ever changing, properly humidified air.

This can be done, and is *being* done, by adopting proper *heating methods* by the installation of a Heating System which AUTOMATICALLY *re-moistens, refreshens* and circulates the air throughout every room.

The large book, above shown, discusses every phase of home heating. It exposes the dangers of unscientific heating. It shows how positively to avoid them. It explains how to *conserve fuel.* It illustrates numerous operating *conveniences.* It points the way to *permanent satisfaction* in home heating. (Over 70,000 Round Oak Moistair Heating Systems now in use)

It shows how you can easily make a rough sketch of your floors from which (if you desire) the Round Oak engineers will lay out for you FREE, a scientific Heating Plan, with cost estimates, etc.

It is a large book, fully illustrated, and, we are told, the most *interesting, comprehensive, instructive* treatise of its kind ever issued. It is yours for the asking. The coupon below, properly filled out and mailed to us, brings it promptly.



Five Star Points of Round Oak Supremacy

Health Patented, automatic humidifier, keeps the family more healthy, prevents furniture from drying out

Comfort Circulates balmy, warm, Moistair, permanently free from dust, gas and smoke

Economy Long, indirect fire travel forces most powerful radiation of heat, deeper fire pot, improved efficient hot blast, and oversize combustion chamber combined, guarantee most perfect combustion with maximum heat from minimum fuel

Convenience Single regulator conveniently located, controls entire system. Large seamless ash pit fitted with sprinkler, prevents dust. Easy to operate. Burns all fuels.

Durability All iron is daily tested chemically and physically. The tens of thousands in use, many for more than thirty years, proves conclusively Round Oak Super-Service.

Round Oak MOISTAIR HEATING SYSTEM

The Heating System That Automatically Humidifies and Ventilates

Examine the illustration of this Heating System. Note the five star points. Note the one-piece castings, the double-thick, copper-fused, cold-rolled, refined Boiler Iron, deep-jointed and riveted construction.

Guarantees clean, circulating air—automatically humidified. Dust-tight and gas-tight for life

Not only does this System safeguard health and vitality but saves fuel in these four ways: First, absolute in control no leakage of air below the fire Second, fire travel is longer inside the casing it robs the heat from the chimney. Third, completeness of combustion—it cokes the coal and burns the gases. Fourth, it scientifically humidifies the air. You will be more comfortable and healthy at a temperature of 68° with this system than at 75° with usual forms of heating.

All this means a definite saving of at least one ton or more in every nine.

Coupon Brings Valuable Free Book Fill out, sign and mail the coupon attached for your convenience. It brings complete information.

THE BECKWITH COMPANY

"The Round Oak Folks" *Established 1871*

210 Front Street **Dowagiac, Michigan**

Also—Manufacturers of the Round Oak Pipeless Furnace. Burns all fuels. Gas and dust tight Ask for the free Round Oak Pipeless Book.

Cut This Coupon and Mail Now!

The Round Oak Folks
210 Front St.
Dowagiac, Mich.

Check plainly below which heating system you desire FREE plan and information on.

Round Oak MOISTAIR Heating System ☐

Round Oak PIPELESS Furnace ☐

Name ____

Address

What the Officer testified!

"JUST before the accident, one of the cars passed me. Its headlights had a strong glare. I called to the driver to stop, but he went on. Another car was coming around the corner. When both cars turned, the one with the glaring headlights landed in the ditch.

"It was a bad smash. The driver who was injured was entirely to blame because the blinding glare of his lights caused the trouble.

"Don't think because you have powerful headlights—perhaps stronger than the law allows—or because you're equipped with some inadequate device, that you'll escape when some accident happens."

Be a gentleman on the road and use Conaphores

Join the million considerate motorists who safeguard night driving with Conaphores. Notice them as you pass. Then equip your car for your own safety and comfort. The best accident insurance—and the cheapest—is accident prevention.

Why take chances?

Conaphores—clear or Noviol—with their broad-spreading beam of 500 feet range are perfect *no-glare protection.*

Clear glass Conaphores have established their merit by outselling all similar devices during the past two years. Noviol (yellow) Conaphores have the wonderful advantage of longer range in dust, fog or snow and for all-around use are unequalled. *Sold by dealers everywhere. A size for every car.*

Conaphore Sales Division, Edward A. Cassidy Co., Mgrs.
280 Madison Avenue, New York City, N.Y.

LEGAL IN ALL STATES AND CANADA

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF TECHNICAL GLASS **CORNING GLASS WORKS**
CORNING, NEW YORK, U. S. A.

The Silverplate of
William Rogers and his Son

OF LASTING CHARM AND GUARANTEED SERVICE. JUST AS 1847 ROGERS BROS IS THE STANDARD OF VALUE IN THE HEAVIER WARE, SO IN THE LESS COSTLY GRADE WM. ROGERS & SON IS KNOWN TO BE THE BEST AT THE PRICE.

Lucern Pattern Teaspoon

$3.00 the Dozen At Your Dealer's

"The Best at the Price"

For Gifts

Silverplate of enduring beauty and lasting charm. A distinctive table appointment at a cost surprisingly moderate.

Send for dainty pattern leaflets in "Silverplate Pocketbook."

Wm. Rogers Mfg. Co.
International Silver Co., Successor
Meriden, Conn.

BEARS THE GUARANTEE OF THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO

(Continued from Page 155)

"I don't get you—yet." Her ginger ale stood untasted, though the short fingers curled tensely round the light glass. "I don't get you, Kil."

"No?"

He grinned as he regarded her quizzically. And it was the tenderly quizzical grin that a man bestows on something he cherishes and is competent to cherish.

"No! I don't."

"I said 'I helped myself.'" Cool triumph, like a robe, hung about him.

Over Josie Kopp's small tense-held face there seemed to leap a prescient light.

"You—you mean, Kil, that—that you ——"

He leaned toward her, almost halfway across the absurdly small café table. And, leaning, his bright dark gray eyes reconnoitered the adjacent tables for open ears and eyes looking in his and Josie's direction. Cautiously he delayed until the orchestra picked off a bar of "Dough! Dough! All I Want Is Dough For My Baby DoDo," before he turned back his coat an inch—just so a corner above an inner pocket showed.

The corner was a golden-brown triangle—and rather a thick triangle.

"What is it, Kil?" Irritation pitched her query high. "Don't take so long to tell me!"—sharply. "I—I'm beginning to—to think ——"

He let the coat fall to. He looked at her with bright eyes; with a coolly triumphant attitude.

"I'm ashamed of you, kiddo," with mock reproach. "Don't know your own Government's baby bonds!"

"Bonds!"

"Thirty hundreds—besides four fives." The numbers came trippingly from a jaunty tongue.

"Thirty hundred-dollar bonds and ——"

"S-sh!" He glanced round. "Not so loud, girly! It's nothing to advertise, you ought to know."

"Where'd you get those bonds, Kil Harris?" She was beginning to tremble.

"Don't yell it!"—sharply. "I'm telling you carefully, kiddo. Don't repeat it so careless!"

"You —— Tell me, Kil!"

He told it then plainly.

"Out of the Illinois Electrical Shop's safe I took a nest egg. I made up my mind to do it some time ago." Satisfaction over accomplishment marked the telling.

"A nest egg?"

"That's what!"

"Out of the safe—where you work?"

"The boss don't need it. He's got plenty more"—carelessly. "Old tight bloke!"

"But, Kil—Kil, he'll have you arrested!" Her eyes were black and wide with fright.

"He would—if he knew I did it," laughed Kil coolly. "But he don't happen to know."

"But he'll soon find out."

"No; he won't." Kil Harris laughed, with relish. "He'll think he finds out. He has a stepson who's visited his safe before. But they're not publishing the fact. Tight but proud, the family is."

With wide, wide eyes the girl looked at him, listened to him.

"It was a cinch. It'll be a cinch—not getting discovered." He laughed again and imperiously beckoned a waiter. "Say, why the delay? Think we're sitting here just to consume atmosphere?"

The waiter grinned a feeble apology; stood by in placation.

Josie Kopp planted her elbows on the table, cupped her chin in her interlaced fingers, and regarded Kil Harris with burning black eyes.

"Now I can dress you up, kiddo," he observed when the man had moved away. "I'll buy you a fur coat that's fur!" He beamed on her.

"You will?"

"Surest thing you know, girly!"

Over her interlaced fingers her eyes regarded him. He smiled tenderly into their black depths.

"Didn't I tell you all along I would take care of you right, girly-girl? Didn't I tell you!"

"Yes"—slowly. "You kept telling me."

"Well, I've begun. I've begun with a flourish."

"Have you, Kil?"

"Haven't I?"

"Have you?"

Kil smiled amusedly at her expression.

"I suppose you're scared, kiddo. Scared to death, aren't you?" His voice was mellow with allowance for her weakness.

"Oh!"

He laughed at her wide eyes, her breath that was beginning to come unevenly.

"You needn't be, kiddo. Not a bit! All you're going to have to do is to sit at home ——"

"Sit at home!" She seemed to echo him unconsciously.

"Sit at home in a swell little flat ——"

"In a swell little flat!"

"And take care of it."

"Take care of it!"

"And wear the clothes I'll buy for you."

"The clothes you'll buy!"

"Swell clothes they'll be, kiddo. You can give the swell-dressed dames look for look."

"Just sit at home?" Her monotonously echoing voice broke a little.

He sat up straight and stared across at her. Between the ends of her interlaced fingers the flesh of her chin showed in red streaks. Her whole face was curiously flushed. Her eyes burned at him.

"Well!" A sudden intuitive irritation possessed him. "What else? Out with it!"

She seemed to speak with difficulty. Her shrill little voice was peculiarly thick:

"You—you've got a lot of nerve, Kil!"

"I have," he agreed complacently. "Not every fellow would make a big bold break out of poverty."

"I don't mean it that way." Thickness was leaving her voice; it shrilled over the table and their dishes. "I'm talking about your nerve with me!"

"With you, Josie?" Surprise popped on his face. "Nerve with you! I don't get you."

"Don't you?"

"No; I don't. You don't seem to appreciate what I've done—for you mostly." The complacence of his bearing became decidedly tinged with impatience. "Here, I tell you ——"

"That all I got to do is sit home in our swell little flat ——"

"That's all."

"And"—shrilly—"wear the swell clothes you buy ——"

"That's all."

"And wait for you to come home to me nights ——"

"That's all!" Her shrilly flung queries brought a sharp edge to his answers and he was using knife and fork on his beef à la mode with unnecessary energy.

"And wonder while I'm waiting"—the shrill voice went high—"if you're coming home; if any—anyone's got you; if you're on your way to me—or to the police station!"

"Josie! You don't understand. And don't talk so loud!"

"A nice life for me!" She shrilled on as if he had not spoken. "A joyous life!"

"Josie! You don't understand!"

"Oh, the life! Sitting home—day after day—wondering, afraid—shaking at every car clang; for it might be the patrol!"

"Kiddo, your voice gets louder at every word. People round can hear you!"

She made an effort to moderate its shrillness.

"Watching every man in plain clothes that walks down the street past our place!"

"Listen to me. Will you listen to me? I'm telling you this is played safe! Take my word for it."

But she did not listen. She was too busy talking:

"Like Jess Corett, that used to live on our street, after Harry began to tap his boss' cash register! I can see Jess' face now—that careful, quiet look—the way her eyes avoided the neighbors'."

"Harry Corett isn't me! If you'll let me explain again to you ——"

"Or Fern Harvey, after Bert was serving time for that burglary! She used to cringe and slide to the grocery store—until she moved clear away."

"Lower your voice!" He glanced round apprehensively. "I'm telling you ——"

"I could sit at home! And get old-looking, haggard, sneaky-eyed!"

"Josie! You don't understand. You're scared."

"I understand! I'm scared!"

"You don't have to be." He pushed food and plates away in his earnestness. "I tell you I'm as safe ——"

"Aw!" She dipped into the vernacular of a decade back; and her voice, dipping, was an ugly thing—so that two or three at near-by tables looked round curiously. "Aw, tell it to the marines! That's what they all say!"

"I don't care what they all say—I'm saying it now! And I've got a right to say it."

"Aw!" she scoffed; and for so young a girl her contemptuous expression was incongruously mature. "Rights! You make me laugh!"

"Josie! Good God, girl, you'll have this whole place quit eating to listen to us! See here; you're excited."

"I got a right to be excited!" She pushed her own food and plate back recklessly. "The fellow I care for and expect to marry ——"

"And that cares for you!"

"—— springs a thing like this on me! After me looking forward all these months to living nice and happy!"

"On a measly thirty-five dollars a week?"

"There's plenty in this country living on a lot less. I could make it reach. I'm not used to barrels of dollars. I had it all planned—you and me and four rooms of installment furniture ——"

"I know, kiddo"—softened; "but ——"

"Nothing to worry me but the furniture payments."

"That's something," he said sullenly.

"Nothing to do but be happy with you."

"Well, what's changed?"—defiantly.

"What's changed! What's changed!" She half choked. "After you go and steal ——"

"For the love of Mike, kiddo, not so loud! And if you're going to let loose a spiel on morality I can tell you about some things done by some of our best citizens." The last two words came out in a bitter sneer.

"I don't care anything about the morality of it," she declared passionately. "It isn't that."

"I can tell some things some leading citizens ——"

"And I don't care nothing about what leading citizens have done."

Her words tumbled furiously out over his; but he continued with angry vim:

"If you think everyone with money in this world came honestly by it, I could tell you about something a governor pulled off ——"

"I don't care nothing about what some governor pulled off."

"That's all right! You don't have to"—angrily. "But I could also tell you about half a million a big respected citizen grafted. And I don't see any difference, I don't"—sneeringly—"between graft and grab."

"I don't care what others do. I don't know any of 'em!" She shrilled it hotly. "I don't have to."

But he was impetuous and bitterly overbearing with his own arguments and did not listen to her.

"And as for the Rockebilts and the Morganfellers—and the rest of that gilded bunch—they got no room to preach."

"I don't care nothing about the Rockebilts and the Morganfellers!" Josie Kopp declared; and her voice flared high beyond all caution. "Say, their troubles are nothing to me."

"I'm just telling you, Josie."

"I should worry about those people! I don't have to dodge or head off their deputy sheriffs and their subpœnas! But ——"

"I'm just telling you."

"But you and me—you and me ——"

"I'm trying to get it into your head, Josie Kopp, that you don't need to worry about me. I'm telling ——"

"Oh!" She laughed; and her short laugh hit unpleasantly the ears of other people, so that several turned inquisitively in their places, ready to hearken.

"Say, drop the hysterics!" angrily Kil begged.

"You're attracting attention."

"Oh!" At that she laughed again. "Well, I should worry how much attention I attract! I don't know"—defiantly—"as I care who hears."

"Josie!" Alarm and a threat lay in the low cry.

"You—to sit there and tell me I don't have to worry!" Her taunt was edged with acrid cynicism. "Me—me that reads the newspapers every day and knows what's going on in the world!" Her burning black eyes, under their modishly plucked brows, above her hot red young

(Concluded on Page 162)

maytag

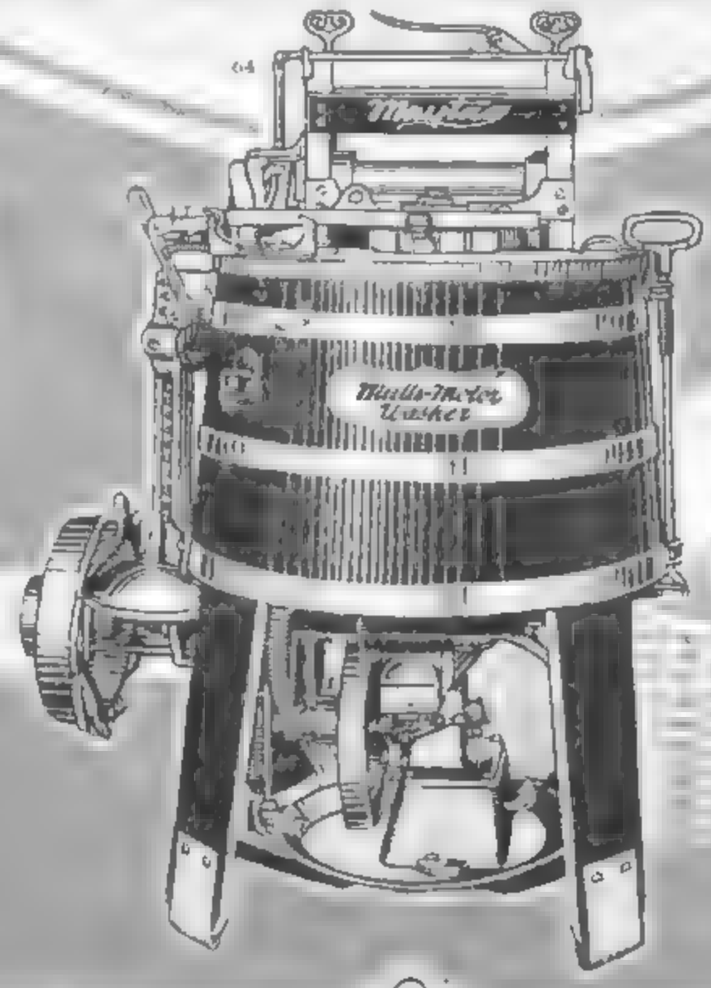
EVERY day brings new proof of an over-whelming popular endorsement of the Maytag conception of a perfect washer for the rural and suburban home. The Maytag Multi-Motor Washer with Swinging Reversible Wringer appeals not alone for its practical simplicity, but combines a measure of efficiency, durability and economy not visible or attainable in other similar utilities, even at higher cost. For the electrically equipped home the Maytag Electric Washer provides the same measure of unfailing service.

There's a need in your home for the new Maytag Household Manual. Sent gratis on request.

THE MAYTAG CO., Dept. 301 *Newton, Iowa*

BRANCHES.

Philadelphia, Indianapolis, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Portland, Winnipeg



All together—Let's Continue Production and Insure Prosperity.

U. S. Department of Labor, Wm. B. Wilson, Sec'y

For a Cool Kitchen

When the breath of spring is in the balmy breezes. When the sun gives ample warmth. When a cool kitchen makes work a joy, and quick and easy cooking appeals—your UNIVERSAL Combination Range will prove a perfect treasure.

Burns coal or wood and gas—both at same time when wanted. No parts to change for different fuels. Just turn the lever and everything is ready. Compact—fits small spaces. Keeps kitchen cool in summer and warm in winter. Gives service of two ranges at price of one. Your choice of plain or nickel finish, and blue UNIVIT enamel. Sold by almost all good dealers, for cash or on terms. Write for beautifully illustrated booklet with full details and name of nearest dealer.

CRIBBEN & SEXTON COMPANY, 712 Sacramento Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
DENVER PORTLAND SAN FRANCISCO PITTSBURGH ALLENTOWN, PA BAYONNE, N. J.
Made in Canada under the name "SIMPLEX" by McClary's—London. Pat. in U. S. & Canada

UNIVERSAL COMBINATION RANGE

Burns Natural or Artificial Gas and Coal or Wood

8209

(Concluded from Page 159)

cheeks, held at him a terrible sophistication. "Every night you open a sheet to some wife crying, for the effect on the jury; every morning over someone's shoulders in the L you catch the headline: 'One to Fourteen Years He Got!' Every noon edition ——"

"Josie, listen to me! I ask you ——"

"I don't have to listen to nobody! Right in our neighborhood this week there's a woman, with three children, whose husband is in the bridewell; and she doesn't know what she'll do."

"Josie, you don't give me a chance to make you understand."

"Kil Harris," said she, with shrill finality, "you can't make me understand nothing! 'Cause I already understand! I ——"

"You don't! You ——"

"I do! There's a lot of things I've never learned in this world; but there's some things I've learned mighty well. You said a while ago you was collecting what the world owed you. Well, let me tell you this: This world's got its own darned good collection system too."

Her words came rapidly, furiously; so Kilpatrick Harris looked round with great uneasiness for possible listeners. But she went on, regardless of listeners:

"And you pay for what you get. And if you don't feel like paying, that don't make any difference."

"You're talking a lot of stuff without meaning ——"

"I know what I'm talking about. Why"—her red lips twisted in scornful amusement—"take Wood, Kurroughs and Wray—they're trying to collect a good stenographer for nine dollars a week; but all they get is a nine-dollar one."

"Well, I don't care nothing about Wood, Kurroughs and Wray. It's you and me we're talking about."

"Yes; you and me," she repeated at once after him. "You and me."

Of a sudden her vehemence and shrillness left her. She seemed to slump in her chair. Her interlaced fingers held her chin laxly. The fire went out of her eyes, leaving them a listless, lifeless black. And all natural color ebbed out of her small face, leaving the make-up conspicuous against a grayish background.

"You and me," she said again hopelessly. "And I don't see nothing ahead of me but punching a time clock."

"Now, kiddo, you don't mean that ——"

She abruptly cut off his irritable protest.

"I've a good notion to inform on you, Kil. I don't know"—deliberately—"but what I'd feel about as happy knowing you were safe in jail as out and not safe. I don't know as the strain would be any greater."

"Josie. I'm not hearing you right!"

There were wildness and amazement in his outcry. His jaw dropped in sheer alarm, though incredulity tempered the sheerness of it and kept the jaw from dropping clear out of socket.

"You heard me right!" she snapped. There was a vengefulness to that snap. "You've fixed life rotten for me, Kil—either way."

"I have?"

"You've fixed it. Oh, Kil! Kil!" And suddenly over the uneaten dishes of her forty-five-cent table d'hôte she let her arms fall, crossing each other, and laid her black head down on them.

The orchestra was pouring out the jazz. The place was hazy with cigarette and cigar smoke.

The clamor of many talkative diners quarreled with the orchestral twanging for right of sound waves.

A woman in imitation marten smiled across six tables at the good-looking young fellow who was quarreling with his girl. Kil Harris looked at Josie's small down-flung black head.

The jazz kept on lustily; the clamor of voices, the jostling of waiters and the ever-thickening haze of smoke occupied the Chi-Cho-Cha Cozy Café, while the evening's beef à la mode busily followed plates of pale consommé.

And slowly, reluctantly, resentfully, but surely, there crept into Kilpatrick Harris' bright dark-gray eyes that expression—that expression which is known in every land where there are husbands and where there are wives. It is an expression that precurses fixing a furnace when a furnace doesn't need fixing; moving when the old flat is plenty good enough; donning a dress suit when old slippers and the home morris chair appeal a hundredfold more; agreeing to another college for Fred—in short, it is the expression that precurses capitulation.

And presently Kil gave a short little cough. And after the cough he said sarcastically, reluctantly and resentfully, but helplessly:

"I suppose, kiddo, I might as well put the darned bonds back."

The down-flung black head came up.

"Oh, Kil! Will you? Will you?"

"I suppose you'd never be satisfied till I did."

It was a week or so later when James Wood, senior of the firm, drew his spectacled eyes together, as if in pain, and remarked to his junior, Timothy Wray:

"I understand that young woman is leaving to be married."

"The next generation—I wonder what it will be!" Timothy Wray sighed.

"God knows!" pessimistically grunted Henry Kurroughs.

But Clara Cushey had other fears:

"Don't let Kil domineer over you, Josie, just cause you're married to him. I know some girls that got married ——"

Josie flashed a brief bright glance at her friend and counselor and carefully, by purse mirror, adjusted a hair of her left eyebrow.

"Kil isn't the kind of man to domineer," said she defensively—"even if a girl is willing."

THE SIXTH PRUNE

(Concluded from Page 30)

Can't come down to Boston this week-end cause Horace has grip and can't come over and mind the cows and the chickens. Maybe next week. Everything is all right.

Yours, EZRA.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

Dear Ezra: The eggs came all right. Only two was broken. Thanks.

Well, the bay-window table is full most every noon and night now, and that makes twenty-two regular mealers. If any more comes I guess we'll have to get down the other table that Harriet used to have over against the north wall. It sets five, but they ain't used it for ten years or so.

I found that we was running a little too close with paying Matilda's little sister three dollars a week and serving little extras. We wasn't making quite as much as we ought to with twenty-two meal tickets out, so I just decided to see what I could do about it. So last night at supper when most everybody was there I sent John hurrying to the store for a loaf of bread, to get him out of the way, and then I took my apron off and slipped into the dining room and made a little speech and told the mealers what I'd been trying to do for them and that we was running so close that if we kept up serving lettuce and fixings we'd have to charge twenty-five cents more for the twenty-one meal tickets, and would they rather give up the fixings or pay the extra quarter. And all but Mr. Abeel voted to pay the quarter and said they was glad to do it. I don't care if Mr. Abeel don't come back. He's an old crank and eats twice as much as he pays for. And he has such rude table manners too. He gets right down into a plate of soup and sort of inhales it like, as one of the Tech boys says.

Well, Mary's not much better yet and it may be a month more before she will be around. The doctor says she really oughtn't to try to take care of this place again for a long, long time. Said her heart mightn't stand it. He says she ought to be in the country. John says he wishes to goodness they was, if he has to earn all the living, 'cause he was born and brought up on a farm and he's about decided that coming to the city was where he made his mistake in the first place.

Speaking of John reminds me that he most dropped in his boots when I told him to fix up the sign out front to read $4.25 instead of $4.00. He says he believes I tried to put up a job on him when I sent him out for that loaf of bread. Ain't that good?

Send another box of letture and some of the new parsley and tell Horace Palin I'm real sorry he has the grip.

I must go down now and put some prunes to soak. Then I'll run out to the box with this letter. Write regular. And tell Sarah Lee for me to stop her foolish talk and tend to feeding you good. Good night. Lovingly, HARRIET.

P. S. What would you think of swapping places with John and Mary for a while, they taking the farm and we running this establishment? You could do the marketing—you always was good at picking out meat and vegetables and fruit—and at meal times you could help Matilda serve the tables. I believe you'd have a good time with the mealers. The crowd is real jolly now that Mr. Abeel has left. Yes, he left—said he wouldn't pay four and a quarter for twenty-one meals of victuals anywhere. The very day he left we got a new mealer, a school-teacher from up in Louisburg Square, so his place is filled. If any more come we'll have to get down the little table from the garret. Well, good night again. HARRIET.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

Dear Harriet: Your letter come just in time. Sarah Lee was going to leave! Yes sir! I thought she was fooling, mostly, about being here on the place days without no other woman being around as sort of a chaperon for her and me, but seems she still considers herself in the pullet class, spite of her being fifty-nine, and she said she wouldn't stay after Saturday cause she knew folks was talking.

I don't know but what your idea of swapping places with Mary and John is a good one. I've always sort of hoped I'd get a fling at city life before old Eben Terwilliger gets a chance to conduct the last sad rights over my carcass.

Anyway, Horace Palin is better now and says he'll look after the cows and chickens this coming week-end, so I'll be down Friday noon and we'll have a chance to talk it all over. I'll bring some fresh eggs with me. Yours, EZRA.

III

"NOW, if you two men are going to argue you'll have to clear out of the house. You can't stay in the kitchen and fight, 'cause you bother me; and you can't go in the dining room, 'cause Friday afternoon's Matilda's time to clean in there. Shoo!"

And with a good-natured flourish of her apron Harriet shooed the two men toward the hatrack in the front hall.

"Well," insisted John, "Ezra says you told him it was the sixth prune that filled the bay-window table."

"So I did."

"'Tain't so. It was just plain extravagance, that's what it was."

"Couldn't be," argued Ezra, "'cause Harriet's makin' more money now than Mary ever did. Here, put on your hat and let's go for a walk till suppertime."

"Well," persisted John, "the reason she's makin' more money is because there's more mealers."

"'Course it is," agreed Ezra; "but your talk runs round in circles jest like them rabbits I sent down for the potpie did before they was shot." And he winked broadly at Harriet and Matilda, who had appeared at the dining-room door.

"'Tain't so at all, I tell you," insisted John, opening the front door and leading the way out.

"'Course it's so."

"You can't prove it!" snapped John. "I bet you a—a—a good seven-cent cigar you can't prove it," triumphantly.

"Perhaps not, but I'm not so sure."

"Well, how?"

"I can't say right off, but there might be ways."

The two men walked along Charles Street in silence. Presently they reached Beacon Street, crossed, and entered the Public Garden. It was a warmish spring afternoon and they dropped onto a bench set back under the boughs of a copper-beech tree.

"John," said Ezra, "I've been thinkin' for two blocks about this here sixth prune. It's sort of symbolic, seems to me. Thinking back, seems like I could figure it out that most any way you look at life, this here sixth prune is the difference between succeedin' and failin'. Take it in runnin' a hotel or a restaurant or ——"

"'Tain't so," broke in the irritated John. "—— or a steam laundry or a farm or a railroad or a peanut stand," continued Ezra, assuming a patronizing disregard toward John's interruption, "it's givin' jest a little bit more than you jest have to give—the sixth prune, so to speak—that gets people to thinkin' well of you and patronizin' you. Now up on the farm at strawberry time I always told our pickers to put five or six berries on the top of the baskets after they thought they was full enough, an' then I just laid a nice clean strawberry leaf across the top, sort of decorative like, and I always got a cent or two a quart higher than the rest for my berries.

"And thinkin' back over the help I had on the big farm over Crawford way years ago, before I sold it to Cal Hopkins, I can see now that the fellows I paid the most and kept on regular, even between seasons, was the ones that did jest a little bit more than they was expected to do—sixth pruners, you might call 'em.

"Why"—and he endeavored to direct John's stubborn gaze away from the spot on the gravel in front of his nervous feet and over toward the Boylston Street office buildings—"why, I'll bet it's jest the same here in the city too. I'll bet there's lots of fellows come to the city thinkin' they can make an easy livin' doin' jest as little as they can to get by, and they go driftin' from job to job, wonderin' what's the matter."

John winced. "Oh, shut up, Ezra; you make me tired. Anybody'd think you was a prune preacher, the way you run on."

"So I am, John; so I am."

"Well," testily, "don't preach to me. I ain't interested in the least."

"Well, you ought to be," retorted Ezra, mischief twinkling in his shrewd gray eyes. "You ought to be," he repeated, "'cause it's prunes that filled the bay-window table."

"'Tain't so!" snapped John hotly.

For five minutes the pair sat in silence. Presently along the path came two young fellows—Tech boys evidently, judging by the books and T squares they were carrying. Two other boys were approaching from the other direction. They met just a few steps from where the belligerents were seated, pretty well hidden on their bench under the overhanging copper-beech tree.

"Hello, fellows."

"Hello."

"Where you bound for?"

"Over to the library and then to look up some hash house for supper."

"Have you been to our beanery lately?"

"Brant's? Yes. Never again!"

"Lately?" insisted the other Tech boy.

"No, not lately but ——"

"Well, it's all different now."

"Sure!" chimed in the first. "It's nothin' like it used to be. You wouldn't know the place now. New cook—great stuff and plenty of it. Why say, listen to this: When we have prunes we get six." And he counted: "One, two, three, four, five, six—and big self-respecting prunes at that. That's the kind of a place it is now."

"Honest?"

"Honest."

"We're on, Frank; what do you say?"

"Right-o, George," replied Frank. "We'll sample this Six Prune *salle à manger* to-night."

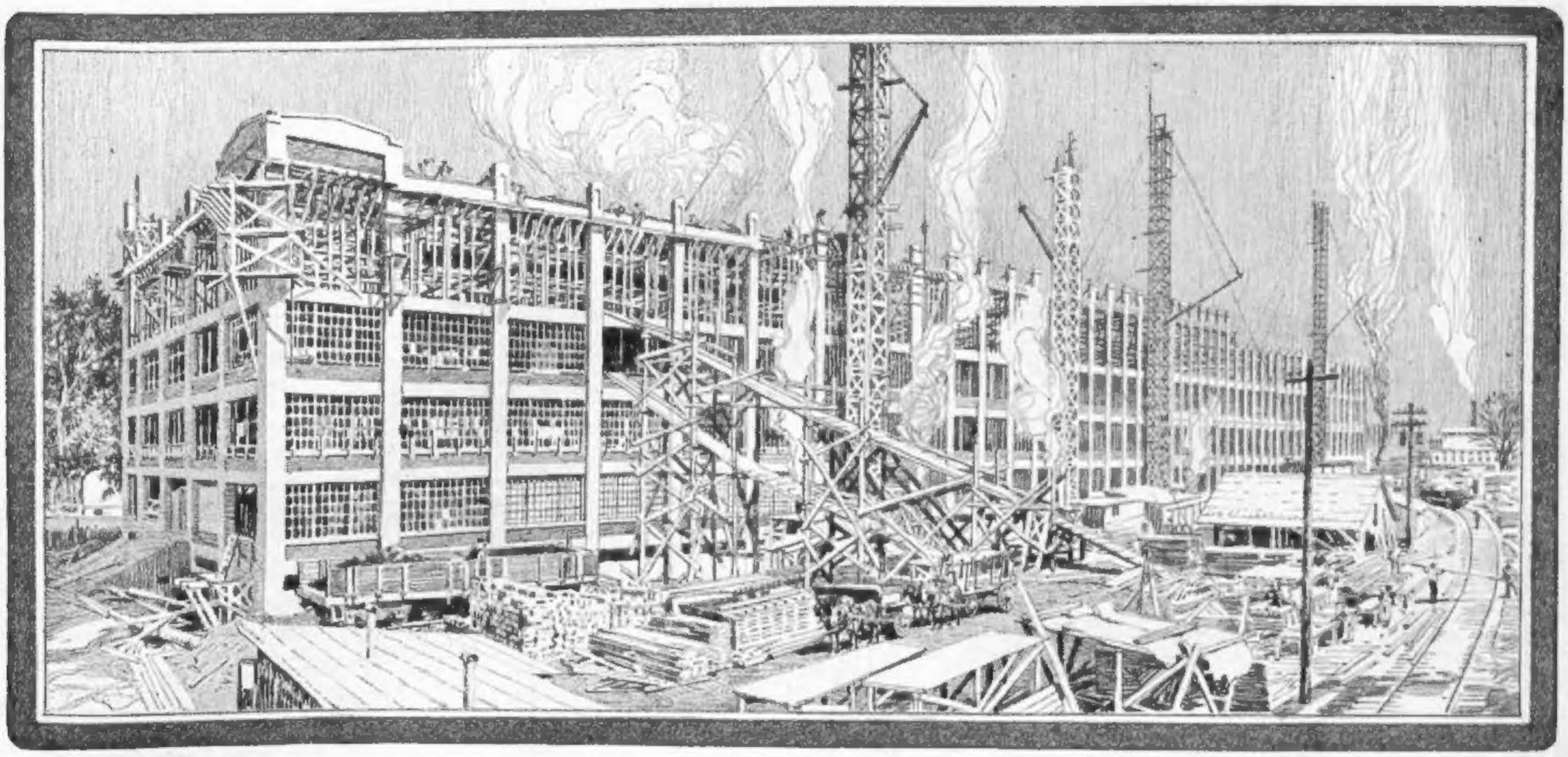
"All right; drop in for us on the way back from the library and we'll go over together."

And the two couples parted, Howard Brink and Sidney Garvin—for it was they—passing the copper-beech tree without seeing the two men, one of whom they would have recognized at once—and with considerable chagrin.

When they had passed on Ezra cleared his throat with a carefully triumphant inflection.

A moment of tense silence. Then Ezra rose.

"Well, John," he said with elaborate casualness, "I reckon we'd better be goin' back to the house and gettin' down that little table from the garret in time for Matilda to set it up for supper in case any extra mealers might chance to happen in to-night."



Saving in Construction Cost When Labor and Materials were Advancing

THE Westinghouse Lamp Company's Trenton Plant, shown above as it looked under construction, was built during the period of world-wide war activity when the shortage of labor and materials was becoming daily more acute, but the work was carried to completion in 151 working days.

The Owner's satisfaction with the job has recently been expressed to us in the following letter:

"Our new Trenton Plant is considered the finest lamp factory in the country, and the fact that your organization designed and constructed it must be a source of gratification to you.

"The buildings are well designed and constructed, and your engineering was, as far as we know, without a flaw.

"Among the features particularly gratifying to us was the splendidly developed spirit of co-operation that existed between your representatives and our staff.

"The pleasure in working smoothly with your organization would have amounted to little, however, did it not appear as a matter of figures in the final accounting, for as you know you were able to turn back to us a very substantial saving in the estimated cost of the work, which was particularly interesting when you take into consideration the fact that the buildings were constructed at a time when the prices of labor and material were advancing from day to day."

Our experience of 30 years as an organization shows that satisfaction is best assured if we work *with you* rather than *for you*, and if we begin when your plans for new plant or additions are first taking shape. Any of our offices will be glad to give you full information.

STONE & WEBSTER

Industrial Plants and Buildings Industrial Housing Warehouses
Power Stations Water Power Developments Transmission Systems
Office and Monumental Buildings Chemical Works Gas Plants

STONE & WEBSTER CONSTRUCTION SERVICE

BOSTON . . Stone & Webster Building
NEW YORK . . . . . 120 Broadway
CHICAGO . First National Bank Building
WASHINGTON . 906 Colorado Building
YOUNGSTOWN 516 Stambaugh Building
SEATTLE . . . 868 Stuart Building
HOUSTON . . . 1006 Texas Avenue
PITTSBURGH . . 954 Union Arcade

How an $18 deal on a heifer grew into a great nation-wide business

Fifty years ago there lived on Cape Cod a young man whose sole capital was $18 and an abundance of energy.

His money he invested in a heifer—his energy in dressing the heifer and selling the meat to hungry Cape Codders.

The young man was Gustavus F. Swift, and out of his $18 deal eventually grew a great nation-wide organization.

* * *

It is an organization built up gradually from its modest $18 beginning by putting cash into the business, and by saving and reinvesting each year a part of the profits, which amount to only a fraction of a cent per pound.

The shareholders have been content with reasonable dividends, and have been willing to allow the remainder of the profits to be used to expand the business and the service as the country has grown.

The fractions of cents that have been saved from annual profits have helped to build new packing plants as the demand for meat grew—fractions of cents have financed new branch houses to supply vital needs of distribution—fractions of cents have built refrigerator cars to make fresh meat regularly available everywhere.

It is difficult to imagine any other method of building up a vital business which would involve so little hardship to the people of the country.

If Swift & Company were to eliminate its entire earnings—these fractions of cents that have built packing plants, branch houses and refrigerator cars—the price of meat would be practically unaffected.

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

Founded 1868

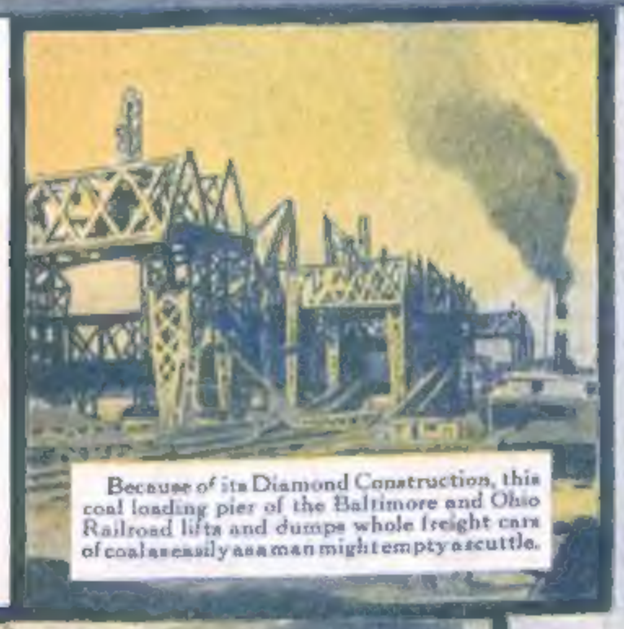
A nation wide organization owned by more than 25,000 shareholders

Diamond Construction for Strength

in Coal Mining
in Storage Batteries

This stripping shovel, that claws off the "over-burden" of soil and lays bare the veins of coal, depends upon Diamond Construction for its strength.

Note the Diamond Construction in this tipple in the bituminous fields in West Virginia.



Because of its Diamond Construction, this coal loading pier of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad lifts and dumps whole freight cars of coal as easily as a man might empty a scuttle.

Up through this head frame, all the coal of the mine is lifted. Diamond Construction gives it strength.

Across this trestle run long trains of mine cars, heavily laden with coal. Diamond Construction resists the strain and vibration.

Day after day this conveyor is racked and shaken as it carries ton after ton of anthracite up to the breaker. Note its Diamond Construction.

Coal mining in almost every phase illustrates the fundamental engineering principle—Diamond Construction for Strength. Wherever there is strain, engineers employ Diamond Construction.

The Battery For Your Automobile

When you step on the starter of your car, you subject your battery to terrific strain, which tends to cause the plates to buckle and short-circuit and shed their active material. It is this strain that shortens a battery's life.

In the Philadelphia Diamond Grid Battery, each plate is built on a Diamond Grid or framework, and is thereby securely braced to resist this strain in whatever direction it may exert itself.

The Diamond Grid, found only in the Philadelphia Diamond Grid Battery, is definite insurance against plate trouble.

There is a Service Station near your home. Write for its address.

The Battery for Coal Mine Locomotives

The majority of all new mine locomotives are being equipped by their manufacturers with the Philadelphia Diamond Grid Battery. The strength of its Diamond Grids, its extra large capacity, its supreme power on the grades, and its freedom from care and trouble commend it both for gathering and for main line haulage.

Both the pleasure car starting battery and the locomotive battery are

Guaranteed for 18 Months

Philadelphia Storage Battery Co., Ontario and C Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA DIAMOND GRID BATTERY

Columbia Grafonola

They Won't Go Home Until Morning!

Why should they, when such dashing music sets the swift and joyous dancing pace? You wouldn't either. Go home? When you've found the perfect partner and the newest dance music, perfectly played! That's the best of this big, jolly, melodious Grafonola. Always the life of the party —always ready for encores—an ever-ready source of laughter, fun and music that will make any party a success.

ANY Columbia Grafonola, big or little, brings you all the best of all the newest dance music, played as only great orchestras and famous military bands can play it. The Grafonola will sit up all night to give you music—and then play the sun up in the east, still fresh as a daisy, tireless, happy, full of dancing mirth and joy. The perfect music for the perfect partner.

Columbia Grafonolas—Standard Models up to $300—Period designs up to $2100.

To make a good record great, play it on the Columbia Grafonola

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO., New York

London Factory: 102 Clerkenwell Road, E. C.

Columbia Records — Columbia Grafonola